



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

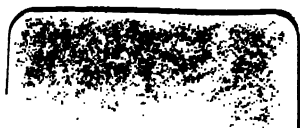
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Collected, 1910

47.950.









CAMOENS.

Chap. I.



Beauties of

German **L**iterature.

Selected from various Authors,

with

Short Biographical Notices.

London James Burns

mdcccxbii.





I.
HOFFMAN.

MASTER MARTIN AND HIS WORKMEN.

II.
RICHTER.

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

III.
PICHLER.

JOHANNES SCHOREEL.

IV.
ZSCHOKKE.

THE BROKEN CUP.

V.
TIECK.

CAMOENS: OR, THE DEATH OF THE POET.

**MASTER MARTIN THE COOPER
AND HIS WORKMEN.**

HOFFMAN.

ERNEST THEODORE WILHELM HOFFMAN.



FEW indeed have been the brains richer in fancies, quaint and strange, than that of Hoffman. Lawyer, draughtsman, novelist, musician,—his talent in each department was no less striking than versatile. Capable of intense application, his acquirements were not only varied, but in all their variety were above par on every point. He was born at Königsberg in Prussia, in 1776, and brought up in the house of his grandmother, his parents having separated when he was himself only in his third year. Of an observant and naturally wayward character, his first years were apparently spent in vexing, by his early eccentricities, a worthy old uncle, a retired magistrate, whose great ambition seems to have been to accomplish a rather hopeless task, that of training in studious and orderly habits his unruly young nephew. At school, his natural abilities, and the industry which he could on occasion enforce upon himself, won him some distinction, and did not fail to attract the notice of the rector, Dr. Wannowski, himself a distinguished man, a contemporary and acquaintance of the more celebrated Kant. His talents as a painter and a musician were, perhaps, those which at that time were the most remarkable; and in music it was, especially as a composer, that he excelled.

At the university, Hoffman read hard, and fell in love. His reading, however, did not abate one jot of his love for art, which love had no little to do with that other just mentioned, as it was a musical pupil who kindled the flame in his susceptible breast. His first literary production, "Cornaro," a novel in three volumes, dates from about this time: it brought to its author some reputation and a fair sum of money. In 1796, Hoffman tore himself from art, love, and Königsberg, and entered upon his legal career at Glogau. From thence, in 1798, he accompanied his uncle, a man holding a high judicial appointment, to Berlin, where he remained until he obtained, two years after, an appointment in the capital of the grand duchy of Posen. His next migration was to the insignificant town of Plozk—a kind of honourable exile, to which he betook himself to avoid the wrath of the chief dignitaries and big-wigs of Posen, whom he had caricatured without mercy. In this place he spent two weary years; engaged, amongst other non-professional occupations, in writing articles for a literary and artistic miscellany. He now received an appointment to an office in Warsaw, which he hailed with glee, and removed thither in 1804. To such a mind as Hoffman's, the aspect of this city, which had not then lost its type of nationality, was peculiarly pleasing. Prussian and Pole, the new costume and the old, Turk and Frenchman, jostled in its lively streets. As for theatres and music, they abounded: there was a Polish theatre and a French company, Italian opera, and German comedy. Here, too, he found friends whose congenial spirits could sympathise with his eccentric and versatile habits. A musical association soon formed itself, of which Hoffman was the heart and soul. After employing his skill as a painter in decorating the rooms they had procured for their entertainments, he undertook the task, so pleasing to his own taste, of forming and leading the whole band. From his concertos, quartetts, and symphonies, not even the arrival of the French army, which eased him for the time of his professional occupations, could deter the enthusiastic virtuoso. In 1807, he removed from Warsaw to Berlin, where he seems to have found no resources from the practice of law, and where he suffered most pinching privations, until, in the next year, he received the appointment of musical director of the theatre at Bamberg. In this new abode and new capacity, Hoffman spent five years, chequered, as were all the years of his life, with good fortune and bad. His theatrical resources failed or were available by turns, according to the good or bad luck and skill of the managers under whom he served. Law he never seems here to have given a thought

to ; but, when hard pressed, would use pen and pencil for his support, as well as give private instruction in music. It was from Bamberg that he visited Nuremberg ; and the graceful impressions made upon him by that venerable old town are reproduced in the story here translated—"Master Martin and his three Workmen." At Bamberg he formed acquaintance with Karl Maria von Weber and the great Jean Paul. In that eventful year for Germany, 1813, Hoffman was tossed about between Leipsic and Dresden, a witness of strange scenes, but ever industrious as a musician and a writer, and ever exercising his keen and observant mind upon the shifting circumstances of the times. But a short period elapsed, and Germany had regained her freedom ; the long interruption of public affairs in Prussia was at an end ; and Hoffman, whose professional talents as a lawyer were still remembered, again received a government appointment at Berlin. From this time may be said to date his prosperity and his downfall : his prosperity, because from henceforward he was a stranger to the pressure of pecuniary want, which at other times he had so severely felt ; his downfall, because it was about this time that habits of intemperance fastened upon and mastered him, to his ulterior ruin.

It was no want of what is called respectable society which drove Hoffman to the tavern and wine-cellar, but rather his utter distaste for, and aversion from the dulness of, the "aesthetical tea-parties" of Berlin, the givers of which were apt to treat him as "a lion," and to dispute the honour of his company. Once entered upon the easy, downward course of unrestrained joviality, Hoffman, like so many other men of wit and talent, never recovered himself ; and although he never sunk into a stupid sottishness, but retained his brilliancy of talent, and in great part his habits of partial but intense application, till the last, the inroads made upon his constitution by his intemperance seem to have had their effect in yielding him a prey to the disease which carried him off at Berlin in the year 1822.

As a novelist and tale-writer, Hoffman displays the versatility and brilliancy of talent which distinguished the whole man. By turns pathetic and ludicrous, and gifted with a power of description scarcely inferior to that of Scott, Hoffman wrote as Callot, that prince of grotesque limners, but withal admirable artist, was wont to paint. Indeed, Jacques Callot, for whom as an artist he may have had still greater sympathy, seems to have been the model, in some cases, proposed to himself by the author ; eight of his tales (one of which, the "Magnetiser," is as powerful in writing as it is strange and wild in

conception) having been published under the title of "Pieces in the manner of Jacques Callot." The "Singular Sufferings of a Theatrical Manager," and the "Kreisleriana," are pieces full of wit and humour, founded upon the varied fortunes of the writer himself, and revealing his personal experience in such matters. Not less witty, caustic, and humorous, are the "Sketches of the Life of Murr the Cat," and "Master Flea." But we must desist from the task of finding epithets for Hoffman's numerous and varied productions, and content ourselves with introducing to the notice of English readers a tale of this writer's, which we trust they will agree with us in praising for its quiet and winning gracefulness.



MASTER MARTIN
AND HIS WORKMEN.

THY heart, too, dear reader, may perchance have beaten with foreboding melancholy, in wandering through some city wherein the lordly monuments of ancient German art tell like speaking witnesses

the splendour, the pious industry, the truth of an age bygone. Is it not as if thou wert entering a deserted house? Upon the table the good book still lies open, in which the father of the household read; still hangs upon the wall the rich gay tapestry, the housewife's handiwork; many costly gifts of industry, presents made at holy tide, are ranged in order on the shelves around: it seems as if some dweller of the house would soon come out to greet thee with hearty hospitality. But in vain awaitest thou those whom the revolving wheel of time hath borne away in its unending whirl. Needs must thou give up thyself to the sweet dream that brings before thee the olden masters, speaking to thee words so pious and so strong, that they strike into the very marrow of thy bones. And now understandest thou the first deep spirit of these works; for thou livest in their time, and canst, as it were, grasp the age which could beget the master and the work alike. But, ah! doth it not happen, that even as thou thinkest to clasp, with loving arms, the fair form of thy dream,

it fleeth coyly from thee on the clouds of morning, at the noisy approach of day ; and thou, with burning tears, dost gaze at its shadowy glimmer, which doth but wax fainter and fainter ? So wakest thou on a sudden, disturbed rudely by the life which daily moves around thee, from thy pleasant dream ; and there remaineth to thee nought but the deep longing which, with sweet thrill, doth vibrate in thy bosom. Such emotions have filled his heart who now writeth for thee, dear reader, the following pages, each time that his wanderings have led him through the world-renowned city of Nuremberg ; now beguiling time before the wondrous structure of the fountain in the market-place, now at St. Sebald's sepulchre, now at St. Lawrence's shrine, at the old castle, or in the Town-house, gazing on Albert Dürer's deep-minded masterpieces. Thus would he give himself all to pleasant musings, which brought before him the magnificence of the old imperial city. He would bethink him of the rhyme of the old true-hearted Rosenblüth :

“ O Nuremberg, thou noble spot,
Thy shaft its target misseth not,
It aimed is by Wisdom's hand,
And Truth beside her taketh stand.”

Many a picture, from the life, of the stout burghers, at that time when artist and craftsman went hand in hand together, would arise in clear colouring before him, and stamp itself upon the mind with an unwonted glow and charm. Let it please thee now, dear reader, that one such picture be set before thee. Perchance thou mayst smile with indulgence upon it ; or even feel thyself at home in Master Martin's house, and gladly while away a little time amidst his tubs and coops. So be it ! and then the wish will be realised which the writer doth now set forth from the bottom of his own heart.

How Master Martin was elected Syndic, and how he returned thanks therefor.

On the first of May, in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and eighty, the honourable guild of coopers in the free imperial city of Nuremberg held solemn assembly, according to ancient usage and custom. Short time before, they had carried to his grave one of their syndics or aldermen; and they must now proceed to the election of one to succeed him. The choice fell upon Master Martin. In truth, few could match his tuns for solidity and elegance of make. No one so well as he understood the housing of the wine in the cellar. For this he counted the noblest lords amongst his customers, and lived in the most complete affluence; nay, rather in unusual wealth. For this was it that on the election of Master Martin, worthy Councillor Paumgartner, as president of the whole corporation of craftsmen, took up his speech on this wise: "You have done well, my friends, in choosing Master Martin for your alderman—the office could not be entrusted to worthier hands. Master Martin is highly esteemed by all who know him, for his great skill and deep experience in the art of storing and keeping the noble wine: his manly industry, his pious life, which not all his riches can affect, may be an example to you all. It is, then, with all my heart, dear Master Martin, that I greet you as our worthy alderman."

With these words, Paumgartner stood up, and advanced a step or two, expecting that Master Martin should meet him half way. He, leaning upon the two arms of his chair, rose slowly, and with some slight effort, such as his goodly proportions rendered perhaps matter of necessity; and then advancing still slowly, received Paumgartner's hearty embrace, which he scarcely returned. "How now!" exclaimed the councillor with somewhat of surprise; "do you not find it accord with your own wishes, that we have elected you an alderman?"

Master Martin, as was his wont, threw his head slightly

back, tapped with his fingers on his well-rounded form, pursed up his mouth, and with eyes wide open looked round upon the bystanders; then turning to Paumgartner, he began: "How, my dear sir, should it not be my wish to receive that which is my due? Who refuses the wages of his good workmanship? Who, when a bad debtor at last comes to pay money, long due, turns him from his door? Has it now at last, good sirs (and he turned to the master-coopers who were sitting round), has it at last come into your heads that I—I *must* come to be alderman of your honourable guild? What is it ye require of an alderman? Must he be most skilful in his craft? Go see my double-hogshead tun, made without fire, my perfect masterpiece; and then tell me if one among you dare say that he can match its workmanship for strength or beauty? Would you that your alderman have money and goods? Step into my house; I will throw open boxes and chests, till the glitter of the gold and silver makes your mouths water! Must the alderman be honoured by great and small? Ask our esteemed councillors; ask lords and knights round our good city of Nuremberg; ask the reverend Bishop of Bamberg; ask them all what they think of Master Martin. I trow ye will hear nothing against his good name." With this he patted himself with a satisfied look, assumed a smirk, and seeing that all were silent, and a whispered murmur was alone heard, he thus proceeded: "But I perceive, it is naturally enough expected that I should return my best thanks for the ray of sense which has lighted your brains at this election. Well; when I receive the price of my work,—when my debtor pays me the money he owes, I write under the items and the total, 'Received, with thanks; Tobias Martin, master-cooper in this town.' I thank you then all, for that in choosing me syndic and alderman, you have cleared off an old score. Moreover, I pledge myself to discharge the office with all truth and honesty. I will stand by the guild—by any of you all, with word and deed, if needs be, as far as in my power shall lie; it shall be my constant care to uphold the honour and dignity of our craft, as they now stand. I invite you all, my dear councillors, and all you, good masters and friends, to

keep a jolly feast with me on the coming Sunday ; when over a glass of sound Hochheimer, of Johannisberger, or any other wine you may fancy in my choice cellar, we will take thought together for such measures as shall be for the common good of all. And remember, all shall be welcome."

The countenances of the worthy masters, which at the proud words of Master Martin lowered visibly, now soon cleared up again ; their sulky silence gave way to pleasant chat, wherein much mention was made of Martin, his excellent qualities, and his first-rate cellar. All promised to appear on the Sunday following. He shook hastily their proffered hands, and even pressed them now slightly to his rotundity. Thus they all broke up in pleasantness and neighbourly feeling.

What further came to pass at the house of Master Martin.

It so chanced that Councillor Paumgartner, to regain his own home, must needs pass by the house of Master Martin : as they both reached the door, and Paumgartner was continuing his way forwards, the new syndic took off his cap, and bowing respectfully almost to the ground, thus addressed the councillor : " Dear and honoured sir, if you do not think it beneath you to honour my poor house with your presence for a while, let me, I pray, enjoy and profit by your edifying discourse."

" Willingly, good Master Martin," answered he, with a smile, " will I spend an hour with you. But why speak of your poor house, forsooth ? Well know I that not our richest citizen may boast of one more fine or costly. Is it not but a short time since you completed this building, whose beauty makes it rank among the ornaments of our imperial town ; to say nothing of its inner arrangements, of which no patrician need feel ashamed ?"

Old Paumgartner was right. On opening the door studded with nails, and ornamented with brass, you perceived the clean and polished floor ; the gay pictures on the wall ; the cupboards and chairs of carved oak. And, struck with so

much neatness and order, no one failed to obey the notice contained in the verse, that, according to ancient custom, was painted on a tablet near the door :

“ All they that here to enter mean,
Must have their shoes well brushed and clean,
Or else must leave them on the mat,
Lest the goodwife should scold thereat.”

The day was warm ; the air in this first room was hot and sultry, as it is wont to be late in the afternoon. So Master Martin led his guest into the roomy cool show-kitchen ; such was the name, in those days, of that room, in a rich citizen's house, which was fitted up indeed as a kitchen, but never used as such, only around it were displayed all the apparatus of goodly housekeeping. On entering, Martin, with loud voice, called out, “ Rosa.” A door at once opened, and Rosa, his only daughter, came into the room. Mayest thou at this moment, well-beloved reader, have before thee a lively reminiscence of our great Albert Dürer's masterpieces ! May there arise before thee such breathing forms of fair maidens, with lofty grace, with sweet looks, pious and mild ! Think on their refined and noble stature ; on their arched foreheads of lily whiteness ; on the bloom that, like the bloom of roses, mantles on their cheek ; on their burning lips of cherry redness ; on the eyes that look with chastened love-longing from beneath the shadowing eyebrows, like moonbeams streaming through the dark ivy-leaves ; think on the silken hair, nestling in graceful tresses ; think on all the heavenly beauty of these maidens, and thou seest the gentle Rosa. She bowed to Paumgartner with childlike humility, took his hand in hers, and pressed it to her lips. The colour rose to the pale cheeks of the old man ; and, as the parting sunbeams gild with a flickering light the dark-green foliage, so the unwonted fire of youth gleamed for a moment in his eyes.

“ Good Master Martin,” he exclaimed, “ you are a wealthy man ; but the fairest gift of Heaven that the Lord has bestowed on you is your gentle daughter, Rosa. If we grave greyheaded councillors, feel our old hearts beat, and cannot

withdraw our looks from that sweet child, what wonder is it, or what blame to our young townsmen, that, when they chance to meet her in the street, they stand stockstill and gaze; or that, at times in church, their eyes will wander from the priest to her; or that, on a holiday upon the green, with sighs, and looks, and honied words, forgetful of all other maidens, they follow only her! I warrant me, good friend, that you may choose your son-in-law among our young patricians, or wheresoever else you will."

Master Martin's countenance was overcast at these words: he bade his daughter go and fetch a flask of sound old wine; and, as she left the room with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, he said, "In truth, my good sir, my child is gifted with surpassing beauty, and herein, too, has Heaven made me rich; but how could you speak of this in the young girl's presence? And, as to a patrician son-in-law, enough of that."

"Hush, Master Martin, hush," retorted Paumgartner, with a smile; "when the heart is full, the lips open. Do you not think, then, that my old pulse quickens at the sight of Rosa? and if I do speak out, and tell of that which she herself must know right well, sure no great harm can come of it."

Rosa brought in the wine, and therewith two glasses, costly and capacious: her father drew towards him the heavy table of richly-carved oak; but scarce had the old worthies sat down to it, scarce were their glasses filled, when a trampling of horses was heard without the house. A rider drew up, and his voice was soon heard in the hall. Rosa ran out, and returned to say, that the old knight, Henry of Spangenberg, was there, and wished to speak with Master Martin.

"A lucky evening, in truth," said he, "which brings under my roof my oldest and worthiest customer; doubtless he brings an order that will soon set me to work again."

And he hurried out with all the speed he might to welcome such an honoured guest.

How that Master Martin exalted his Craft above all others.

The juice of the Hochheimer grape was sparkling in the crystal glasses of the three old men, and was untying the tongue, as it opened their hearts. Spangenberg, though advanced in years, still kept much of the joyousness and freshness of his youth, and brought up old stories of that glad some time, which well nigh caused Master Martin's goodly sides to split, whilst for very laughter tears would trickle from his eyes. Friend Paumgartner, too, forgot more than he was wont to do his grave and councillor-like discourse; he enjoyed to the full both the flavour of the wine and the wit of the stories. But when Rosa entered again, bearing a basket on her arm, from which she brought out table-linen, white and spotless as the driven snow,—when, with light and busy step, she tripped around the table, which she soon laid out with dishes of tempting savour,—when, with bewitching smile, she begged them to partake of and excuse the hasty meal,—then speech and jest were dumb; neither Paumgartner nor Spangenberg could remove their admiring gaze from the lovely maid, and even Master Martin himself, leaning back with folded arms in his great-chair, watched her movements with a smile of satisfaction.

As Rosa was about to leave the room, old Spangenberg sprang up with youthful vigour, laid one hand upon each shoulder to detain her, and said, whilst tears stood in his eyes, “Oh, thou gentle and fair maiden, lovely as an angel, may blessings rest upon thee!” With this, he kissed her white forehead once or twice, and then, with thoughtful countenance, returned to his seat. Paumgartner drank to Rosa's health. “Yes,” began Spangenberg, as soon as she was gone, “yes, Master Martin, Heaven has bestowed on you a very jewel in your daughter,—one that you cannot prize too highly. She will yet bring you to high honour. Who, I pray, would not be your son-in-law, however lofty his own station?”

“Aha,” quoth Paumgartner, “see you not, good Martin,

that the noble knight agrees with me? I can fancy now your darling Rosa the bride of a noble, and costly pearls woven in her golden hair."

"Honoured sirs," replied Martin, with something of displeasure, "why do you thus continue to discuss a question which I do not even dream of yet? My Rosa has but reached her eighteenth year; and such a chit as she must not think of a bridegroom yet. As for the future, I leave it to the Lord; this much is certain, however, that neither patrician nor any other man shall have my daughter's hand, but only he in whom, as a master-cooper, I shall find most honesty, most industry, most skill. Always provided he be to my daughter's taste; for I would not force my darling child to any single thing, and, least of all, to a marriage that was not to her mind."

Paumgartner and Spangenberg looked at each other with astonishment, on hearing these words of Master Martin. At last, after a pause, Spangenberg began, "And so your daughter is not to marry out of your station?"

"So, may it please the Lord," answered Martin.

"But," replied the knight, "suppose that some young and worthy master, of an honourable calling,—say, for instance, a goldsmith, or an artist,—were to woo your daughter Rosa, and to please her best of all her suitors, how say you then?"

"Shew me," retorted Martin, bristling up, "shew me, my good young friend, would I say to him, for your masterpiece, a well-built double-hogshead tun; and if he could not shew me that, I would open my door with all neighbour-like civility, and humbly beg of him to suit himself elsewhere."

"But if," persisted Spangenberg, "the young man were to answer, 'So small a work, indeed, I have not to shew; but come with me to the market-place, and look at yonder stately house, whose tall gables point upwards to the sky,—there is my masterpiece.'"

"Ah, good sir," broke in the cooper, with impatience, "what trouble you take to alter my determination. Once for

all, *of my own craft*, I say, shall my son-in-law be; for I hold it to be the noblest in the world. Think you, then, it is enough to drive the hoops over the staves, and make them thus hold together? Is it not, I pray you, a fine and a noble thing, that our craft shews us the art of keeping and preserving wine, that choicest gift of Heaven, so that it shall thrive and ripen in the tun, gain its fullest body and its richest flavour; so that, when we drink it, it may glow lifelike through our veins? But even as to the tun itself. Must not we,—to work as masters should,—must not we first take measurement and reckoning? Must not we be at home in figures, as in numbers? or else how should we estimate proportion and capacity? Why, sirs, my old heart chuckles within me, when I see a big-bellied tun draw on to its completion, when hatchet, adze, and plane have done their work, and the finishing strokes of my men are heard in cadence together, clip, clap. I warrant ye, it is a noble music. There stands my piece of workmanship; I take with honest pride the branding-iron in hand, and scar deep into the wood my master's mark, well known and honoured of every cellar-owner round the town. Talk of architects, indeed! A stately house is, in truth, a goodly work: but were I a master-builder, and saw, as I passed by, some idle, lounging, good-for-nothing knave, whose money had bought him the house, sneering down upon me from the balcony, I should feel heartily ashamed, and for sorrow and disappointment could wish to destroy my own handiwork. But with houses of my building, no such hap can befall; in them the purest of earthly spirits,—wine, noble wine,—once for all, makes his home. Blessings on the coopers' craft, say I!"

"Well spoken, and manfully," answered the knight. "The honour in which you hold your craft does honour to yourself as well. But forgive me, if I do not let you off yet. Suppose that a noble were really now to come and ask of you your daughter in marriage. Remember, that where such matters come to the point, men do often that which they had least thought of doing."

"Well," said Martin, with some warmth, "what else

could I do than make a low bow, and say, Dear sir, had you been a worthy cooper, indeed ; but as it is"—

"Hear me out," interrupted Spangenberg: "if some fine morning a gallant well-bred youth, well mounted, gaily dressed, and with a goodly retinue, should rein-up at your door, and sue for the hand of your fair Rosa?"

"Aha," burst in Martin, with increasing warmth; "how would I hasten to the door, draw bolt and bar across, and from the window cry to him, Ride on, ride on, my brave youngster! Roses like mine bloom not for such as you. My well-stocked cellar, my bonny broad pieces, would suit you well, no doubt: the maiden goes into the bargain, eh? But ride on, fair sir, ride on!"

Old Spangenberg rose up, crimson with anger: he leaned his fists upon the table, and looked down: "Yet one more question, Master Martin: if the gallant youth were son of mine,—if I too with him waited at your door,—how then? Would you still keep it shut, and cry that we had come there for your well-stocked cellar, and your broad gold pieces?"

"Nay, nay, my dear and honoured sir! but I would hasten down, and throw my door wide open for my noble friends: all my house could afford should gladly be at the service of your honoured self, and of your gallant son. Still, as regards my Rosa, I should say: Would Heaven the fair young gentleman had been a jolly cooper! He sure had been most welcome of all suitors then; yet now — But I pray you, sirs, why perplex me with such strange, unwonted questionings? See how our pleasant discourse has found an end; and how, meanwhile, our glasses stay brimful. Let us lay Rosa and her wedding aside. And here I give you, noble sir, the health of your gallant son, a brave young gentleman, if men speak truth of him." Master Martin raised his glass, Paumgartner followed his example. "Let us leave this idle talk," said he, "and a health to the heir of Spangenberg."

The old knight touched their glasses with his own, and said, with a forced smile: "You may well suppose that I spoke but in jest; for nothing short of downright madness would drive my son, whose choice might lie amongst the

fairest and noblest in the land, to forget his rank and birth, and woo your daughter Rosa. Still, Master Martin, methinks you might have given me somewhat more friendly answer."

"Dear sir," said he, "I could not, even in jest, give other than such answer as I should return, were such a wondrous thing to come to pass as that which you in jest were speaking of. Forgive my seeming pride; for you yourself well know that I am the most skilful cooper far and wide; that I well understand whatever has to do with wine; that I honestly and truly abide by all decrees relating to it, which our late Emperor Maximilian (his soul be with the saints!) was pleased to set forth to us; that I eschew all evil and dishonest things; that I have in my casks no grain of sulphur beyond what the law allows. And this, good sirs, ye may perceive if it were only by the flavour of my wine."

Spangenberg endeavoured, as he resumed his seat, to put on a cheerful countenance; and Paumgartner brought other subjects into play. But so as with the chords of an instrument, that, once unstrung, lose more and more the evenness of their tones, the hand of the master cannot bring them back to their once harmonious melody; so now, amongst our three old friends, no word, no phrase, had the same feeling as before. Spangenberg soon called his followers, and left, dispirited and unquiet, the house of Master Martin, which he had entered with mirth and joy.

What was foretold by the old Grandmother.

Master Martin was somewhat touched by the sullen parting of his old and honoured customer, and said to Paumgartner, who had just emptied his glass, and was also on the wing, "I cannot well read the meaning of the old knight's words. Nor do I quite perceive what sent him thus away in dudgeon."

"Dear Master Martin," he replied, "you are a worthy and an honest man, and such a one may well set high price by the craft, which, by God's help, he carries honestly on, and which brings to him both wealth and name. But this feeling must not speak out in arrogance, which in nowise be-

comes a Christian man. Already to-day, at the meeting of our guild, it was not right of you thus to set yourself above all the other masters of the craft. Should it indeed be true, that you are more skilled therein than any of them all, still to throw it thus in their teeth could only breed envy and discontent. And this evening, as a wind-up, sure you could not have been so dull as not to perceive that Spangenberg's words were meant but as a trial how far your stubborn pride would carry you. It must have hurt the worthy knight to hear you find thus, in any noble's wooing, some thought of sordid avarice: and even so all might have gone well, had you changed your tone when Spangenberg began to speak of his own son. Why, had you but said, Dear worthy sir, should you come wooing with your son, so high, so unlooked-for an honour would make my firmest purpose waver: had you thus spoken, I say, what would have followed? Why, simply this,—old Spangenberg would have forgotten the former misunderstanding, laughed at it for a moment, and then have been as friendly as ever."

"Ay, rate me soundly," said Master Martin, "I have deserved it well: but when the old fellow talked of things so little to my taste, I could not well stomach it, or answer otherwise than I did."

"And then," continued Paumgartner, "what a foolish plan to determine that your daughter shall marry none but a cooper! You will entrust, you say, your daughter's fate to Heaven, and yet, with worldly near-sightedness, seek to forestall the decrees of Heaven, by obstinately fixing the narrow circle wherein to choose an husband for her. Why, Master Martin, this may bring bitter sorrow upon you, and upon your Rosa too. Leave aside, I pray you, this childish folly, unworthy of a Christian as it is, and leave to Providence the care of directing, as it doubtless will, your daughter's choice."

"Ah, my good friend," said Master Martin, with humbled tone, "now do I, for the first time, see how wrong I did, when I spoke not out at once. You think, I see, that my love for my handicraft is that alone which has brought me to

the settled determination, that Rosa shall only be a cooper's bride: but yet it is not so. Another ground I have for it, both wonderful and hidden. I cannot let you go till you have learnt it all: I would not you should owe me a grudge till morning. I beg you heartily to seat yourself, and spend here a few minutes more. See, here stands a flask yet of my oldest wine, which the old knight, in his ill-humour, has disdained; let us discuss it together."

The councillor felt some surprise at these confidential advances made by Master Martin, which seemingly were so foreign to his nature. It appeared to him as if something lay heavy upon his heart—some burden of which he would gladly be rid. He sat himself therefore down, and filled a glass of wine, as Master Martin thus began:

"You know, good friend, that my dear wife died in child-birth of my daughter Rosa. My old grandmother was then yet alive, if one may call her living whose hearing and whose sight were gone—who, scarce able to speak a word or move a limb, was bedridden since many a long day. My Rosa was but just christened; and the nurse, with the child upon her knee, was sitting in the room where the old woman lay. I was so sad at heart as I looked upon the lovely child,—so deeply moved in turn by joy and sorrow,—that I felt myself unmanned for any work, and stood in quiet thought beside the grandame's bed, deeming her lot a happy one that she was now past all earthly cares. As I gazed on her pale face, suddenly she smiled with a strange unusual smile. Methought her deeply furrowed wrinkles were rubbed out, and that her white cheeks bloomed again. She lifted herself upright; she stretched forth, as if inspired with a sudden and wondrous strength, her withered arms, as she had not done for years before, and called out with a clear voice, 'Rosa—dearest Rosa!' The nurse stood up, and carried her the child; she took it, and rocked it gently in her arms; but think, dear sir, of my amazement, or rather of my fear, when the old crone, with a clear and merry voice, sang (after the fashion and measure of worthy Johann Berchler, the Strasburg innkeeper) the following song:

Darling Rosa, bright-brow'd maid !
Sweet one ! be my 'hest obeyed.
An' thou lovest life to be
From distress and danger free,
None but God be in thy heart,
Far away be mocker's art,
And desire of foolish things.
Lo ! a little house he brings ;
Shining bright it is and fair,
Fragrant flood is bubbling there ;
Little house, and o'er it featly
Little angels warble sweetly.
Darling, with fond listening ear,
Bend thee to love's whisper dear.
Him who little house to thee
Bringeth, decked so splendidly,
Him embrace thou, be content,
Father ask not for consent,
He thy loving bridegroom is,
By that little house of his.
To this house good luck shall suit,
Honour, wealth, and health to boot.
Maid of sunny eye so clear,
True-word-loving little ear,
Mayst thou, daughter, henceforth flourish,
With God's blessing thee to nourish !

And when she had sung this strange song, she laid the child softly and carefully down upon the bed, pressed to her forehead her trembling, wrinkled hand, and whispered words of which I could not catch the meaning ; but by the peaceful look of the old grandame's countenance, I could tell that she was in prayer. Soon her head sunk back upon the pillow ; and as the nurse lifted away the child, she gave a long, deep-drawn sigh :—she was dead.”

“ It is indeed a wonderful story,” said Paumgartner, as Master Martin ceased to speak ; “ yet can I not perceive what your old grandmother's weird song can have to do with your obstinate determination to give to a cooper alone the hand of your daughter.”

"Why," retorted Martin, "what can be more clear than that the old lady, at the last hour of her life, was lightened from above, and with prophetic voice foretold how things must needs go if Rosa would be happy. The bridegroom who shall bring the house that thing, and with it good luck, honour, health, and wealth,—what other may he be, but the jolly master-cooper who shall, in my own workshop, build his masterpiece? Where is the little house, I pray, in which fragrant floods are bubbling, if it be not in the tun of wine? And where the wine is working, there does it hum, and simmer, and seethe; these be the little angels there, that float upon and dive into its floods, and as they play therein sing gladsome songs and hymns. Ay, ay, I trow old Minnie could have meant none other bridesman than a master-cooper; and by her words I will, with Heaven's help, abide."

"You read," said the councillor, "your grandmother's words to suit your own wayward will; yet your reading comes not home to my mind, I must own; and I abide by my own counsel, and tell you, that to the guidance of the Lord, and to your Rosa's heart, wherein is hidden, I would warrant, the right meaning after all, you should leave the settling of this question free."

"And I," interrupted Master Martin, impatiently, "I abide by this, that, once for all, my son-in-law shall be a jolly cooper."

Paumgartner was well-nigh angry with his obstinate friend; but he contained himself, rose from his seat as he said, "It waxes late, Master Martin; let us give over both talk and drink; more of either would not be good for us."

As they passed into the hall, they found there a young-looking woman with five boys, of which the eldest seemed to number scarce eight years; the youngest about as many months; the mother was weeping and sobbing. Rosa hurried to meet her father and his friend, and said, "Good heavens, Valentine is dead, and here are his widow and children!"

"What!" exclaimed her father, "Valentine dead! Poor fellow—poor fellow—what a sad mishap! Why, only think, dear sir, Valentine was the most skilful workman that I had—

an industrious lad, and an honest one to boot. A short time back, at the making of a large tun, he wounded himself with his adze; the wound grew worse and worse; he fell into a dangerous fever, and now is dead,—cut off in the prime of life.”

With that Master Martin went up to the desolate woman, who, bathed in tears, was exclaiming that want and poverty must soon destroy her children and herself. “What can you think of me, then?” said he. “Your husband came by his hurt in doing my work; and think you, then, I shall desert you in your lowest need? No; henceforth you are all of my household. To-morrow, or when you will, lay your poor husband in his grave; and then get you all to my farm, outside the Lady-gate of the town, where my new workshop is, and where I go daily myself to overlook my men. You shall manage my housekeeping there, good woman; and your boys I will take care of as if they were my own. And, by the way, there is your old father; I will take him too. He was a stout cooper, when his arm was strong. What if he cannot now use adze and mallet, block out staves, or head up a cask; yet he can handle a chisel or plane, and make himself useful in that way. Come what may though, he shall be taken under my roof with the rest of you.”

Had not Master Martin held up the poor woman, she must have sunk to the ground, overcome by her sorrow and her thankfulness together. The eldest children clung to his doublet, and the youngest, whom Rosa held in her arms, stretched out its tiny hands to him, as if it understood the whole. Old Paumgartner said, with a smile on his face, but with tears glistening in his eyes, “Master Martin—Master Martin, one cannot lose one’s temper with you!” and then turned his steps homewards.

How the two young workmen, Frederick and Reinhold, became acquainted.

On a fair grassy slope, shadowed by tall trees, was stretched a young workman of engaging mien; Frederick was his name.

The sun had already gone down, and streaks of rosy light glowed on the deep horizon. In the distance you might see the renowned imperial city of Nuremberg, spreading itself out in the vale, its proud towers in bold relief against the heavens that streamed a golden light upon their pinnacles. The young man was resting his arm upon a knapsack that lay beside him, and gazing with longing eyes down into the valley. Then he plucked a few flowers which grew near him in the grass, and tossed them into the evening air; then again he looked with sadness before him, and warm tear-drops stood in his eyes. Presently, he lifted up his head, stretched forth his arms, as if to embrace a well-loved form, and sang with a clear sweet voice the following verses :

“ Do I, then, behold thee ?
Home whence my heart
Did never part,
My heart so true to thee ?

Soft evening’s rosy light !
Would I might see,
So like to thee,
My Rosa smiling bright !

Thou golden sunset ray !
Through the hushed air
Fond greeting bear
To my love far away !

Now, should I breathe my last,
My Rosa tell,
I loved her well ;
In love my spirit passed ! ”

His song ended, he took from his knapsack a piece of wax, warmed it in his breast, and began to model with neatness and skill a pretty rose and its delicate leaves. As he worked he hummed over to himself some lines of his song ; and was so deeply sunk in his own thoughts, as not to be aware that a handsome youth was long since standing behind him, and watching his work with attention.

"Good friend!" at last exclaimed the stranger, "that is a beautiful thing you are making."

Frederick started, and turned round; but as he looked into the friendly dark eyes of the young stranger, he felt as if he had been already an old acquaintance. "Ah, dear sir!" he said, smiling, "how can you take notice of such a trifle—a mere toy to beguile the resting-time of my journey?"

"In faith," answered the stranger, "if you call a flower so delicate and true to nature a mere plaything, you must needs be a clever and accomplished artist: you have afforded me a twofold delight. First, your song, sung with so much sweetness, thrilled through my heart; and now your ready skill calls for my wonder. Whither, think you, to wander on yet to-day?"

"The end of my journey," said Frederick, "lies there before our eyes; I am returning to my native home, to the famous city of Nuremberg. But the sun is long down; so I shall pass the night in this neighbouring village; start with early dawn to-morrow, and be by noon in Nuremberg."

"See," answered the stranger, "how well it falls out: our road lies the same way; I too am bound for the imperial town. I will spend with you the night here at hand, and to-morrow we will on together. Now let us resume our talk." The young man, whose name was Reinhold, threw himself down on the grass near Frederick, and proceeded. "Doubtless you are a skilful brass-founder," said he, "or work in gold and silver: I can guess so much from your exquisite modelling?"

Frederick looked sorrowfully down, and humbly answered: "You take me, good sir, for something far higher and better than I really am. I will e'en tell you frankly, I have but learnt the cooper's trade; and am on my way to Nuremberg to work with a well-known master of the craft. You will, perhaps, despise me when you know that my business is not to model and cast noble statues, but to drive hoops and chip staves for casks."

Reinhold laughed aloud, and cried, "That were, indeed, a joke; I to despise you for being a cooper, and I myself am but a cooper and nought else."

Frederick looked at him with surprise, and knew not what to think ; for Reinhold's dress seemed like nothing less than like that of a journeyman cooper. His doublet of fine black cloth bound with strips of velvet ; his handsome ruff ; his short broad-sword ; his barretcap, with long hanging feather, seemed rather to announce a wealthy merchant : and yet in the countenance and bearing of the young man was a wondrous something which belied this conclusion. Reinhold perceived Frederick's doubts, unstrapped his own bundle, and brought forth his cooper's adze and apron ; " See here, friend," he cried ; " can you still doubt that I am a fellow-workman ? I see my dress seems strange to you ; but I come from Strasburg, where the coopers dress well-nigh like nobles. True, I, like yourself, have had a turn for something else ; but now I hold the cooper's craft above all other things, and have hung on it many a fair hope of life. Is it not so with you, friend ? It seems to me as if some dark overshadowing cloud had spread itself before the sun of your youth, under which you can scarcely look cheerfully around you. The song which you sang but now breathed the longings and pains of love ; it had notes that seemed to ring out from my own bosom ; so that I appear to know already the secrets shut up in yours. So much the more, then, may you confide in me : besides this, shall not we be good companions and friends together in Nuremberg ?"

Reinhold put one arm on Frederick's shoulder, and looked him kindly in the face. The latter then replied : " The more I look on you, good friend, the more am I drawn towards you ; and your words sound in my heart as the echo of some kind spirit's voice. I must tell you then all ! Not that I, poor man, have weighty secrets to confide ; but because it is only in the heart of a true friend that our sorrows can find full room ; and I, since the first moment of our new acquaintance, seem to hold you as my truest friend. I am now, indeed, a cooper, and I dare boast me, know my craft right well ; but since childhood my whole spirit was wedded to a far nobler art. My wish was, to become a great master in the casting of brazen figures, and working in silver ; such an one as Peter Fischer, or the Italian Benvenuto Cellini. With earnest zeal

I worked under Master John Holzschuer, the renowned silver-worker in my native town, who, though he cast no statues himself, gave me every encouragement. To his house often came Master Martin, the cooper, with his daughter, the lovely Rosa. All unawares, I came at last to love her. I left my home and went to Augsburg to learn the art of a brass-founder thoroughly. And now for the first time, the bright flame of love burnt clear within my breast. I saw and heard nought but Rosa. All endeavour, all toil, which led not to obtaining her, I could but loathe. I determined on the only way to win her. Master Martin will give his daughter to none other than the cooper who shall, under his roof, work the best masterpiece; and moreover secure his daughter's good graces. So I e'en threw aside my art, and learnt the craft of a cooper. I am returning to Nuremberg and to Master Martin's workshop. But now that my home lies there before me, and Rosa's image stands in glowing beauty before my eyes, I could well-nigh faint with anxiety, expectation, and fear. Now I see the folly of my attempt. Can I know whether Rosa loves me; whether she will ever learn to do so?"

Reinhold had listened to Frederick's story with increasing attention; he now bowed his head, and covering his face with his hand, asked in a stifled voice, "Has Rosa, then, never given you any sign of love?"

"Ah!" said Frederick, "when I left Nuremberg, Rosa was more child than maiden. She shewed, indeed, no disliking of me, and would smile graciously when in old Holzschuer's garden, I picked for her the fairest flowers, and wove them into garlands; but——"

"Well, well," interrupted his companion, "all hope is not yet lost."

He spoke with such earnestness, and in such angry tone, as to startle and alarm Frederick: hereupon he stood up, and, as he rose, his sword rattled against his side; the deep night-shadows fell upon his pale countenance, disfiguring its mild expression; so that Frederick exclaimed, with anxiety, "What has thus taken you so suddenly?"

As he spoke, he made two steps backwards, and struck with his foot Reinhold's bundle, which gave a sound as of the string of some musical instrument. "You bad friend," cried Reinhold, angrily, "do not break my lute for me."

The instrument was fastened outside his knapsack; he loosened it, and passed his hand roughly across, as if he wished to break the strings. Soon his play, however, became soft and melodious. "Let us," said he, in his former gentle tone, "let us, dear brother, descend into the village. I carry here a safe charm to keep away the evil spirits that may haunt our road, and might have to do with us,—with me especially."

"Good friend," said Frederick, "what should evil spirits have to do with us? But your music is right pleasant; I pray you, keep on your playing."

The silvery stars were risen in the azure vault of heaven, the wind swept gently sighing across the dewy meadows, the murmur of the brook grew louder, the dark trees of the far-off forest rustled around, as Frederick and Reinhold held on their way with music and singing, the clear soft notes of their love-ditties soaring on the wings of the air. Arrived at their destination, Reinhold threw aside his lute and his bundle, and pressed Frederick wildly to his breast. As he did so, his young companion felt upon his upturned face the scalding tears that fell from Reinhold's eyes.

How the two young workmen, Frederick and Reinhold, were taken into Master Martin's house.

When Frederick awoke the next morning, he missed his new friend, who had lain beside him on his straw bed; and, as he saw neither lute nor knapsack, thought that Reinhold, for some reasons of his own, had left him, and gone some other road. Scarce, however, had he crossed the threshold of the house, when Reinhold, with his bundle at his back, stepped up to him, in a dress quite different from that he had worn in the evening. He had taken the feather from his cap, laid by his sword; and instead of the costly doublet with velvet

trimming, he had put on a coarse workman's jerkin of a dusky colour. "Now," said he, with a gay smile, "now, brother, you will, doubtless, take me for a true craftsman and companion; but methinks that, for a lover, you have had a sleep somewhat over-long. See how high the sun stands; let us march on at once."

Frederick was in quiet and reserved mood; he hardly answered his friend's questions, and paid little heed to his jests. Reinhold, on the contrary, seemed elated beyond measure, shouted and threw his cap into the air; but he, too, became more sober by degrees, the nearer they came to the town. "Anxiety, uneasiness, and tender misgivings will let me go no farther; let us rest a little under these trees."

So spoke Frederick, as they almost had reached the gates of Nuremberg; and he threw himself exhausted on the grass. Reinhold sat down beside him, and, after a pause, began: "Last night, dear Frederick, I must have struck you as very strange. But, as you spoke of your love, and were so sorrowful, all manner of strange things rushed through my brain, bewildering me, and would have well-nigh made me mad, had not your beautiful songs and my lute here kept off the evil spirit. To-day, when the first ray of morning woke me, all was at an end; the ugly ghost had vanished since the evening, and all the joyousness of life came to my heart again. I ran out; and, as I wandered among the bushes, all kind of goodly things flocked into my mind. When I saw you again, how my heart yearned to you at once! A pleasing adventure, which took place in Italy some short time back, at the time when I was there, came into my memory. I will tell it you; for it shews most forcibly what true friendship can accomplish. It so happened that a noble prince, zealous friend and protector of the fine arts, had offered a very high prize for a painting, whose subject, admirable but difficult to handle, was distinctly laid down. Two young painters, bound by the closest ties of friendship, determined to contend for the prize. They imparted their designs to one another, and talked them over often, as if to overcome the difficulties of their subject. The elder of them, more versed in drawing and grouping, had

soon seized and sketched the outline of his painting, and then came to the assistance of the younger, who, already baffled by this part of his work, had almost abandoned it, had not his friend afforded him encouragement and advice. But when they began to paint, the younger, a master in the art of colouring, had, in his turn, to give the elder many valuable hints, of which he did not fail to make good use; so that the younger had never succeeded better in design, nor the elder in colouring. When their pictures were finished, they embraced each other tenderly, and each felt a secret pleasure, overjoyed at his friend's success, each awarding in his own mind the well-merited prize to the other. It chanced, however, that the prize was adjudged to the younger, who cried out, as if ashamed, 'Oh, how could I have carried off the prize? What is my merit compared to my friend's? How could I, without his assistance, have achieved any good piece of work?' Then the elder replied, 'Didst thou not also assist me with excellent advice? My picture is not a bad one; but thine has won the prize, as was its due. To aim at the same mark, with honour and frankness, is the part of true friendship; the laurel that crowns the conqueror honours the conquered also. I only love thee now the more that thou hast done so well, and with thine own victory hast won for me, too, honour and renown.' How say you, Frederick, was not the painter right? To strive manfully for the same prize without any secret malice, should it not rather bind the hearts of friends than part them? Should mean envy or spiteful hatred find a place in noble breasts?"

"Never," answered Frederick, "certainly never. We are now right loving brothers; we shall soon, both of us, produce our Nuremberg masterpiece—a double-hogshead tun, untouched by fire; and may Heaven keep me from the least spark of envy, if yours, dear brother Reinhold, is judged to be better than mine."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Reinhold, "well spoken, indeed; your masterpiece will, I doubt not, soon be finished, to the great admiration of all the jolly coopers of Nuremberg. And I can tell you, that to calculate size, proportion, and circum-

ference, I am your man. You may rely on me, too, to choose your timber; we will seek for staves old oak-wood felled in winter, where no worm has ever gnawed, which no white streaks nor red disfigure, free from stains and splits; believe me, you may trust my eyes for that. I will stand by you with word and deed; and my own masterpiece shall be none the worse for that."

"But, gracious Heaven!" interrupted Frederick here, "why, then, are we prating of who shall turn out the best masterpiece; are we contending thus together? The best masterpiece—to win Rosa—how came we upon it? My head seems to swim."

"Good brother mine," cried Reinhold, laughing still, "there was no thought of Rosa. You are a dreamer. Come now, let us hasten on to reach the city."

Frederick roused himself, and hurried on; but still as if bewildered by his thoughts. As they washed themselves, and brushed off the journey's dust in the inn, Reinhold said to Frederick: "For my part I cannot see to what master-cooper I can address myself, for I have no acquaintance here; what say you, then, to taking me with you to Master Martin, my good friend?"

"Why," answered Frederick, "you have taken a heavy weight from my breast; for if you remain with me, I shall all the better strive against my misgivings and anxiety." And so the two young men went briskly towards the house of Master Martin.

It chanced to be the very day on which the worthy master gave his feast as Alderman: and all was glee and festivity. For thus it was, that as Frederick and Reinhold entered his house, the clash of glasses and mingled noise of a joyous company greeted them.

"Ah," said Frederick with disappointment, "I fear we have come at an unlucky hour."

"I think it a right lucky one," answered his friend; "for at feasting-time Master Martin is sure to be in jolly mood, and well disposed to grant our wishes."

Master Martin, to whom they had sent to announce them—

selves, soon came forth, in holiday attire, his nose and cheeks flushed with the same bright glow. As he set eyes on Frederick, he shouted to him: "See now, Frederick, my fine young fellow, so you are come back again, eh? That is right well! And you have taken to the noble craft of a cooper at last? Master Holzschuer, 'tis true, makes damnable faces, when the talk is of you; and says a great artist has been lost; that you would have cast fine statues and ornaments, like those in St. Sebald's, or in the Fugger's house at Augsburg; but all that is nonsense: you have turned your hand to the right thing, after all; and so welcome a thousand times!"—With this, Master Martin seized him by the shoulders, and, as his wont was, pressed him to his breast with friendly warmth. Frederick felt quite revived by this cordial greeting. All his misgivings vanished, and he not only laid frankly before the master his own request; but also recommended Reinhold to his notice. "In truth," said Master Martin, "you could not well have come at a better time than this; for work presses, and workmen fail me. Welcome, then, both of you,—put by your bundles, and walk in; the meal, I fear, is almost over; but you can find places at the table, and Rosa shall take care of you yet." With that, Master Martin turned back, followed by his two new workmen. All the worthy masters of the craft were seated there, and near the head of the table the honourable warden of the guild, worthy Master Jacob Paumgartner, all with glowing countenances. The dessert had been cleared away, and a generous wine sparkled in every glass. It had come to the point, when each of the masters was speaking loud to his neighbour, and yet all thought to understand each other; and at times some one would laugh heartily, without well knowing why. But as Master Martin entered with the two young men, and announced that, according to his wish, two young workmen, well furnished with certificates, had applied to him and been received, all were still, and turned to bestow on the handsome youths a look of approval. Reinhold looked round with bright, proud glance; but Frederick cast down his eyes, and kept turning his cap between his fingers. Master Martin

shewed them places at the end of the table ; but they were the best of any, as it so chanced ; for Rosa soon came and seated herself between them, helping them to savoury dishes and noble wine. The gentle Rosa, blooming with grace and loveliness, seated between the two handsome youths, amongst the old bearded master-coopers, was a sight fair to look upon ; you would have thought upon a shining morning cloud, rising solitary on the darker heaven ; or else on beauteous spring-flowers, lifting their coloured blossoms above the pale, and yet colourless, grass. Frederick could hardly breathe for delight and happiness ; only stolen glances could he give at times towards her, who filled his whole heart ; he looked stedfastly down upon his plate ; as for eating, it was out of the question. Reinhold, on the contrary, never moved his eyes, which sparkled with lightning glances, from off the beauteous maiden. He began to speak of his distant travels, in such a manner as Rosa had never heard before. It seemed to her as if whatever Reinhold spoke of rose in life before her with ever-changing forms. She was all eyes and ear ; and scarce seemed to notice that Reinhold, in his fullest animation, seized her hand, and pressed it to his bosom.

But Reinhold suddenly exclaimed : “ Frederick, why sit you thus stock-still ; have you lost your speech ? Come, let us drink together to the fair young maiden, our kind hostess ! ” Frederick grasped with trembling hand the large drinking-cup, that Reinhold had filled to the brim, and drank it (for his friend insisted) to the dregs. “ Now to our worthy host and master ! ”—and Reinhold filled again, and again Frederick must needs drain his glass. Then the fiery spirit of the wine ran through him, stirring his still blood, that it throbbed victorious in every pulse and vein. “ Ah, how wondrous well I feel myself ! ” murmured he, as the colour mounted to his cheeks ; “ never have I felt so before.” Rosa, who might well interpret his words another way, smiled on him with indescribable sweetness. Then Frederick, freed from all embarrassment, spoke out : “ Dear Rosa, you can scarce remember me ? ”

“ How could it be, dear Frederick,” answered she, with

downcast eyes, "that I should have forgotten you in so short a time? At old Master Holzscher's—true, I was but a child then—still you did not disdain to play with me, and ever found some pretty pleasing sport. And the beautiful silver filigree basket you gave me once for a Christmas gift, I have it still, and keep it as a cherished token of remembrance."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the enchanted Frederick; he wished to speak, but these words only could he utter, from the fulness of his breast: "O Rosa, dear, dearest Rosa!"

"I have always wished," continued she, "to see you here again: but that you should turn cooper, I never could have supposed. Indeed, when I think of the beautiful things you used to finish with Master Holzscher, it seems a pity that you kept not to your own art."

"Ah, Rosa!" exclaimed Frederick, "for your sake alone am I untrue to my beloved art." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he could have sunk into the earth with shame and fear. The most thoughtless avowal had escaped his lips. Rosa, as if she could guess all, turned her face away; he struggled in vain for words. Just then Master Jacob Paumgartner rapped loudly on the table with his knife, and announced that Master Vollrad, a worthy learned in the art of singing, was about to strike up a song. Vollrad at once stood up, cleared his throat, and sang such a lovely song in the sweet fashion of Hans Vogelsang, that every man's heart beat joyously; and even Frederick recovered himself from his uneasiness and confusion. After that Master Vollrad had sung several more songs, in divers approved measures, such as the Sweet tone, the Crooked-horn measure, the Blooming paradise measure, the Fresh oranges, and the like,* he said that if there were any man at the table who understood aught

* The names of these *weisen*, or measures, poetical as well as musical, will perhaps seem strange to those unskilled in the lore of the *minnesingers*, or rather of their followers, the members of the guilds and singing-schools of Germany. In Longfellow's romance of *Hyperion* mention is made of them, and the names are given of several others and of their authors; such as Hans Zindeisen's *rosemary weise*, Frauenlob's *yellow weise*, frog *weise*, &c.

of the enchanting art of the singing masters, he, in his turn, should sing some song. Then Reinhold stood up and said, that if he were allowed to accompany himself with his lute, after the Italian fashion, he would sing one, and yet promise to keep to the German measure. As no one had a word to say against this, he fetched his instrument, and with a prelude of a few sweet chords, began :

“ Where is the fountain found,
Where, dancing gaily round,
Rich as gold,
We behold,
Bubbling and simmering,
Wine—noble wine ?

Whose thought enfolded it ?
Whose craft has moulded it ?
Cooper's will,
Cooper's skill,
Planning and fashioning
Tuns to hold wine !

But warm though wine will glow,
Cooped in its oak, I trow
Cooper's love
Still shall prove,
Glowing and ripening,
Warmer than wine ! ”

The song pleased every one beyond measure ; but none so much as Master Martin, whose eyes glistened with pleasure and delight. Without heeding Vollrad, who began to speak somewhat too much concerning the short sprig-measure of Hans Müller, which the young man had hit off very fairly,—without heeding him, Master Martin stood up from his seat, and cried out, as he raised the drinking-cup in his hand, “ Come here, thou lusty cooper, and master of song—come here, and empty a glass with thy master.”

Reinhold did as he was told. When he returned to his own place, he whispered in the ear of Frederick, who was

wrapped in thought, "Now thou must sing—sing thy song of yester evening."

"Art thou mad?" answered Frederick, quite angrily.

Then Reinhold said aloud to the company, "Honoured sirs and master, my dear brother Frederick here can sing many more beautiful songs, and has a far lovelier voice than I; but his throat is choked with the dust of the road; another time he will sing you his songs in the most admirable measures."

Every one now fell to praising Frederick, as if he had already sung. Some masters went so far as to think that his voice was indeed lovelier than his companion Reinhold's; and Master Vollrad, after he had emptied another full glass, was convinced that Frederick hit off the German measure better than Reinhold, who had somewhat too much of the Italian fashion about his singing. But Master Martin bridled up, tapped his rotundity till it echoed again, and said, "These now are *my* workmen,—*mine*, I say—Master Tobias Martin of Nuremberg's workmen!"

And all the masters nodded their heads, and said, as they drained the last drops from their cups, "Yes, yes; Master Martin's jolly brave workmen!"

The company at last betook themselves to rest. Master Martin allotted to Reinhold and Frederick each a clean, snug little room in his own house.

How the third workman came to Master Martin's house, and what further happened thereupon.

When the two companions, Reinhold and Frederick, had worked for several weeks in Master Martin's shop, he remarked, that for measuring with line or circle, for calculating and just measure of the eye, Reinhold could not easily be matched; but it was otherwise at the workstool with adze or plane. There Reinhold soon got weary, and the work made no great progress, let him stir himself as he would. Frederick, on the other hand, would plane and hammer away

without ever getting tired. But what they had in common was, a becoming behaviour, in which, chiefly owing to Reinhold, was mingled much of frank gaiety and spirited mirth. Thus, whilst hard at work, when at times Rosa was by, they would not spare their throats; but with their fine voices, which harmonised well together, they would sing many a beautiful song. And if Frederick, whilst he stole a glance at Rosa, relapsed into a melancholy tone, then Reinhold would strike up a jolly song which he had made himself, and which began :

“Tuns are no lutes, nor is a lute a tun.”

So that old Martin would let the mallet he had just raised for a blow fall powerless again, and hold his goodly sides lest they should split for inward laughter. Above all, the companions, and especially Reinhold, were deeply fixed in the good cooper's favour; and one might have remarked that Rosa, too, found many a pretext for coming oftener and staying longer in the workshop than she might otherwise have done.

One day Master Martin came quite thoughtful to his open workshed, outside the city-gate, where they used to work in summer time. Reinhold and Frederick were just setting up a little tun. He placed himself before them with folded arms, and said: “I cannot tell ye, my dear young workmen, how well pleased I am with you; but now am I in a great strait. They write here from the Rhine that the present year shall be, as far as cooperage goes, blessed above any that has ever been. A learned man hath said, that the comet which has risen in the sky has, with its wondrous rays, so fertilised the earth, that from its deepest veins the warmth which hatches noble metals in her breast, shall stream and burst forth on all sides; so that the thirsty vines, which shall bring forth bunches upon bunches in generous profusion, shall give out in their growth the liquid fire they have thus drank in. For the next three hundred years shall no such favourable constellation again appear. Now this will bring us work over head and ears; and for this has the reverend Lord Bishop of Bamberg written already to order a huge tun of me. We shall not be able to get through

our work ; and I must needs look round me for another good workman. Now I cannot go and bring in among us the first man I can pick up in the street, and yet I am sore put to. If you know of any good workman anywhere, whom you would like to have here with you, say it only, and I will fetch him, should it cost me a good round sum."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a young man, tall, powerfully built, and with a strong voice, called to those within : "Holloa there ! is this Master Martin's workshop ?"

"Just so," answered the good master, advancing towards the young workman ; "exactly so ; but that's no reason for shouting and knocking in that murderous fashion ; that is not the way to come to folk's houses."

"Ha, ha, ha !" laughed the young man ; "I trow thou beest Master Martin himself, with his jolly paunch, portly double chin, twinkling eye, and red nose,—just as I was told. I give ye good day, Master Martin."

"Now," quoth the other, somewhat ruffled, "what seek ye, then, from Master Martin ?"

"I am," said he, "a journeyman cooper, and only wished to ask if I could come and get work with you here."

Master Martin, wonderstruck that just in the moment when he had determined to seek for a workman, one should present himself, drew back two paces, and with his eye measured the young man from head to foot. But he looked him full in the face with a clear glance. Now when Martin saw the broad chest, the strong-built limbs, the powerful fists of the young workman, he bethought himself, that is just the lusty fellow I am in want of ; and asked him for his indentures and certificates.

"I have not got them by me now," he said ; "but will get them shortly ; and in the meantime I pledge you my word to work honestly and well, if that will content you."

And thereupon, without waiting for Master Martin's answer, he stalked into the workshop, threw his cap and bundle aside, pulled down his jerkin, strapped on his leather apron, and said : "Well, master, what shall I set about now, I pray ?"

Master Martin, quite flustered by the coolness of the young

stranger's proceedings, took a minute to collect his thoughts, and then said: "Now, friend, shew us at once that in truth thou art a skilful cooper; take the centre-bit, and put me a bung-hole in yonder barrel on the trestle there."

The stranger accomplished his task with remarkable strength, speed, and skill; then cried out with a loud laugh:

"Now, master mine, d'ye still doubt whether I be a good cooper, eh? But," he continued, as he paced up and down the workshop, and scanned the tools and the stores of wood that lay about; "are your tools good, I pray? What sort of a tiny mallet is that yonder? your children's playtoy, I should think. And the little adze, too,—that's for the apprentices."

With this, he swung the great heavy mallet, which Reinhold could not manage at all, and even Frederick handled with difficulty, the mighty adze with which Master Martin worked himself, high in the air. Then he rolled aside a pair of large tuns, as if they had been footballs, and seized on one of the thick wooden staves, which was not yet ready planed. "Good oak-timber, I trow, master; it should spring like glass." And he struck it against the grindstone with such force, that it snapped short off in two with a cracking noise.

"Would ye not like, my good fellow," said Martin, "to smash that tun of two hogsheads there, or pull the whole workshop down about our ears? You can take one of the rafters for a mallet; and, to make an adze to your liking, I will send and fetch you Roland's sword, of three ells long, from the town-house."

"That would just suit me," cried the young workman, as his eyes sparkled; but he soon looked down, and said, in a subdued tone, "I only thought, dear master, that, for the rougher work, you would stand in need of a stout workman; and so, perhaps, I made too free with my bodily strength, and played the braggart a little. But take me to work for you, and I will do your bidding truly."

Master Martin looked into the youth's countenance, and was fain to acknowledge he had never seen one whose features were more truly honest or more noble. It even seemed to

him as if, at the aspect of the young man, a reminiscence flitted before him of some man or other whom he had long loved and honoured; still he could not clear up the reminiscence, though, on the faith of it, he granted at once the young man's request, only charging him to prove, at his earliest convenience, by trustworthy certificates, that he was, in truth, a member of the craft. Reinhold and Frederick, in the meanwhile, had finished setting up the cask they were at work upon, and now began to drive on the first hoops. At such time, it was ever their custom to sing a song; and they now began one in the Goldfinch-measure of Adam Puschmann. Then Conrad (for that was the name of their new companion) shouted from the work-table where Martin had placed him, "What sort of squeaking d'ye call that? One would think the mice were at play in the workshop. If ye wish to sing, sing so as to gladden one's heart, and give one stomach for one's work; sing as I do sometimes." And with that he began a boisterous hunting-song, with halloa and huzzah, mimicking the baying of the dogs and the wild cries of the huntsmen, with a voice loud and deep enough to go through one's head, so that the very tuns rang again, and the whole workshop re-echoed with it. Master Martin stopped his ears, and the children of Dame Martha (Valentine's widow), who were at play, crept for fear under the piles of timber. At this moment Rosa entered, astonished and half frightened at the strange noise, which could not well be called singing. When Conrad perceived her, he was instantly silent; and standing up from his work-table, approached and greeted her with the most noble bearing. Then he said, in a low voice, whilst the fire sparkled in his clear hazel eye, "My gentle maiden, how fair a ray of rosy light gleamed through this place as you entered it! Oh, had I but seen you sooner, I never had offended your tender ears with my rude hunting-song. Give over now, I pray you," he said, turning to Master Martin and his fellow-workmen, "give over your detestable clatter; as long as the dear maiden honours us with her presence, adze and hammer should cease their work. We will hear no sound but her sweet voice; and attend with bowed

heads to whatever she shall ask of us, her humble servants."

Reinhold and Frederick stared at each other with astonishment; but Master Martin laughed outright, and said, "Well, Conrad, it's plain thou art the maddest fellow that ever buckled on a cooper's apron. In ye come first, and, like an untamed giant, try to smash whatever you can lay your hands upon; then you take to bellowing till our ears ring again; and, as a worthy wind-up to all your folly, ye take my little daughter Rosa for a noble maiden, and carry yourself like a young love-sick noble."

"Your gentle daughter," answered Conrad, quietly, "I know right well, dear master; and I tell ye, that she is the most peerless maiden that walks this earth: and would Heaven she would deign accept the noblest youth for her knight in all true and knightly love!"

Master Martin held his sides; he was like to have split, until his laughter found a vent with much coughing and sputtering. Scarce able to speak, he stammered out, "Good, very good, my dear young friend, from this time forth look on my Rosa as a lofty highborn maiden,—I allow ye; but besides and notwithstanding that, be so good as to return to your work for the present."

Conrad stood rooted to the spot for a moment with downcast eyes; then passing his hand across his forehead, said, in a stifled tone, "Yes, that is true," and did then as he was told.

Rosa, according to her custom, sat down upon a little stool, which Reinhold had carefully dusted, and which Frederick brought forward for her. The two young workmen then began to sing (at Master Martin's request) the song in which the boisterous Conrad had interrupted them; and he, now silent and wrapped in his own thoughts, was working aside at the table. When the song was ended, Master Martin said to them, "Heaven has granted you an excellent gift, my good companions. You cannot think how highly I prize the gentle art of song. I had wished myself once to become a master-singer; but it would not answer any way, let me give myself what pains I would. With all my trouble I could only earn con-

tempt and mockery. At the singing contest, it was now a false note, and now a false key, then a lame measure, then again false quavers; till at last the whole melody was out of all harmony. But you, I trow, will do far better than I; and folks will say, 'What master can't do, his men can.' Next Sunday, at the usual time, after the sermon at noon, there is a concert of the master-singers in St. Catherine's church, and there both of you, Frederick and Reinhold, can win praise and honour by your beautiful art; for before the concert will be held a trial of skill, wherein you and any stranger who knows aught of singing may freely take a part. Now, friend Conrad," and he turned towards the work-table, "will you too mount the singing-desk, and strike up your fine hunting-song?"

"Do not mock me, dear master," said Conrad, without looking up; "every thing in its own place: whilst you are occupied with your songs, I shall take my pastime on the green."

It came to pass as Master Martin had expected. Reinhold mounted into the singing-desk, and sang songs in various measures, to the delight of all the master-singers; still they thought that the singer had to lay aside, not a fault indeed, but somewhat of an outlandish manner, which they could not exactly themselves define. Soon after Frederick stepped up to the same place, doffed his cap, and after looking round a few seconds and sending a look into the crowd before him, which struck like a glowing shaft into the gentle breast of Rosa, so that she perforce gave a long deep sigh, he began such a beauteous song in the touching measure of Henrich Frauenlob, that the masters one and all declared there was none amongst them who could surpass the young cooper.

When the evening was come, and the concert at an end, Master Martin, that he might finish the day in all cheerfulness, betook himself, with Rosa, to the green. The two companions, Reinhold and Frederick, were to accompany them. Rosa walked between the two. Frederick, elated by the praise of the masters, in a dreamy transport of happiness ventured on many a significant word, which Rosa, with

downcast look of modesty, seemed unwilling to interpret aright. She turned rather towards Reinhold, who, according to his wont, chattered gaily, and even went so far as to let his hand rest upon her arm. Already, at a distance, they could hear the joyous cries upon the green. Arrived at the spot where the young men of the city practised themselves in manly sports, they perceived that the crowd repeatedly exclaimed, "Won! fairly won! He is the best man still; there's no one to match him now!"

Master Martin discovered, when he had squeezed his way through the crowd, that all the praise and shouts of the people were given to none other than his workman Conrad. At running, wrestling, and hurling the stone he had beaten all the rest; and just as Martin came forward, he cried out, "Will any one stand up with me, and take a bout at fencing with the blunted swords?"

Several stout young patricians, accustomed to this knightly sport, answered his challenge. But in no long time, and without much fatigue or effort, Conrad had got the best of all comers at this game too; so that there was no end to the praise and applause bestowed upon his skill and strength. The sun had set, the red glow of evening was waxing faint, and the twilight coming on apace; Master Martin, Rosa, and the two companions, had sat themselves down by a babbling spring. Reinhold was telling of the wonders of far-off Italy; but Frederick, still and happy, was gazing in the eyes of gentle Rosa. Conrad then drew near, with lingering undecided steps, as if uncertain in himself whether he should join the rest or not. But Master Martin called out to him, "Here, Conrad, come here, good friend; you carried yourself bravely on the green, as I like to see my men do, with credit to yourself. Do not be shy, Conrad; come, sit ye down here with us, and welcome; you have my leave."

Conrad cast a piercing glance upon his master, who was nodding graciously, and said, in stifled tone, "Neither now, nor ever, am I shy of you; neither did I ask your leave whether I might sit down here or not. All my rivals have I made, in manly and knightly sport, to measure their lengths

on the sward ; and now I wished to ask the fair maiden here, if she would not, as the prize of this day's victory, honour me with the pretty nosegay in her breast." With this, Conrad bent one knee before Rosa, looked reverently into her face with his clear hazel eyes, and said, "Give me, I pray, fair Rosa, the nosegay for my prize ; you cannot well refuse it."

Rosa undid the nosegay from her breast, gave it to Conrad, and said, with a smile, "Indeed, I know that so brave a knight as you may claim this mark of honour from a lady ; take, then, my faded flowers."

Conrad kissed the nosegay offered to him, and then placed it in his barret-cap ; and Master Martin exclaimed, as he stood up, "Here be mad freaks indeed ! Now, let us wander home ere the night close in."

Master Martin walked first ; Conrad drew, with graceful and respectful mien, the arm of Rosa within his own. Reinhold and Frederick came behind, quite out of spirits for the time. The people whom they met remained standing and looking after them, as they said, "See now, that is the rich cooper, Tobias Martin, his lovely daughter, and his lusty working companions. Marvellous proper folk, as I should say."

*How Dame Martha spake with Rosa touching the three Workmen.
Conrad's strife with Master Martin.*

Young maidens are wont to let the pleasures of a holyday pass into their minds and thoughts right early the next morning ; and at such times, these after-feasts smile more sweetly to them than the feasts themselves. So gentle Rosa, the following morning, sat alone in her chamber, with hands folded on her knees, her little head bent thoughtfully, whilst wheel and spindle took their rest. At times she would seem to hear the songs of Reinhold and Frederick ; and then to gaze upon stalwart Conrad, winner at every bout, claiming from her hand the prize of victory ; now she would hum two verses of a ballad ; now whisper, "My nosegay, forsooth !" and then a deeper

pink would glow upon her cheek ; a glance would steal from beneath the lashes of her downcast eyes, and a gentle sigh heave from her inmost breast. Then came Dame Martha, bustling into the room ; and right pleased was Rosa to give detailed account of all the doings in St. Catharine's church, and on the green. When Rosa's tale was done, Dame Martha answered with a smile, "Now, Rosa darling, you will soon be choosing one out of three goodly wooers."

"Hush, hush!" cried Rosa, in alarm, and blushing to the very eyes ; "Dame Martha, what can you mean? Three wooers—I!"

"It is little use pretending, Rosa dear," continued Martha, "that you neither know nor guess the matter ; one might, indeed, be without eyes, stone-blind, I say, not to perceive that Reinhold, Frederick, and Conrad—all three of them—are over head and ears in love with you."

"What are you dreaming of, Frau Martha?" murmured Rosa, as she hid her face between her hands.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Martha, and passed her arm round Rosa's waist to draw her near herself: "down with your hands, my gentle and coy maid ; look me full in the eyes, and then deny that, long since, you have remarked how your father's three workmen bear you in heart and mind : deny it if you can—you see it is useless ; why it were indeed a wonder if a maiden's eye could not spy out such a matter at once. How their looks fly from their work to you ; and what a stir enlivens the workshop if you should enter ! How Reinhold and Frederick strike up their sweetest songs ; and even that wild Conrad grows kind and gentle ! What trouble each takes to stand nearest you ; and what a light is kindled on his countenance on whom you bestow a soft look—a friendly word ! Ah, daughter mine ! is it not brave that three such comely youths should woo you ? Which, if either of the three, you shall choose, is more, indeed, than I can say ; for you are friendly and kind to all, although I . . . but never mind that. Were you to come to me and say, 'Give me your advice, Dame Martha, who of the three young wooers should have my hand and heart?' I should answer you at once, If your own

heart cannot tell you plain and clear — ‘*he it is,*’ then let all three go. Reinhold, however, pleases me much; and so does Frederick; ay, and Conrad too: still I have somewhat I might say against all three. Yes, indeed, dear Rosa, when I see our young workmen lustily at their work, I bethink me always of my poor dear Valentine; and I must say that, besides, perhaps, turning out his work a trifle better, the whole knack and fashion of the thing went otherwise with him. A man might see his heart was in his work: but with these young workmen it always seems to me as if they worked indeed, but with other things in their brains; as if the work was but a burden they had bound on their own shoulders, though borne with a stout heart. I take to Frederick best — ‘tis a true and kindly soul. One would say, too, that he belonged to us the most; I can understand him when he speaks; and then his still, and timid, child-like love for you, that scarce will let him cast a glance on you — that brings the blush into his cheek, if you do but speak one word with him, — ‘tis that which draws me so to dear young Frederick.”

It was as if a tear-drop glimmered in Rosa’s eye, as Dame Martha spoke the words. She stood up, and turning to the window said: “Frederick, indeed, I love right well; but you take little heed, it seems, of Reinhold.”

“Take little heed, forsooth; how could I, then?” replied the dame. “’Tis plain that Reinhold is the handsomest of all; what eyes he has too! when he looks me through with his keen flashing glance, I cannot bear it! But there is something withal so wonderful about the man that it makes me shrink from him at times. Methinks that when Reinhold is in the workshop, and Master Martin orders him about, the good master must feel somewhat as I should if my kitchen-dresser were stored with vessels of gold and precious stones, and some one ordered me to use them, like my own old pots and pans, whilst I could hardly dare lay a finger on them. He talks and he tells, and it all rings in one’s ear like sweet music, and carries one along with it; but when I take to think of it in earnest, when it is over, not one word have I understood. And when he takes to joking after our fashion, I think sometimes he is one of us after

all ; but all at once there is something so gentle in his bearing even then that it quite startles me. Yet I cannot say he has the pert air of some of our patrician youngsters ; no ! it is a very different thing. In fact, it even creeps at times into my brains that he has dealings with some higher spirits, and belongs to quite another world.—Conrad is a wild and spirited young fellow, but with a dash of noble bearing with it, that suits ill with his leather apron. And he carries himself as if he had but to give his orders and have them obeyed, as matter of course. Why, he has brought it in this short time to such a pass, that when Master Martin hears his thundering voice, he yields to his will at once. But Conrad is so good-humoured, and so full of honour, that there is no finding fault with him. What's more, I may say, that with all his wildness I love him something better than Reinhold ; for though his voice is a bit too loud at times, one can tell his meaning any day. Let the fellow say what he will, I warrant he has been a soldiering ere now. And there's the reason why he handles a weapon so readily, and has that knightly turn which suits him so well. Now tell me honestly, Rosa dear, which of the three workmen takes your fancy most ?”

“ Dame, dame ! you must not insist on questioning me thus,” answered the maiden. “ This I will say though, I do not find it with Reinhold as you say that you do. 'Tis true enough he has a way with him unlike his fellows ; that when he talks with me, it seems as if a gay garden, stocked with blooming flowers and ripening fruit, were spreading out before me—one more beauteous than any in the world : but I love well to gaze upon it. Since Reinhold came to us I find that many things seem different to me ; that many a thing which seemed to lie shapeless and colourless in my soul, stands out so bright and plain, that I can no more mistake it.”

Dame Martha rose, and shaking her finger at Rosa as she went ; “ Rosa, Rosa !” she said, “ this Reinhold will be your chosen ; but I should not have thought nor guessed it to be so.”

“ I pray you, dame,” said Rosa, following her to the door, “ think nothing—guess nothing : leave all till other times

come; what *they* shall bring with them is heaven's appointment, to which in submission and with piety we should all bend our wills."

Meanwhile, in Master Martin's workshop all was astir: that he might put all orders out of hand and satisfy his many customers, he had engaged both workmen and apprentices, who hammered and thumped away, so that one might hear them far and near. Reinhold had finished calculating the proportions of the great tun that was to be built for the Lord Bishop of Bamberg; and, helped by Frederick and Conrad, had made such speedy work with it, that Master Martin's heart laughed outright within him; and more than once he said: "That's what I call a bit of workmanship; that little tun there will be such a one as I have never turned out since I finished my own masterpiece."

And the three friends stood by and drove the hoops home over the finished staves, till the loud strokes of their mallets made the old shop ring again. Old Valentine plied his plane lustily; and Dame Martha sat close behind Conrad with the two youngest children in her lap, whilst the other merry urchins shouted and laughed and tossed the shavings over one another. It was such a bustle, indeed, that hardly any of them noticed old Master Johann Holzschuer, as he walked into the shed. Master Martin, however, went up to him, and politely asked his will.

"I only wished," he said, "to see my good Frederick again, who is working so stoutly there. But I bethink me, dear Master Martin, my cellar is in need of a capacious tun, and I may beg of you to provide me with one. . . . See, this tun here is just such as I wish for; you can let it be for me, and we shall not fall out about the price."

Reinhold, who had paused to rest a minute, and was now about to set to work again, heard what Holzschuer had said, and turning to him answered: "Dear Master Holzschuer, you must be content to forego your wish for our little tun here, I fancy: *this* piece of work is for good my lord the Bishop of Bamberg!"

Master Martin, with arms folded behind him, left foot for-

ward, and head thrown slightly back, nodded at the tun, and said in proudish tone: "My good sir, by this choice timber and this finished workmanship you might have told that such a piece must grace a princely cellar. Friend Reinhold says right enough; you must forego your wish for such a tun as this. When the vintage is over, I will put in hand for you a neat and stout cask, such as your cellar ought to have."

Old Holzscher, nettled by Master Martin's tone, retorted that his broad gold pieces would weigh as well as those of my lord Bishop; and he hoped, perhaps, elsewhere to get good work for his good gold.

Master Martin, boiling with rage, could scarce hold in; but dared not insult the old and worthy Master Holzscher, whom councillors and townsmen held alike in honour. But at the moment Conrad was thumping harder and harder with his mallet till the very staves creaked and groaned. Master Martin's inner rage found vent, as he cried out in angry tones: "Conrad! you blockhead! why do you thump and hammer like a madman so? do you want the tun to split?"

"Ho! ho!" shouted Conrad, with a daring look at the master: "why not, I pray, funny little master mine?" And he forthwith struck such a stunning blow upon the tun, that with a crack the strongest hoop was split, and Reinhold jerked from the narrow board on which he stood; whilst, by the hollow ringing one might have told that one of the staves also must have sprung. Beside himself with rage and passion, Master Martin sprang forward, snatched from old Valentine's hand the stave that he was planing, and shouting, "Confounded hound!" laid it across the back of Conrad with all his might. When Conrad felt the blow, he wheeled sharp round, and stood one moment as it were senseless: then his eyes kindled with wild fury, he gnashed his teeth, and muttered, "Struck!" then leaping forward, seized in a twinkling an axe that lay upon the ground, and aimed a hasty blow at Master Martin, such as would doubtless have split his skull in two, had not Frederick pulled the master suddenly aside, so that the weapon only grazed his arm, from which a stream of blood began

at once to flow. Martin, stout and unwieldy as he was, lost balance, and fell across the bench where the apprentices sat working, to the ground. All threw themselves upon Conrad, who swung aloft the blood-stained axe, and with the cry of a maniac, shouted, "Kill him I must and shall!" With a giant's might he shook off the others, and raised the weapon for a second blow, which, doubtless, must have proved Master Martin's death-stroke, as he lay stunned upon the floor; when, pale as death from fright, Rosa appeared in the doorway of the workshed. As Conrad perceived Rosa he stood with uplifted axe, as if turned by the look into a pillar of stone. He then flung far from him the tool, struck with both hands on his broad chest, and with a voice that came from its inmost depth, he cried: "Oh, gracious heaven, what is this, then, that I have done!" and immediately left the workshop. No one cared to follow him.

With some trouble, Master Martin was lifted up; and it then was found that the axe had only cut into the fleshy part of the arm, and there were no great things to fear from the wound. Old Master Holzschuer, whom Martin had upset in his tumble, was next pulled out from under the chips and shavings; and they did their best to quiet Dame Martha's little ones, who cried and howled bitterly to see good Daddy Martin so hurt. As for him, he seemed puzzled to know what to make of matters; but said, if that mad good-for-nothing workfellow had not spoilt his tun, he should have made no great fuss about the wound.

Stools were fetched for the old masters; for Holzschuer too had been pretty well shaken by the fall. He took to rating a trade which put such murderous tools in a man's hand; and besought Frederick to be all the speedier in returning to his own dear founder's craft, and to his precious metals again.

Frederick, together with Reinhold, whom the hoop had struck hard when it sprung, and who felt stiff in every joint, crept slowly back to Nuremberg as the dusky twilight closed in. Behind a hedge they heard, as they went, a sob and a deep sigh. They stopped, and a tall figure raised itself from

the ground, which they at once recognised as Conrad's, and drew hastily back.

"Ah, my dear work-fellows!" said he, with sorrowful voice, "do not draw back from me in this way. You take me, doubtless, for a villanous murderer; but I am not—no, I am not one! I *should* have slain the fat old master! Even now I ought to return with you and . . . but no; all is over; you will see me no more; greet dearest Rosa for me, whom I love beyond all measure; tell her I shall wear her flowers next my heart my life long,—will deck myself with them when I . . . but perchance she may yet hear of me again. Farewell—farewell, my hearty companions!"

And with these words, Conrad ran from them across the fields. Reinhold said: "There is something strange about this young man. We may not measure and mete this deed of his with a common rule. Perhaps one day the secret will shew itself that weighed thus upon his bosom."

How Reinhold quitted Master Martin's house.

The merrier it had once been in Master Martin's workshop, the sadder was it now. Reinhold, unsteady at his work, shut himself up in his own little room; Martin, with his wounded arm in a sling, would scold and rate unceasingly at the good-for-nothing fellow that had done the mischief. Rosa, and even Dame Martha with her boys, were shy of appearing upon the scene of the mad uproar. So that hollow and sullen as a woodman's solitary strokes in a forest at winter-time, sounded the work of Frederick, who now must wearily enough hammer away all alone at the big tun.

A deep melancholy soon fell upon Frederick's whole mind; for now he thought he could clearly see what all along he had feared—he had no doubt but that Rosa loved Reinhold. Not only was all friendliness and many a sweet word bestowed on Reinhold alone; but there was proof enough in this, that since Reinhold was no longer able to come out to the workshed, Rosa never thought of coming there herself, but loved to

bide at home to see her lover well nursed, no doubt, and petted.

One Sunday, when all were abroad and gay, and Master Martin had got over the worst of his wound, Frederick was invited by him to accompany Rosa and himself in their stroll upon the green ; but he, declining the invitation, ran out alone, with aching love-stricken heart, towards the hillock by the village, where he first had fallen in with Reinhold. He threw himself down upon the tall flowering grass ; and as he thought how the bright star of hope that had lighted him upon his whole journey homewards, now, when he seemed to reach the goal, had vanished into deep night ; how his whole undertaking was now like to the bootless toil of a dreamer, who stretches his longing arms towards an empty pictured shadow, the tears sprang into his eyes, and overflowed upon the flowers that bowed their tiny heads as if in pity of the young workman's bitter sorrow. Himself knew not how it chanced that the deep sighs heaving from his laden breast shaped themselves into words and notes, as he sang :

“Star of my hope ! dost thou, then, hide ?
Surely it seems but yestere'en,
Since, rising in thy glow of pride,
On mine heart's heaven thine orb was seen !

Set is it now—that heaven is dark ;
Yet, gazing upward, still I strain
My wearying eyes for one bright spark,—
Straining and wearying all in vain !

Your melancholy whisper, trees,
Sounds as a murmur from the dead !
Swell into storm, mild evening-breeze !
Break, storm, upon my drooping head !

Ye golden rays of sunset, stream
Upon some lonely spot, where I
In long death-sleep may tranquil dream ;
My heart knows but one wish—to die !”

As it so is that the deepest melancholy, when it finds tears

and words, melts into a gentler and more tender sorrow, that thus even a pale ray of hope will gleam upon the heart; so Frederick, when his song was sung, felt wonderfully strengthened and refreshed. The evening winds, the dark-leaved trees, on which his song had called, rustled and whispered now as with voices of consolation; and as sweet dreams of mastery and bliss to come, golden beams streamed forth upon the dusky sky. Frederick rose, and went down the hill towards the village. It seemed to him as if Reinhold walked beside him again, as when first he met him; every word that Reinhold had spoken came again before his memory. And now, when he thought him of Reinhold's tale of the two painters' rivalry, scales fell as it were from his eyes. It was certain now that Reinhold must long before both have seen Rosa, and have loved her. This love alone had drawn him to Master Martin's house in Nuremberg; and by the rivalry of the two painters he had meant no other thing than Reinhold's and Frederick's wooing of Master Martin's lovely daughter. He seemed to hear again the words that Reinhold had then spoken: "Manfully, and without jealous after-thought, to struggle for the same prize, must needs draw into one the hearts of trusty friends, not part them: base envy, malicious hatred, can find no room in truly noble hearts." "Yes!" exclaimed Frederick, "my trusty bosom friend, to your own self will I appeal without reserve—from your own lips will I learn if every hope has vanished for me."

It was broad daylight next morning as Frederick knocked at the door of Reinhold's room. As all was still within, he pushed the door, which was not, as usual, shut, and walked in. As he did so, he seemed turned to stone upon a sudden. Rosa, in full splendour of beauty, with every graceful charm—a masterpiece of painting, and as tall as life—stood before him, propped upon an easel, wondrously lighted up by the beams of the morning sun. The painter's rod flung aside upon the table, the moist colours upon the pallet, shewed that the picture was still under the painter's hand.

"O Rosa—Rosa!" sobbed Frederick; when Reinhold, who had come behind, touched him upon the shoulder, and

said with a smile: "Well, Frederick, what say you to my picture?"

Then Frederick pressed him to his breast, and answered: "Oh, wondrous man—noble artist—now it is all clear to me! *You—you* have won the prize to which I, to my mishap, was bold enough to aspire. What, then, am I to you? What my art to yours? I, too, had conceived a design—do not laugh me to scorn, dear Reinhold! See, I had thought how beautiful it would be to model and then cast Rosa's lovely figure in the finest silver,—a childish undertaking. But you—you—how sweet, how winsome in her beauty she smiles upon you! Ah, Reinhold—Reinhold—over-happy man! Yes, it has fallen out now as you then foretold: we two have striven; the victory is yours. Yours it must needs have been. But I remain a friend still, heart and soul. Yet must I leave house and home. Bear it I cannot; I were undone, should I see Rosa again. Forgive me this, my dear—my dear and noble friend! To-day—this moment, I go forth—forth into the wide world, whither my hopeless love, my aching heart now drive me."

With these words he would have left the room; but Reinhold held him firmly back, as in a gentle tone he said: "You must not go hence; for all may yet end far otherwise than you expect. It is now time that I should tell you all that I have kept secret hitherto. That I am no cooper, but a painter, you know now; and can see, I trust, by my work, that I rank as no mean artist. In early youth I went to Italy, that land of arts; and there it was my happy lot to be noticed by distinguished masters, who kindled into living flame the glowing spark within me. And so it chanced that my talent found scope, and my pictures gained renown throughout Italy, until at last the powerful Duke of Florence invited me to his court. In those days, I sought not to gain a knowledge of German art; and prated, without ever having seen their paintings, of the dryness, the bad drawing, and the harshness of your Dürers and Cranachs. But a picture-dealer brought with him for the duke's gallery a small Madonna of old Albert Dürer's, which had upon me a deep and wonderful effect. I turned my thoughts from the luxuriant style of the Ita-

lian schools; and at once resolved to inspect, in my native Germany, the masterpieces upon which my whole ambition was now bent. I came here to Nuremberg; and when I beheld Rosa, it seemed to me as if that Madonna which had so deeply affected me walked a living image upon earth. It was with me as with you, dear Frederick, my whole being lighted up into one bright flame of love. I could see, could think, nothing but Rosa—all besides had vanished from my mind; and my art itself had no further worth for me, than that by it I could draw and paint my Rosa a hundred times again and again. I thought to gain acquaintance with the maiden, as in wanton Italy; but it was in vain; Master Martin's house could be entered in no underhand fashion. I then thought to present myself openly as Rosa's wooer, when I learned her father's resolve to give his daughter to none but a skilful master-cooper. I then took the adventurous determination to learn thoroughly in Strasburg the cooper's craft, and then to enter Master Martin's workshop. The rest I left to other guiding than my own. How I kept this determination, you know; but I must tell you that Master Martin told me a few days since, that I should make a first-rate master cooper, and should be a son-in-law after his own heart, as he had noticed that I sought his Rosa's good graces; and, moreover, had won them."

"Could it be otherwise?" said Frederick, with aching heart. "Yes, yes; Rosa will be thine. How could I, poor fool, hope such bliss!"

"You forget," answered Reinhold, "you forget, brother mine, that Rosa has herself confirmed nothing of all the sly master thinks to have spied out. True, she has been ever friendly to me, and kind; but a *loving* heart has another way with it. Promise me, good Frederick, to keep quiet for three days yet, and work in the shed yonder as before. I might, indeed, return to my work too; but since I have been busier at my painting here, that base handiwork will no longer down with me. No mallet will I grasp again now, come of it what may. The third day I will tell you openly how matters stand with Rosa and myself. Should I be indeed so happy as to

have won her love, then you may leave this and go forth into the world, to learn how time can heal the deepest wound."

Frederick promised to abide his fate. On the third day (anxiously had Frederick watched the countenance of Rosa) his heart beat quick with fear and keen foreboding. He glided restlessly about the workshop; and his awkwardness gave Master Martin good grounds to scold and grumble, as, to say truly, was not much his wont. Something seemed to have gone wrong with the worthy master, and overcast his jolly countenance. He muttered much of base deceit and thanklessness; but said nothing that might clear his meaning. When evening at last was come, and Frederick was returning to the town, a man on horseback met him, not far from the gate, whom he recognised as Reinhold. He, as soon as he perceived Frederick, cried out, "Ha, I have just met you as I wished!" Then springing from his horse, he passed the bridle over his arm, and seized his friend's hand: "Let us walk on a bit," he said, "together. I can tell you now how my suit has fared."

Frederick remarked that Reinhold wore the same clothes as on the first day of their meeting, and that saddle-bags were strapped upon his horse's back. He looked pale and agitated: "Good luck to you, hearty brother!" he exclaimed, somewhat wildly; "hammer away now lustily at your tubs and casks; I leave the field clear for you, and have taken my leave of fair Rosa and worthy Master Martin."

"What!" said Frederick; and a shock as if electric shot through every limb; "you will away, now that Martin takes you for his son-in-law, and Rosa loves you?"

"That, brother," answered Reinhold, "is a picture your own jealousy has drawn. 'Tis now as clear as day, that Rosa would have wed me for sheer piety and dutifulness; but there glows never a spark of love in her ice-cold heart. Ha, ha! a famous cooper I should have made: week-days chipping and planing at boards and staves with my apprentices; Sundays with my excellent housewife at St. Catharine's or St. Sebald's; and then a turn on the common in the evening,—go one year, come another!"

"Do not scoff," interrupted Frederick, as Reinhold laughed aloud, "at the simple, harmless life of the burgher. If Rosa does not love you, it is no fault of hers; but you are so angry and wild just now."

"Right," said Reinhold; "but it's my mad way, to be noisy as a spoilt child when things go wrong with me. You may guess that I have spoken to Rosa of my love and her father's wishes. The tears started to her eyes; her hand trembled in mine; she turned away her head and murmured: 'I must, indeed, bow my will to my father's.' It was enough for me. My strange peevishness must have let you see into my inmost heart, dear Frederick; you must have seen how my strife to win Rosa was an illusion which my wayward spirit had prepared to disappoint itself withal. When I had finished Rosa's picture, my inward heart seemed at rest; and oftentimes it would seem to me, in some strange way, that Rosa was now the picture—the picture the true Rosa. The ignoble handicraft was hateful to me; and common life, with master-ship and marriage, hung so heavy on my neck, that I fancied myself locked up in a prison, and chained to a post already. How could, indeed, the heavenly image which I bore in my heart become a wife to me? No; she must shine in lasting beauty, grace, and youth, in the masterpieces of my quickening genius. Ah, how I long for that! How could I, then, be truant to my divine art? Soon shall I bathe in the golden dew of thy glowing sun again, thou noble land, the home of every art!"

The friends were come to the spot where the road that Reinhold was to take turned off to the left. "Here we will part," said Reinhold; pressed Frederick long and warmly to his breast, mounted his horse, and spurred away.

Speechless, Frederick long gazed after him; and then walked slowly homewards, the strangest feelings dancing wildly within his breast.

How Frederick was by Master Martin hunted from the workshop.

Next day, Master Martin worked in sulky silence at the great tun for the Bishop of Bamberg; and Frederick, who now began to feel bitterly the loss of Reinhold, found no heart to speak a word, much less to venture on a song. At length Martin threw his mallet aside, folded his arms, and said, in a muttering voice, "Reinhold is gone too now; he was a first-rate painter, it seems, and made a fool of me, as far as coo-per-ing goes. Could I have guessed that when he entered my house, and did so cunningly, how soon I should have shewn him the door! Such an open honest countenance, and so much cunning and roguery within! But he is off now, and you must stick by me and the craft, like an honest man and true. Who knows how near and dear to me you may come to be yet? Once a trusty master-cooper, and with Rosa's good-will,—you can understand me, I warrant, and may set about winning her good graces when you will."

And with that he took up his mallet, and set to work again as busily as before. Frederick himself knew not how it was that Master Martin's words seemed to cut him to the heart; that a strange foreboding rose in his breast, as if to quench every ray of hope. Rosa, after so long a time, now appeared once more in the workshop, but, as it were, deeply retired within her own self; and, as Frederick failed not to remark with sorrow, having eyes that were red with weeping. "She has wept for *him*; she *does* love him then;" so said he within himself, and dared not raise a look to her whom he loved so unspeakably.

Time passed: the great tun was finished; and, for the first time, Master Martin, as he looked upon its solid and finished workmanship, recovered his good-humour and jollity. "Yes, my good lad," he said, as he slapped Frederick on the back, "I keep to my word; win the good graces of Rosa, turn out a workmanlike masterpiece, and you shall be my son-in-law.

And you can join, moreover, the worshipful guild of the master-singers, and win to yourself great honour."

Master Martin's business was now heaping in upon him so far beyond all measure, that he was forced to take on two more journeymen, — stout workers, but rough fellows, whose wandering life had upset their manners. Instead of merry and joyous talk, coarse jokes were to be heard in the master's workshop; instead of Reinhold's and Frederick's lovely ballads, vulgar or indecent songs. Rosa shunned the place, and Frederick saw her seldom and by snatches. When, at such times, he looked sadly upon her, and sighed rather than said, "Ah, Rosa, I would that I might speak to you once more; I would we were as friendly now as in old days, when Reinhold was here too!" Then would she cast down her eyes, and answer, "Have you, then, aught to say to me, dear Frederick?" And he would but stand dumb, uttering never a word until the precious moment had flown, as a flash of summer lightning, which gleams at sunset and vanishes sooner than it is seen.

Master Martin now insisted that Frederick should set to work upon his masterpiece. He had himself picked out the choicest smoothest oak-timber, without knot or split whatever, such as had lain in his timber-rack five long years or more; not a soul was to lend Frederick a hand in the work excepting old Valentine. Meanwhile, the two rude journeymen were daily making the work more and more irksome to Frederick, who began to sicken at the thought that his masterpiece must decide upon his life for ever. That strange misgiving which had come over him, as Master Martin had spoken of his steadiness and constancy to the craft, took in a fearful manner a shape clearer and yet more clear. He knew now with what loathing he should adopt a calling which was thoroughly repugnant to a mind filled with the love of art. Reinhold and Rosa's portrait were never out of his thoughts. But his own art again came before him in its full glory. Often when the heart-rending consciousness of his pressing fate came over him at his work, he feigned sickness, and ran forth away to St. Sebald's church. There he would gaze for hours on

Peter Fischer's wondrous monument, and then exclaim, as if in frenzy, "Oh, to design a work like this,—to work out the design! What on this earth can be so splendid?"

And then, when he must needs go back to his staves and hoops, and think that by them alone could his Rosa's hand be won, it was as if a burning claw closed upon his wounded heart, and he must sink without hope beneath the keenness of the torment. In his dreams, Reinhold would often come and bring him exquisite designs on which to test his skill; Rosa's form mingling in them, now as the springing stem of a flower, now as a little winged angel. But there would be something wanting; and then he would perceive that Reinhold had forgotten the heart that should have been graven there: and so he would mark its place himself, and then the leaves and flowers would seem to tremble, and to sing, and to shed a perfume; and the burnished metals would reflect Rosa's portrait in a thousand little brilliant mirrors. Then he would stretch forth his arms longingly to his beloved, and the design would vanish as in a thin mist, whilst he clasped to his loving breast her own loved form.

More and more deadening and disheartening became his wearisome cooper's craft; and he sought for comfort and help to his old master, Johann Holzscher. He readily allowed Frederick to begin in his study a little work, for which he had long been saving the wages paid by Master Martin, that gold and silver might not be wanting for its materials. Thus it was that Frederick, whose deadly paleness confirmed his pretext of a pining sickness, hardly did a turn of work at Master Martin's for months together, and that his double-hogshead tun was as far off its end as ever. Master Martin pressed him hard to do what little his weak health would suffer him, until Frederick was fairly forced to return once more to the hated workshop, and take an adze in hand again. As he was now at his work, the master came to give an eye to him; but when he saw the staves he had put out of hand, he reddened up, and said, "How now, Frederick, what workmanship is this? Who can have finished these staves thus,—a journeyman about to be a master-cooper, or a raw apprentice three days old in

the workshop? Frederick, man, think a bit. What fit can have taken you? My best oak-timber, and your master-piece, you clumsy, thoughtless fellow!"

Wrung with a pang too bitter for his heart, Frederick could hold out no longer; he threw his tool aside, and cried out, "Master, here's an end of it: should it cost me my life,—should I sink under untold misery,—I can no more,—no more bear this base handicraft; for a power not to be resisted draws me away to my own noble art. Ah, I love your Rosa unspeakably,—as no other man on earth may love! For her sake have I plied a detested trade. I have lost her now, I know it, and shall soon sink under the weight of this grief; help it I cannot. I return to my darling art, and my worthy old master, Johann Holzschuer, whom I shamefully deserted."

Master Martin's eyes glowed like lighted tapers. Scarcely could he stammer out for rage, "What—you too—lying and roguery! Leave me! Base handicraft—coopering! Out of my sight, you worthless fellow! Off with you!"

And Master Martin seized Frederick by the shoulders, and thrust him out of his workshed, followed by the scoffing laughter of the rude journeymen and apprentices. But old Valentine folded his arms, and, with a look of resignation, said, "Right well had I marked how the brave lad had something higher in his thoughts than our barrels here and tuns."

Dame Martin wept bitterly; and her children began to whine and cry after Frederick, who had been their kindest playfellow, and had brought them home many a sugar-plum or slice of gingerbread.

The end of the matter.

Angry as Master Martin was with Reinhold and with Frederick, he must needs have owned himself, that with them all pleasure had vanished from his workshed. From the new journeymen what he daily got was trouble and annoyance. For every trifle he had to stir himself, and was fretted and vexed to get the least work done to his mind. Worn out by each day's cares, he would often say, with a sigh, "Ah, Reinhold and Frederick, had you not left me so shamefully,—were you two but here, lusty coopers still!"

Things went so far, that he often had to struggle with the thought of giving up his work altogether. In such a frame of mind he was sitting at home one evening, when worshipful Master Paumgartner, and with him Master Johann Holzschuer, came in with saddened countenance. He guessed that there would be some talk of Frederick,—and so it was; for Master Paumgartner soon bent his discourse towards him, and forthwith Master Holzschuer was loud in praise of the young man. To hear him, it was downright certain, that, with such industry and with such gifts, Frederick would not merely become a first-rate goldsmith, but, as a distinguished artist and founder of metals, must needs follow close upon the footsteps of Peter Fischer. Then Master Paumgartner held forth with no little warmth upon the unworthy treatment that the poor young fellow had met with at Master Martin's hands; and both were strong upon one and the same point, that in case Frederick should thus become distinguished as a goldsmith and a founder, Master Martin ought, provided always that Rosa would smile upon his suit, to give him his daughter to his wedded wife.

Master Martin let them both have their say, then doffed his cap, and said, with a smile, "My good masters, make as much as you will of the young workman who so shamefully deserted me. However, that I will forgive him; but ask me

not to alter, upon his behalf, my fixed determination. As to Rosa, I say you nay, once again and for all."

At this moment Rosa herself entered with death-pale countenance and tearful eyes, and set out in silence wine and drinking-cups upon the table.

"Well," began Holzscher, "I must e'en take this answer back to poor Frederick, who now will leave his native home for ever. He has finished a beautiful piece of work with me, and wishes, with your leave, dear master, to leave it as a keepsake with your Rosa; only look at it now!" Herewith Master Holzscher brought forth a small but exquisitely-wrought silver goblet, and handed it to Master Martin, who, being a great and knowing admirer of all such workmanship, took and eyed it with much delight. In truth, it were hard to have found such a beautiful sample of a silversmith's skill as that little cup. Graceful wreaths of vine-leaves and roses wound round it; and forth from the bursting rosebuds peeped little angel heads; within, upon a ground of gold, other such little graceful forms were graven: pour wine into the goblet, and it would seem as if they dived and plunged in lovely sport.

"A costly and a beauteous piece it is," quoth Master Martin, "and I will keep it, if Frederick will take from me its double worth in broad gold pieces." As he said this, he filled the goblet, and raised it to his mouth. That instant the door was gently opened, and Frederick, in whose ashen-hued features might be read the deadly anguish of a parting with earth's dearest, came himself into the room. As the eyes of Rosa lighted on him, she gave a loud and piercing cry: "My dearest Frederick!" and fell overpowered upon his breast. Master Martin laid down the cup, and when he saw Rosa in Frederick's arms, he opened his eyes, staring as if a ghost were before him. Then he took up the goblet, speechless, and looked into it again: then he sprang up from his seat, and cried, in a strong voice: "Rosa, Rosa! Do you love Frederick?"

"Ah," whispered Rosa, "I can hide it no longer; I love him as my very life; my heart was fit to break when you cast him off."

"So give your own bride a kiss, then, Frederick ; yes, your own," cried Master Martin.

Paumgartner and Holzschoer stared in amaze at one another ; but Martin continued, as he held up the goblet :
 "'Tis but what our old grandame foretold after all !

Lo ! a little house he brings,
 Shining bright it is and fair,
 Fragrant flood is bubbling there ;
 Little house, and o'er it featly
 Little angels warble sweetly.

* * * *

Him who little house to thee
 Bringeth, decked so splendidly,
 Him embrace thou, be content,
 Father ask not for consent,
 He thy loving bridegroom is.

Oh, blockhead that I am ! The little house,—the little angels,—the bridegroom. Ha ! my masters, all is right now : my son-in-law is found !"

He whose spirit an evil dream has cozened, so that he thought to lie in the dark night of a grave, and then awakens upon a sudden on a clear spring morning of dew, and sunshine, and song ; he, whose dearest upon earth has twined her arms around him as he gazes into the heaven of her gentle face, he may know the flooding joyousness of Frederick then. Speechless he embraced his Rosa, as if his arms were never to unfold ; until she gently drew back from them, and led him to where her father stood : then he said, " Can it be truly so, dear master mine ? You give me Rosa, and I may yet remain true to my own art ?"

" Ay, ay !" answered Martin, " there can be no help for it ; the grandame's saying is fulfilled by you !—your master-piece must e'en take its chance now."

Then Frederick smiled with a gay sunny smile, and said : " No, dear master, if you will let me do so, I will set to work heartily, with might and main, upon my big tun once more ; it shall be my last piece of cooper's work, and then I return to my smelting-furnace, once and for all."

"Well said, brave son of mine!" exclaimed the master, whose eyes sparkled with delight; "finish off your master-piece,—and then hey for a wedding!"

Frederick was true to his word—he finished the double-hogshead tun; and all the master-coopers declared that such workmanship was not to be met with every day; whereat Master Martin chuckled inwardly, and opined, for his part, that his good stars could scarce have found him such another son-in-law.

The wedding-day had come at length; Frederick's famous tun, filled with generous wine, and crowned with flowers, stood in the hall of Master Martin's house. The masters of the coopers' guild, the worshipful Councillor Jacob Paumgartner at their head, were present with their good housewives, whom the master goldsmiths followed with theirs. The bridal train was starting for St. Sebald's church, where the pair were to be joined, when a flourish of trumpets rang through the streets, and horses neighed, and pawed the pavement before Master Martin's door. The old knight, Henry of Spangenberg, reined up at his house in gay holiday attire: a few paces behind him, on a spirited war-horse, rode a young knight, his gleaming sword by his side, and a waving plume of feathers, fastened with jewels, as his crest. Besides, Master Martin marked a lady of high beauty in a gorgeous dress, mounted upon a palfrey, white as fresh-fallen snow. Pages, and serving-men in fine liveries, formed a ring around them. The trumpets hushed, old Spangenberg shouted out, "Ho! ho! Master Martin; not for your wine-cellar, not for your broad gold pieces, am I come; but because 'tis your Rosa's wedding-day: good master, will you let me in?"

Martin bethought him of his words, and though shamed a little, hurried down to receive the knight. The old knight dismounted, and greeting him, entered. Pages stepped forward and the lady leaned upon their arms, as she glided from her saddle: the younger knight gave her his hand, and followed with her into the house. But, as Master Martin looked steadily upon him, he drew three steps back, clasped his hands together, and cried out, "Why, Conrad!"

The knight answered with a laugh: "Just so, dear master; I am your old journeyman, Conrad. Forgive me now the wound I dealt you. In sooth, dear master, I *should* have killed you outright, as you'll allow; but as it is, all has turned out much for the best."

Master Martin, not a little astounded, assured him in return, that it *was* much better certainly that he had not finished him outright: as for the scratch with the axe, he thought little enough of that.

As Master Martin now entered with his new guests, where the bridal party were assembled, all fell into astonishment at the beauty of the noble lady, who so closely resembled the fair bride that she might have been her twin-sister born.

The young knight drew near the bride with a noble air, and said: "Allow Conrad, dear Rosa, to stay here on your wedding-day. You will not, will you, keep a grudge still against the wild and reckless young workman, who had so nearly wrought you a grievous harm?"

But as the bride and bridegroom, and Master Martin too, still stared with surprise and wonder, the old knight of Spanenberg spoke out and said: "Well, I must help you now out of your dream. This is my son Conrad, and that fair lady is his noble wife, whose name is that of our bride here, Rosa. You remember, Master Martin, the talk I had with you when I asked if you would refuse your Rosa even to a son of mine: it was not without good reason. The young fellow was fairly crazed with love of her; and drove me to lay aside all prudence, and turn wooer for him myself. When, however, I reported to him how ungraciously you had cut me short, he, like a silly fellow, came here to turn cooper for a bit, try for her heart, and carry off the prize, if possible, in spite of you. Well, you cured him with that hearty thwack across the shoulders—and you have *my* best thanks for it. All in good time he found a noble maiden, who, after all, perhaps, was the true Rosa his heart was yearning for from the beginning."

Meanwhile the lady had greeted the bride with engaging gentleness, and had hung round her neck a rich collar of pearls for a wedding-gift. "See, dear Rosa," she then said,

as she drew from the nosegay that adorned her breast a few withered flowers, "See, dear Rosa, these are the flowers you once gave my Conrad, as the prize of victory ; he kept them truly till he saw me ; and then he played you false, and gave them up to me ; do not take it ill of him."

Rosa, with deep blushes on her cheek, and downcast eyes, answered : " Ah ! noble lady, how can you speak thus ; could the young knight ever have loved a poor maiden like me ? *You* alone were his love ; and as I, too, am called Rosa, and as they say have some features of yours, he wooed me for a time, whilst *you* were in his heart in truth !"

A second time the bridal-train began to move, when a young man entered, clad after the Italian fashion, entirely in black, in a doublet of velvet slashed with satin, and a starched ruff, wearing a costly chain as a mark of distinction. " O Reinhold ! Reinhold !" cried Frederick, and pressed the young man to his breast.

The bride, too, and Master Martin, exclaimed : " Reinhold, our dear, good Reinhold, has returned !"

" Did I not tell you," said Reinhold, warmly returning his friend's embrace, " that all would come right with you at last, my true-hearted friend ? Let me, too, keep your wedding-day with you ; I have come far to do so ; and, for a lasting token hang up in your house a picture that I have painted, and brought with me for you." Then he called to two serving-men, who forthwith brought in a large picture, set in a rich gilt frame, where you might see Master Martin in his workshed, with his three workmen, Conrad, Reinhold, and Frederick at work at the great tun, whilst the fair Rosa was entering at the door. All were astonished at the truth, at the glowing tints of the painting.

" Ha !" laughed Frederick ; " I guess that is *your* cooper's masterpiece ; *mine* is in the hall yonder ; but soon I shall finish a far other one."

" I know it all," answered his friend, " and hold you a happy man : follow out your art, which, after all, will agree better with wedded life, and so forth, than would mine."

At the wedding-feast Frederick sat between the two beau-

tiful Rosas; and opposite him was Master Martin, between Conrad and Reinhold. Then Master Paumgartner filled Frederick's goblet to the brim with noble wine, and drank to the health of Master Martin and his hearty workmen. Then the goblet passed round, and the noble knight, Henry of Spangenberg, first, and then after him every worshipful master, quaffed the goblet once and again to the health, as has been said, of

MASTER MARTIN

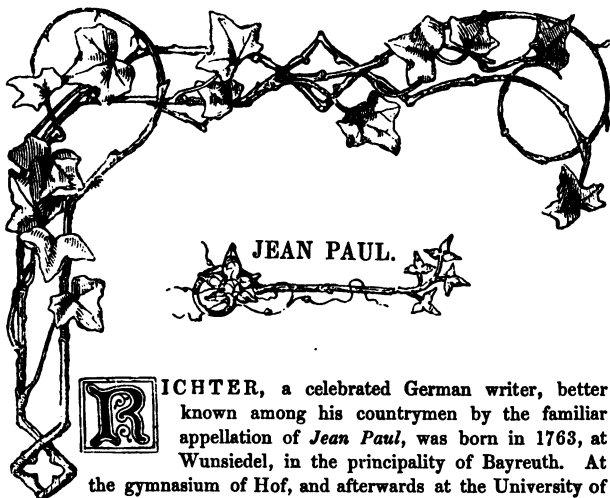
AND

HIS THREE HEARTY WORKMEN.



THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

JEAN PAUL.



RICHTER, a celebrated German writer, better known among his countrymen by the familiar appellation of *Jean Paul*, was born in 1763, at Wunsiedel, in the principality of Bayreuth. At the gymnasium of Hof, and afterwards at the University of Leipzig, he was distinguished for his application and brilliant talents, as well as for great originality of character. His first destination was the Church, which he soon relinquished in order to devote himself exclusively to a literary life. At the commencement of his career, he had to struggle with many difficulties; but his works gradually attracted attention by their extraordinary peculiarities and the novelty of their style. Their chief characteristics are, unbounded fertility of imagination, exquisite sensibility and tenderness, knowledge of the most varied description, great powers of satire, and a profound acquaintance with the human heart; the whole mixed up with extravagancies of the most *outré* description. His character has been delineated as a strange mixture of grandeur and meanness, of the comic and the tragic. Wieland, whose opinion of him was formed in the early part of his career, said that he possessed powers sufficient to endow four richly-gifted poets, and that he would attain the highest honours in literature, if he would listen to, and be guided by, the rules of good taste. Jean Paul, however, disdained to follow any rules or impulses, save such as proceeded from his own energetic will, unbridled fancy, and fervid feelings; and hence it is that beauties of the highest order are found side by side in his works with passages of the most grotesque description, more resembling the moon-struck flight of Sterne—with whose character he had much in

common—than the style of any other writer. Although his writings are generally in the form of novels, they have little of the character of what we generally understand by that term. He deals with man as an individual, and not as in society. His views of life, to use a term much employed by his countrymen, are many-sided, and often steeped in the brightest hues of truth and beauty. His pictures of childhood and youth, of innocent and uncorrupted nature, are most touching, and find their way to every heart. It is in such scenes that he appears to the greatest advantage; and here, we think, blended with his great power of humour and satire (which, however, he never abuses), lies the true secret of his great popularity, in spite of all the mysticism and obscurity that disfigure his pages. His character had much in it of the lofty ideality that distinguished Schiller. Right and wrong stand in clear contrast in his pages; and there were few evils or vices of the times which his keen eye did not discover and warn against. On the other hand, he was equally quick-sighted to discover the beautiful and the good; and the virtues of humanity rise up in his works in the most affecting forms. His nature was tolerant, and, without being indifferent, he delighted to signalise what was good and just, whenever and among whomsoever he found it. He died in 1825, honoured and revered by his countrymen, who know him best, and who rank him with the greatest names in their literature.

It was not easy to find a detached specimen from the works of Richter, suited to the plan of the present work; but the following episode from "*Quintus Fixlein*" will probably be acceptable to our readers. A beautiful series of "*Detached Thoughts*" by this author will be found in that entertaining and talented miscellany, "*Sharpe's London Magazine*," Vol. I.





tenderness withdraw life from the sinking heart of man, and convey it with fostering care from the cold bosom of earth into the genial regions of the heavenly Eden. His brother is called the Angel of the *First Hour*, who kisses every mortal twice: the first time when he begins this life, the second time when (without pain) he awakes above, and enters smiling upon his second life, as he came weeping into this.

There, where lay battle-fields, full of blood and suffering, was the Angel of the Last Hour, busily employed in drawing forth the trembling souls; and his pitying eye became obscured with tears, and he exclaimed, "I will for once die like a mortal, that I may feel his dying pangs, and know the better how to soothe him whilst I dissolve his life." The countless hosts of angels, who are full of love for each other, gathered around their compassionate brother, and promised this beloved companion to encircle him at the moment of his death with beams of heavenly light, that he might feel sure

when his hour was come ; and his brother, whose kiss revives our cold lips, as the morning rays open the flower chilled by the night-blast, touched his cheek tenderly and whispered, " When next I kiss thee, brother, thou wilt have died to earth, and be again amongst us."

Full of compassion and love, the angel descended upon a battle-field, where only one beautiful and impetuous youth still survived. His wounded bosom still heaved convulsively — no one was near the dying hero but his affianced bride, of whose hot tears he was unconscious, and whose lamentations were as unheard by him as the distant battle-cry. The angel quickly perceived him ; and resting upon him near the form of his beloved one, he drew forth in one warm kiss the struggling life from the shattered breast ; he gave the soul to his brother Angel, who, as he carried it upwards, kissed it for the second time, and already was its joy begun !

The Angel of the Last Hour passed like lightning into the vacant form, re-animated the corpse, and drove again with accelerated speed the warm life-blood through the heart. But how did the Angel feel in this strange body ? His eye of light was obscured by the complication of nervous fluids ; his once flying thoughts moved but slowly through the heavy medium of the brain ; the soft liquid brilliancy of colour which had seemed hitherto to float suspended over all surrounding objects had faded away, and now every thing stood sharply out against the dry hot air with a dazzling and unpleasing glare. His sensations had all become less distinct, but more impetuous and more selfish ; and appeared to him rather like mere instincts, such as we perceive in the lower animals. Hunger gnawed him, thirst consumed him, pain agonised him : his wounded breast bled as it heaved, and his first drawn breath was also his first sigh after his forsaken heaven ! Is this, then, the death of mortals ? thought he : but as he saw not the promised sign, and perceived no angels, and no illuminated heaven, he concluded that this was their life only.

Towards evening the earthly strength of the Angel became exhausted, and he felt as if some overwhelming weight were

pressing upon his head : 'twas Sleep who sent his messenger. The mental images became gradually less vivid, and the shadows which the events of the day had produced in his brain now chased one another in confused and colossal forms, and an ever enlarging and undefined world of sensation seemed to overwhelm him : 'twas Dream who sent his messenger. At length, the death-like veil of Sleep folded itself more closely around him ; and he lay entombed, as it were, within the vault of night, stiff and lonely, like us poor mortals. Then, O heavenly Dream ! thou didst flit before his soul with thy thousand mirrors, and didst present to him in each glass a host of angels, and a glorious heaven ; the earthly body, with all its thorns, seemed to have fallen from him. " Ah," said he, in the ecstasy of a momentary forgetfulness, " my sleep was death !" but as he awoke again with a palpitating heart full of the feelings of human suffering, and looked abroad upon the earth and the night, he said, " It was not death, but merely its image, although I have seen the stars of heaven and the angels."

The bride of the departed hero did not perceive that in the person of her beloved now only an angel dwelt : she still loved the restored semblance of the vanished soul, and held still fondly the hand of him who had been in reality withdrawn from her. But the Angel responded to the affection of her deceived heart with a truly human love,—jealous even of his own form ! And now he wished not to die until she did, and to love her on thus long, and first in heaven to receive her forgiveness for the gentle deceit which had caused her under the same form to embrace a lover and an angel ! But she died first. Grief had bowed the head of this sweet flower too rudely, and it fell broken upon the grave. Ah ! she sank before the weeping Angel, not as the sun, when, amidst admiring nature, he descends in splendour to the ocean, and the burnished waves reflect themselves upon the clouds—but rather as the pale moon at midnight, when, surrounded by a soft halo of silvery light, she sits unobserved. Death sent his gentler sister, a Swoon, to fetch the bride away ; and it did but touch her heart, and the warm blood was frozen ! and the

roses withered from her cheek, and the cold snows of winter (under which, nevertheless, the spring of eternity shoots forth) covered her hands and forehead. Then the eyes of the Angel burst forth with weeping; and he hoped his soul would free itself in one burning tear, as the pearl escapes from the worthless muscle-shell. The bride moved once more, and in her last struggle she raised her eyes to him, pressed him fondly to her heart, and as she kissed him, expired, murmuring, "I come now to thee, my brother." Then the Angel felt sure that his heavenly brother had indeed sent him the promised token of the kiss, and that Death was come; but no heavenly light encircled him—nothing but the darkness of sorrow! and he sighed that this was not his death, but only a mortal's anguish over the death of another.

"O ye afflicted mortals," exclaimed he, "how can ye survive your griefs, how live to be old? Since the joyous circle of youthful companions is broken again and again, until, at length, all perish; since the graves of your friends serve but as steps to lead you down to your own tomb; and since your dreary and solitary old age resembles nothing so much as the evening hour upon a deserted battle-field,—O ye poor mortals, how can your hearts endure?"

The body which had once been animated by the soul of the heaven-ascended hero, now brought the gentle Angel in contact with unfeeling men, with their unjust dealings, their crimes, their disordered passions. He perceived that the whole earth was enclosed within the many darksome folds of the gigantic serpent, sin; and that he had concealed his poisoned head deep in the human breast. Alas! through this gentle heart, which throughout a past eternity had known none but warm-hearted and loving angels—through this gentle heart did the sharp pangs of hatred now pierce, and the pure soul, so full of love, started back, terrified by the anguish of this inward wound. "Ah," exclaimed he, "the death of mortals is indeed bitter!" But this was not death; for no angel appeared.

Thus had he in a few days already become weary of a life which we endure for half a century; and he longed to return

back. The evening sun attracted his congenial soul. The splinters which had remained in his wound weakened him with pain ; and whilst the glow of the setting sun shone on his pale cheek, he went forth to seek the graveyard,—that green background of life ! where lay the remains of many empty caskets, from which he had himself, in days gone by, helped to withdraw so many beauteous jewels ! He placed himself with inexpressible longing upon the new-made grave of his beloved bride, so lately lost, and turned his eyes towards the setting sun. Seated upon this favourite mound, he contemplated his suffering body, and thought, “Thou wouldst already have been laid here, poor heart, and known no further pain, if I had not reanimated thee !” Then he pondered sadly over the weariness of human life, and the convulsive heavings of his wounded side shewed him some of the pangs with which mankind purchase their virtue and their death ; and he rejoiced to think that these were spared to the noble soul to whom his body had belonged. The contemplation of human virtue affected him deeply ; and he wept with emotion, as he thought of those who, even amidst the ceaseless cravings of their own necessities, and amid the dark clouds and the deep mists which obscure the rugged pathway of life, never turn away their eye from the bright leading star of *Duty* ; but rather, in the darkness, open wide their compassionate arms to embrace those suffering bosoms, around whom nothing glimmers but Hope, which, like the sun, but sets upon this world to rise in another hemisphere.

The excitement of the Angel’s feelings re-opened the wound ; and the purple tide, like tears of the soul, flowed freely from his heart over the beloved mound : the fast-perishing body sunk gently bleeding upon the grave of the betrothed. And now the evening sun, seen through his tears of delight, seemed like a rose-coloured moving sea, and tones as of a distant echo vibrated through the liquid splendour ! Then a dark cloud passed over the Angel, and all was night, and he was heavy with sleep. And now the beams of heaven’s own light shone upon him, and he was surrounded by thousands of glorious angels. “Art thou here again, thou

deceitful Dream ?” he exclaimed. But the Angel of the First Hour advanced towards him from out the glorious light, and gave him the sign of the kiss, and said, “That was Death, thou immortal brother and heavenly friend ;” and the youth and the beloved bride repeated it softly after him.



JOHANNES SCHOREEL.

PICHLER.





PICHLER Caroline (whose maiden name was Greiner), one of the most celebrated literary ladies of Germany, was born at Vienna, September 7, 1769. Her maternal grandfather, a Protestant and native of Hanover, was an officer in the Austrian service; and being left a widower when very young, he himself died on arriving at Vienna with his regiment, leaving an only daughter, quite an infant. The Empress Maria Theresa took charge of the orphan, and had her educated under her own eye in the Roman Catholic faith. When she was scarcely thirteen years of age, the young orphan was appointed reader to the empress, who, some years after, married her to M. de Greiner, an aulic counsellor. Caroline Greiner, the subject of the present brief notice, was the fruit of this marriage; and her education partook of the contrasts presented by the different characters and tastes of her parents. Her father, as a relief from his more serious occupations, was accustomed to betake himself, for the amusement of his leisure hours, to the elegant pursuits of the fine arts—poetry, music, and painting. Her mother, on the other hand, was enamoured of the more serious pursuits of philosophy, history, and geology, to which latter branch of physical research, and to cosmological inquiries, she was extremely devoted. The youthful Caroline, thus placed, as it were, between the two opposite regions of science and imagination, was most favourably situated as regarded her opportunities of mental development. Bishop Gall, the father of the illustrious phrenologist, instructed her in religion; Mozart, Haydn, and Paesello taught her music; while her mother employed the ablest professors to instruct her in history and the mathematics, for which latter branch she shewed no predilection, her early literary attempts being of a poetical and dramatic character. As her expe-

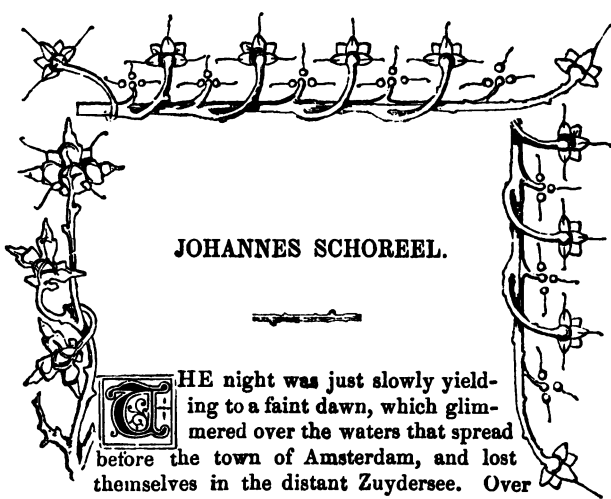
rience of literature and of human life widened, she, however, speedily abandoned poetry and the drama for another field of literature, in which she so much excels—the description of character, and the painting of the human heart as portrayed in the domestic tale or on the broader canvass of the historical novel. Here she captivates her readers by her skill in the arrangement and management of her subject, her nice discernment of character, and that mastery over her materials which bends them all to a happy *dénouement*. In 1799 she was married to M. Pichler, by whose urgent entreaties she was induced to publish her first tale, entitled “Comparisons,” which had the honour of gaining the applause of the illustrious Klopstock. “Agathocles” soon followed, and is unquestionably, of all her works, the one which has contributed most to render her name distinguished. It appeared at the same time with the “Martyrs” of Chateaubriand, of whose leading idea in that eloquent work Agathocles is, in fact, under a different form, the development. To have conceived and adopted the same subject with that eminent writer, and to have treated it so as not to suffer by the comparison, is no slight praise. No inquiry can be more curious and interesting than into the relative character of two such works, composed with the same object in view, and at the same time, in countries and languages so widely different. Agathocles depicts, from a truly poetical point of view, the contrast between the Christian and Heathen, the northern and oriental states of society, during the early ages of Christianity. A series of novels, descriptive of character, such as the “Rivals,” “Leonora,” “Olivier,” and the “Worth of Woman,” followed Agathocles; but the success of Sir Walter Scott in the historical novel induced her to seek for new subjects in the annals of the Austrian empire, and the “Counts of Hohenberg,” the “Siege of Vienna,” the “Swedes in Prague,”* the “Deliverance of Buda,” and “Frederick the Warlike,” were the result. Some of her most pleasing productions are those little tales in which she has worked up some interesting episode of individual history into a miniature romance. Such are the beautiful stories of “Quentin Matsys,”† “Black Fritz,” and “Johannes Schoreel,” of which last a translation follows this notice. It, like “Quentin Matsys,” is the story of an artist and of a lover, though it will be seen that the *dénouement* is of a very different character. At last, in 1835, she bade farewell to the public by a tale entitled “Eliza-

* A cheap and elegant translation of this pleasing romance is published in Mr. Burns' Fireside Library.

† Also printed in Mr. Burns' Fireside Library.

beth of Gattenstein," which contains a sketch of the struggles and triumphs of Maria Theresa. After this, Madame Pichler was entirely occupied with her memoirs, which have recently appeared, and may be considered as a complete gallery of contemporary portraits of the most distinguished literary and political characters of Germany. Her husband's house was the resort of all the literary celebrities of the day, and few strangers of distinction visited Vienna who did not pay a visit to the salons of Madame Pichler. Here, at different periods, were to be seen Madame de Staël, the brothers Schlegel, von Hammer the celebrated orientalist, and his talented wife, Tieck, Clement Brentano, Count Mailath, Louise Braehmann, Grillparzer, Oehlen-schläger, Steigentesch, Weber, &c. &c. Madame Pichler did not neglect her domestic duties in her devotion to literature. Her works, if they are free from the feverish excitement of the modern school, have the higher and better qualities of simplicity, and nature, and elevation of moral purpose; while the interest of the reader is kept up to the last. Her pure and mild character had nothing of the polemic in it; she was satisfied to struggle against the infatuation of the age by the silent energy of her own example. She was a writer for more than sixty years, and has left as many volumes behind her, which have had a salutary influence on the age, and particularly on the women of Germany, in preserving them from being misled by a too lively imagination, and a false and dangerous sensibility. Madame Pichler died in July 1843, at the age of seventy-four.



A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines frames the top and sides of the page. The top border is a horizontal line with several flower-like motifs. The side borders are vertical, with flowers and leaves extending upwards and downwards.

JOHANNES SCHOREEL.

THE night was just slowly yielding to a faint dawn, which glimmered over the waters that spread before the town of Amsterdam, and lost themselves in the distant Zuydersee. Over the streets of the town, however, and the masts of the ships in the haven, lay a thick fog, and slumber thus seemed to have fettered all that lived and moved in this great commercial city. It was only in a small house which looked out on a lonely part of the town, opposite the plain, which is intersected by canals, that there was no longer any repose. First, in the partition which occupied the upper part of the vaulted space in the house of Jacob Cornelis, his daughter Agatha had just risen from her bed, where she had passed the greatest part of the night in weeping. Soon after her parents woke in the sleeping-room below, and the whole house was now stirring. Master Cornelis dressed himself and extinguished the lamp, since the morning now broke with decided light through the hexagonal panes of the lofty window. It was a gloomy day, and no less gloomy were the minds of the few persons who formed the family of the painter, Jacob Cornelis; for his favourite and most distinguished pupil, John Schoreel, so named from the place of his birth, near Alkmar, was to commence his journey through all the principal towns of the Netherlands into Germany, and if Heaven

favoured him, to far distant Italy itself ; so that a separation of several years was before them.

During three years the youth had been with his master, who had received him as an orphan from his relatives, and had taken him for the sake of cultivating his singular talent for the painter's art. Schoreel was recommended as much by his skill and industry, as by his good conduct and refined behaviour. Every one in the house loved him, and the young man, without seeking after it, had acquired that silent power which a superior nature ever exercises over common minds. But as he had never tried to attain it, so he never assumed any consequence because of it ; and he employed his influence when he was conscious of possessing it, only for good purposes. If a dispute arose among his fellow-students, Schoreel was naturally chosen for the office of mediator ; if a servant committed a fault in the exercise of his duties, he ever had recourse to the youth ; and in all circumstances of difficulty, his comrades sought advice or help from him. Yet, at the same time, this youth, who thus hovered about his master's house like a good angel, was neither too soft nor too feminine ; and as at the easel he knew how to use his pencil, and, when occasion required in matters of dispute, to employ the service of his tongue ; so he was also skilled in handling the sword, and among rude companions knew how to secure respect by the use of his weapon. With these qualities, he united a graceful and prepossessing countenance, and admirable talents for music and poetry, which allowed him to pluck flowers from every field in which minds of rich endowment gather themselves wreaths for the embellishment of life.

Master Jacob soon perceived these valuable and happy qualities in his pupil, and had become sincerely attached to him. He was himself a celebrated painter, and at the same time a skilful engraver on wood ; for at that period, the education of artists embraced a greater variety of pursuits, and their powers were developed in greater harmony, than in our day. Accordingly, it was with pleasure that Cornelis instructed the youth in all the departments of the noble art which he himself pursued ; he paid him for the works which

he executed in the *atelier* a considerable stipend ; and granted him, besides, permission to work on his own account in his leisure hours, by which means Schoreel, who was speedily known, and who painted very quickly and industriously, was enabled, at the expiration of a few years, to lay by a considerable sum. But there was yet another tie which, gently and gradually, attached the master and pupil towards each other. Cornelis had many children : several sons, all older than Schoreel, their adopted brother, were either on their travels in different countries, or were married and settled. One only daughter, the gentle Agatha just mentioned, adorned the after-days of her parents' life, and like some flower which blossoms late, only bloomed the more charmingly on the soil of autumn. Agatha had scarcely passed from childhood to maidenhood when Schoreel came into the family. Gently and silently did the bud of beauty, of feeling, and of mind, develop itself in the maiden, then scarcely thirteen ; and it was impossible that the youth, whose artist's eye was alive to every external charm, as was his soul to every mental grace, could view the lovely girl unfolding before his eyes, without feeling attracted to her by a thousand sweet and sacred ties.

Agatha was as yet too young to recognise all the value of the love of such a youth. Yet he was dear to her as a brother, and she shewed this attachment without reserve. Schoreel was at first contented with this ; but by degrees, as Agatha grew up beside him, as her mind became expanded, and her feelings more definite and more plain, the youth grew dearer to her heart ; and they had, in fact, arrived at a formal declaration, under the eyes and with the sanction of her parents, when the master as well as the pupil perceived that Schoreel, if his education was to be worthy of the abilities which Heaven had bestowed on him, must no longer remain buried in the *atelier* of his master, but that, like his contemporaries and his distinguished master himself, he must travel, and complete the study of his art in the painting guilds of other towns, and under different masters.

From spring to autumn, and from autumn again till the termination of winter, had the journey been postponed ; for

Schoreel thought with pain on a long separation from the maiden who had now become the object of his affection ; while Agatha trembled at the idea of passing a long monotonous existence unembellished by the charm of his society. At length, however, the journey could no longer be deferred. Great events were at hand in the Netherlands, and, in fact, in the whole Christian world. The grandson of Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of their last prince, Charles the Bold (named like his ancestor Charles, by his father Philip and his mother Johanna), heir of the Spanish throne, was on the point of being chosen Emperor of Germany, and by that means would become the first monarch in Christendom. The people of the Netherlands were proud to call him their own, for he had been born and brought up among them ; hence they all took the most lively interest in this event, and they hoped, when the election and coronation were over at Frankfort, to see in the Low Countries (according to a promise previously made) the youthful emperor, whose brows so many crowns adorned, and in whose dominions the sun never set. A keen excitement prevailed on this account in all the towns of Burgundy ; and all the nobles and wealthy merchants, artists, and men of learning, prepared to celebrate in various ways the arrival of their native-born prince. Schoreel saw the importance of the moment for his entering into the world, in which his name was not even now wholly unknown ; and this judicious determination was now carried into effect.

Master Jacob had also, on his part, neglected nothing which could favour the entrance of his favourite, and his future son-in-law, into the world of art. He caused letters of introduction to be written by an ecclesiastic of St. Nicholas' church, who was a relation of the family, and which he himself signed. They were addressed to the most celebrated masters of his time, both in the Netherlands and other parts, Lucas of Leyden, Albert Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein, Mabuse, and others. His wife and daughter had put the wardrobe of their favourite in the best possible condition ; and a good and trusty steed was provided to carry him and his luggage. Schoreel himself looked forward to the moment (which

he both feared and desired) with determined composure, and indulged in no ill-timed weakness; for, since it was he who distressed those he loved by leaving them, he felt it his duty to afford example and encouragement by his own fortitude and courage.

On this eventful morning, fully equipped for his journey, he entered the apartment of his kind-hearted master, who was waiting for him, while the women in the kitchen, into which one might see from a window in the sitting-room, were preparing his parting repast, during which poor Agatha was often unable to see what she did, from her fast-flowing tears. They now entered with the breakfast; but no one, except, perhaps, the father, seemed to feel the least appetite. The deep tones of the clock in the tower of the adjacent church now chimed forth the hour of six, and Schoreel hastily rose. All followed his example; the moment of separation had arrived. Once more the youth looked round with moistened eyes, to gain some degree of composure, while he viewed the well-known objects by which he was surrounded—the sitting-room, with the large four-post bed in the adjacent alcove—the stove adorned with pictured tiles—the small domestic altar, with other inferior, yet scarcely less affecting, objects of interest.

“Alas!” he at length said, as if overpowered by a painful dream, “when, and under what circumstances, shall I see all this again?”

“We will hope, in three years at most,” replied the master; “and Heaven, which first brought us together, will preserve us in life and health till then. I calculate that you will tarry a year in the towns of Burgundy and the Rhine; a year, or not quite so much, perhaps, you will require to travel through Germany; and somewhat more than a year I will allow you for beauteous Italy, where the arts in general, and especially *our* noble art of painting, is now in the most flourishing state. Then you will return; and, if it please Heaven, we will receive you in the same apartment, and ——”

“O good Heavens!” interrupted the mother with emotion, “thou sayst this, Jacob, with so much confidence!

Who knows which, or if either of us, may be alive in three years' time?"

"Three years!" sobbed Agatha; "surely, father, Schoreel cannot remain absent from us so long. What shall we do for so long a time without him?"

"I thank thee, Agatha," said the youth; "but your father is perfectly right. Three years! Truly, in that space of time I see before me a world of labours and attainments; and my spirit rises in proportion. It impels me onward to work, to learn, to make myself a name; to depict my feelings so, that the world may see, may feel with me, and finally esteem me as a master. And then," he added, while his tearful eye rested on Agatha, and his voice was broken with emotion, "then, dear Agatha, once more returned, I will abide with thee for ever; and even now I feel that my heart would break, ere I could quit thee again!"

The youth hid his face in his travelling-cloak, while both mother and daughter sobbed aloud. At length the master broke silence: "It is useless," he said, "thus to dwell upon one's sorrow. Be resolute and resigned, my children. God looks down upon us wherever we may be; on our Schoreel, whether he wander on the Rhine, or the Danube, or beyond the Alps, or in the Eternal City itself, as well as here in our damp and misty fatherland. Place, therefore, my children your trust in Heaven. And now, let us part." He took the arm of Schoreel, and led him gently towards the door: "Your noble horse, my good Schoreel, is pawing the ground with impatience," said he; "the luggage is all ready;" and he added, in a weaker tone, "Go, my son Johannes!"

"My father," exclaimed the youth, with overwhelming emotion, as he turned and threw himself on his master's breast. He tore himself away from the venerable man's embrace; then affectionately pressing a kiss upon Agatha's forehead, and gently pronouncing the words, "My bride;" he rushed from the apartment, and in a moment afterwards the hoofs of his prancing steed announced his departure.

Agatha was about to run out and look after him; her father, however, held her back: "Would you wish to expose

your feelings before the young men who are waiting without, to escort their parting friend? And would you distress our poor Schoreel still more, when he requires all the little strength he has left? Go, my dear child, to church instead, and offer up your prayers for him : hark ! the bells are already ringing for early service."

With these words the master took his wife's hand, placed his left on the head of his daughter, looked at her affectionately, and said, "Go, Agatha, go. In that hallowed place thou wilt bear thy sorrow more easily." The females took their veils and cloaks, the master snatched his mantle from its peg ; and they soon arrived at the church of St. Nicholas, where, at this early hour, the tapers on the altar scarcely lighted the twilight gloom.

Schoreel had now left the great city behind him. His fellow-pupils, who afforded him their company, and travelled beside him as he rode slowly along, after loud adieus and hearty good wishes, had returned within the walls with which Mary of Burgundy had enclosed the town, in order to protect it from the attacks of the powerful courts of Holland. The youth thus found himself quite alone on the wide plain, where, in the dawning light of the morning, the fog strove with the coming day, and a moist unpleasant vapour surrounded him. As sad and as unpleasing lay at this moment the world, and all its busy action before him, into which he was about to enter. But, by degrees, the day began to clear up ; the clouds became bright in the east, the sun came out, and dispersed all the shades and mist. Life awoke in the villages through which his path lay, and his spirit rose accordingly above the gloomy feeling of the moment. The friendly sight of the cleanly well-built houses, the well-tended gardens, the cheerful, industrious peasants, as they repaired to the fields with their ploughs or herds, presented to the painter's eye the most varied and pleasing subjects for his pencil ; and as the sun rose higher, and the air grew warmer, he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, seated himself in its shade, and forthwith betook himself to his pencil.

This employment relieved him in the most happy way, and restored, by degrees, the necessary serenity, so as to enable him to continue his journey with pleasure. His first visit was to Leyden, to Master Lucas, surnamed from this town. Here he delivered his letters of recommendation, was received with much esteem, painted under the inspection of the master, who willingly imparted to him his own experience; and thus our hero repaired from town to town, and from master to master, so that he soon filled up the entire year which Master Cornelis had allotted him, and a few months over; during which space he sent, at every opportunity, friendly salutations and tokens of remembrance to his kind friends at Amsterdam.

The royal city of Brussels, in which, at length, after long expectation, the most splendid arrangements were in preparation for the reception of the newly-crowned emperor, and where Schoreel wished to visit the celebrated master, Johann Mabüse, he had reserved as the last of the towns of the Netherlands, as the crowning point and termination of his wanderings in his native land.

It was a calm evening, in the beginning of spring, when in the golden light of the setting sun, which, on his right, sank into the waves of the sea, he first saw the walls and towers of this splendid capital. The crosses of the numerous churches beamed in splendour from their varied pinnacles, but still more dazzlingly poured the light from the colossal statue of St. Michael, on the town-hall, who, from this lofty position, at once overlooked the domain which he had to protect, and diffused his favour and his vigilance on all sides. Here rose towers and palaces, there lay splendid gardens, partly without, partly within, the town; and the summits of their trees, covered with fresh vegetation, o'ertopped the walls and roofs. A river which, in the gold of evening, flowed through green fields of corn, lost itself within the walls of the city; here ships glided on it, and on the canals which traversed the plain; while vehicles passed on all sides, loaded with the commodities of the numerous inhabitants. Business and activity every where prevailed, and agreeably struck the

mind of Schoreel, who, delighted with the cheerful prospect, allowed his horse to proceed slowly, while his attention was engrossed by the variety and beauty of the objects around him.

Thus lost in thought, he did not perceive a small troop of merry companions, who were coming behind him, in the same direction, towards the town, and probably wished to reach it before the approaching darkness. It had rained copiously during the previous days, and that very afternoon there had been a storm; the main road was therefore almost impassable, and only a ridge, which lay somewhat elevated next the fields, was dry. Along this path Schoreel rode slowly, and halted from time to time, to enjoy, with all his soul, the impression which the scene made on him. On a sudden a deep manly voice, resounding behind him, awakened him from his dream.

"Come, sir stranger, take your horse off the only path which is left for foot-passengers!"

The boldness of this address excited Schoreel. He turned quickly round, and perceived a powerful man, of middle age and expressive features, whose dress was alike ornamental and varied, and of very peculiar taste. His doublet and hose, of light yellow material, were much puffed and slashed at the shoulders and hips, while through these openings red satin was seen. He also wore a light blue cloak, bordered with three or four stripes of black velvet, which was short, but cut so wide that, at the pleasure of the wearer, the one end could be thrown over the breast, and the other shoulder hung down on this side, so as to cover the lower part of the body. At this moment it hung over the man's right shoulder, displaying the rest of his attire, which consisted of a richly-folded ruff, a Burgundian cap of dark red velvet, ornamented with gold, and with the addition of a stout broadsword, gave to his whole figure a striking but not displeasing appearance. The rest of his companions appeared to be his servants, or dependants, as was indicated by the respect they testified towards him.

"The road is free for one as for all," said Schoreel, "and I do not like riding in the mud."

"Come, come, turn aside, make room!" cried the man a second time, as he now stood close behind Schoreel.

"Had you addressed me for this purpose in a courteous manner," said the youth, "I would willingly have given way; but now I shall not do it."

"Indeed! Well, we shall see," cried the unknown, seizing with his right hand the hilt of his sword, and drawing it from its scabbard.

"Ha!" exclaimed the youth, "mean you so?" and with these words he sprang from the saddle, begged one of his opponent's companions to hold his horse the while, and throwing off his travelling cloak, prepared to repel force by force, and to treat the unmannerly intruder according to his deserts. The young men now pressed round their leader, and sought to appease him; he, however, seemed only to become more furious with every word they uttered, and appeared as if ready to sacrifice them, though his own friends, if they stood in his way.

"Nay, but listen, for a moment," said the eldest of them, who at the same time evinced the greatest possible respect for the master; "pray, hear one word of reason, Mabüse. The stranger appears to be a reasonable man; permit one of us to address him on the subject."

"Mabüse!" cried Schoreel, astonished and delighted; "Mabüse! Are you, then, the celebrated master whom I seek? Nay, then, I fight not with *you*." Saying which, he returned his sword to its scabbard, took the horse from the youth, led it on one side by the bridle, and said, "Go on, master; and far be it from me to put any hindrance in your way."

Heated as was Mabüse, and much as the wine had obscured his sound judgment, he was still sufficiently collected to observe with gratification the flattering turn the contest had taken, and the effect which the mention of his mere name had produced. That it was no mere evasion, proceeding from cowardice, was evident from the determined behaviour of the stranger; and Mabüse acknowledged, not without admiration, the manly courage shewn by so gentle a youth, and with a countenance so fair and delicate.

"And who, then, are you?" he inquired, with a milder tone.

"My name is Johannes Schoreel. I am a painter," answered the youth; "and have a letter from my master, Jacob Cornelis, for you."

"From old Cornelis!" exclaimed the other: "and are you the clever Schoreel of whom so much is said in all the towns of the Netherlands? I am delighted to meet with you. Come at once with us to town, and I will cheerfully give you my house as your quarters."

"Not so," answered Schoreel, in whose face this honour produced a blush of mingled pleasure and shame; "it is not as your troublesome guest, but as your scholar, that I would wish for reception in your *atelier*."

"That honours both me and you, young man," answered Mabüse, with gratified pride; "you shall be *styled* my scholar; and these gentlemen," as he pointed to his companions, "will learn much from you."

With these words he took Schoreel by the arm, and was about to move on with him, but the latter would not rest till his master mounted his horse to town; he himself following with the other scholars on foot; and thus, amid a merry conversation, which Mabüse kept up in a loud tone on horseback, they continued their journey to town.

Here the beautiful architecture of the palaces, churches, and buildings generally, the elegant gardens, mineral springs, &c. &c. produced on Schoreel, even while yet at a distance, a highly agreeable impression; and he listened with delight when the master, having dismounted from his horse, spoke in high encomiums of the beauty of the town, and dwelt, amongst the rest, on the health of the inhabitants, on the history of the seven parish-churches, the seven gates, seven public springs, and seven palaces of the seven great families, who were once the seven contemporary sovereigns of Brussels.

The party now turned into a broad street, where before them stood the palace of the Marquis van der Beeren, with whom Mabüse then resided; and by his distinguished reputation, lent a degree of splendour to the household of this

nobleman, who, at his little court, always maintained a philosopher, a poet, a painter, and, possibly, in accordance with the custom of the times, a court-fool. Mabüse dismissed his other scholars at the gate of the palace, where they all came every morning to work under the direction of their master, and for his profit and advantage; for even art was at that time pursued in the same manner, and in accordance with the same regulations, as guilds or corporations. He led Schoreel up a flight of splendid marble steps, and through several long passages and saloons, where the servants were employed in their several occupations, as far as the extreme end of the left wing, which he inhabited, and into which a winding staircase, on the other side of the court, would have brought them much more quickly, had not the vanity of Mabüse found a triumph in giving his new acquaintance a dazzling idea of the riches and grandeur of the house which at that moment he served, or rather which he embellished.

Mabüse's apartments consisted of several rooms, the largest and most lofty of which was arranged as an *atelier*, while in all the others of the suite there reigned generally, with the exception of here and there a solitary sign of gaudy splendour, so much disorder and confusion, such a mixture and heaping together of the most contradictory objects, that Schoreel, at the first glance, conceived a clearer idea of the character and habits of the owner than the longest mere verbal description could have afforded him.

Mabüse now summoned the attendance of a servant, who immediately appeared, dressed in the united colours of the marquis and his lady; namely, one sleeve, the half of the doublet, and one foot being red, the rest of the attire blue. The master ordered him to prepare all for the reception of the new guest. But Schoreel was by no means satisfied with this command. His tranquil well-regulated mind recoiled at the scene of disorder which every thing here presented. He would much rather have taken up his abode at an inn, or in a respectable private house: but he had now no other course but to remain, if he wished not to offend the master. He was, therefore, forced to yield, and become an inmate

of his new host's dwelling, after every objection which the youth made, as to whether the marquis would be content with this addition to his household, had been met and silenced by Mabüse, in a manner which shewed that either he might reckon in every case on the permission of his lord, or that he might, perhaps, even presume to dispense with it altogether.

In the evening he led Schoreel, without more ceremony, to the table at which the higher officers of the palace, the ladies and lady-attendants of the marquis's court, the poet, the philosopher, and Mabüse himself, all had their appointed places. Schoreel was soon able to perceive that his master exercised great authority over his companions at table; he gave the various toasts, took the lead in conversation; in short, he might be said to give the tone. The youth also saw himself placed by him in an advantageous light; and regarded, by the female portion of the company in particular, with attention and with interest. The next morning Mabüse presented him to the marquis, who received him very graciously, and said to the master, that he should be delighted to see his court-circle increased by so valuable an addition.

A new life now opened before our hero. He saw the works of Mabüse; and found quite a new, and to him unknown spirit, to prevail in them. Here it was that he beheld, for the first time, the animation produced by Italian inspiration, combining a thorough acquaintance with the antique; for Mabüse had been in Italy, had studied at Florence and Rome the works of the first artists of the time, and had felt attracted above all by the powerful genius of Michael Angelo. It was, therefore, at first, with no little astonishment and confusion, that the youth looked on these paintings—many of which are yet to be seen—those forms, so much opposed to his preconceived ideas, those heathen deities, and those allegorical figures, the meaning of which it was necessary to have first explained to him. He could not but perceive the masterly style of execution; yet there was nothing which powerfully affected his mind, and his feelings remained cold and unmoved; though they had often been so powerfully excited

by the works of a Van Eyck, a Hemmeling, and other masters of similar style.

The youth entertained likewise the strongest repugnance to imitate the conduct and course of life pursued by his new master; and though he was aware that all men are not to be measured by the same standard, and that so estimable a family as that of Master Cornelis was not easily to be found; yet there was far too much in the proceedings of Mabuse which shocked Schoreel's ideas of right and wrong. It was, therefore, most unwillingly that he accompanied the master to his drinking-bouts, or to the noisy meetings of his rude associates. Here, when excess and wild behaviour shewed themselves in their most disgusting form, producing not unfrequently the most violent scenes, the purse, and sometimes the sword, of the youth were resorted to and placed in requisition by Mabuse; and thus, when the latter became involved in some embarrassing or dangerous dispute, the former was compelled either to assist him with his money, or to defend him with his sword.

The showy and noisy life, also, which prevailed in the family of the Marquis van der Beeren, and which was now more extravagant than ever, was little suited to his taste. A distinguished visitor, it appeared, was shortly expected, for whose reception the marquis made all requisite preparation, combining equal splendour and ingenuity of arrangement; one motive for this zeal possibly consisting, among others, in the circumstance, that Herr von Chicores, the tutor of the emperor, and a native of the Netherlands, was nearly related to the house of Van der Beeren. The emperor, after his coronation, proceeded, as he had long promised, to visit his hereditary states; every one looked forward to his arrival with hope and joy; and the marquis had taken measures that Charles, during his short abode at Brussels, should pass one day, or at least a portion of a day, in his palace.

As he now felt certain that this wish would be gratified, he caused the whole of his palace to be completely renovated, with true Netherland neatness; all the family ornaments and heir-looms of this ancient house, and all the requisites of the

kitchen and the cellar, were restored to their former splendour. Every luxury was provided that money could obtain within a circle of several miles, besides the provisions afforded by the neighbouring sea-ports, whither messengers on horseback were sent in every direction. All the members of the household were dressed in a new and expensive style; and, in short, the whole palace was thrown into a state of excitement; the bustle and disturbance thus produced, extending even to Mabüse's painting-room. The tailor came about this time from the marquis, with orders to take the master's measure for a new suit on this grand occasion, for which the steward had delivered to him a piece of rich silk damask of dazzling whiteness. Schoreel was present when the tailor came; he saw the material, and heard of the dresses of the other inmates of the house; and he therefore considered it becoming, and, in fact, necessary, not to remain wanting in respect. He therefore ordered a dress of violet-coloured velvet, slashed at the shoulders with white satin, a mantle of the same, lined with white silk, together with embroidered shoes of yellow shining leather, and a black hat with feathers of the same hue. Mabüse played off his jokes with the tailor, who was a timid and weakly person; and contrived to worry and perplex the poor *schneider* to such a degree, that he quickly made his exit; and in his confusion left the material for Mabüse's new suit, much to the latter's satisfaction, behind him. Schoreel asked, with astonishment, whether Mabüse wished to make his dress himself?

"By no means," he exclaimed, laughing; and unrolling the material at the same time, and displaying its shining tissue to the sun; "but this fine silk stuff shall be transformed, and its silver changed to the best Burgundy wine."

"I do not understand you," answered Schoreel, still more astonished.

"That is by no means necessary," said the other, laughing. "What you do not understand now, you shall see and taste by-and-by. Now farewell!" With these words Mabüse packed the stuff together, made a bundle of it, and stepped to the door. He then turned again and said, "To-

night we meet at Van der Gruy's cellar ; he had in some capital wine yesterday. I reckon on you."

"Dissolute man!" thought Schoreel, as he returned, shaking his head, to his easel ; for he felt more and more convinced that he and his master did not suit each other ; and that his own stay here would, and in fact *must*, not be much longer.

Thus passed several days, which Mabiuse employed partly before the easel, partly in rude society, amid drinking-bouts and quarrels ; and Schoreel waited, not without some anxiety, to learn the results connected with the piece of silk ; for that Mabiuse had sold it, and squandered the money, was to him but too evident.

The marquis, meanwhile, was ready with the greatest and most important part of his preparations ; and in particular the rooms which were destined for the especial use of the emperor were adorned with truly imperial pomp. For some days previously, several noble guests, belonging to some of the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood, and whom the marquis had invited to render the assemblage numerous and splendid, made their appearance ; and as the palace became more and more filled, and in the galleries and gardens he was every where met by distinguished personages in rich clothing, Schoreel found it necessary to exchange his usual simple attire for the dress-suit, which he had ordered for this occasion. Accordingly, on the morning of the day on which the monarch was expected, he proceeded, habited in his velvet suit, which was so well adapted to display the graces of his naturally handsome figure, into the garden, in order to view the beds of hyacinths and tulips, which at this season were in full bloom.

Schoreel, on entering a circle, found two ladies—an elder and a younger. The matron, attired in a wide dark dress, and her head enveloped in the broad folds of a white veil, presented no appearance to excite particular attention ; but the younger lady displayed a form and face of unusual interest and beauty. Her dress, which was of light material, was well adapted to display the elegance of her form ; and the veil

which flowed from the summit of her conically-formed cap, and which ladies at that time used occasionally as a defence against the cold air, on this lovely morning offered only a light sport to the breeze of May. Schoreel, with a painter's eye, could see unconcealed the noble outline of the countenance, the gentle lineaments of the features, and the gold of the luxuriant ringlets which, at this early morning hour, unconfined by comb or pin, fell in all their fulness over the shoulders. The light sound made by his sword on the gravel-walk induced the ladies to look round; and now there beamed on Schoreel a pair of dark eyes of so powerful yet so gentle a lustre, that he felt he had never yet gazed on so lovely a countenance. He bowed respectfully, so as not to disturb the ladies in their walk, then turned away, and was lost in another alley.

"Who was that?" asked the younger lady.

"Probably one of the knights who are here to receive the emperor," answered her companion.

"It is but rarely that I have seen so much grace and noble expression, in a countenance, too, which cannot be styled either strikingly handsome or beautiful," observed the other, as she followed the stranger with her looks, and watched his figure as it gradually disappeared from view, and which, at this moment, attracted her far more than the flowers in the beds which immediately surrounded her. In vain did her more elderly companion point out for her notice here and there some of those beauties of Flora more lovely than others; she heard her with indifference, and scarcely replied to her remarks; and as soon as the bell in the chapel sounded for mass, she, with her companion, immediately obeyed its summons; and they returned in silence to the palace.

As soon as the service was ended, every one hastened to make suitable preparation for the arrival of the emperor, who was expected to appear about eleven, the then hour of dinner. All Brussels had hurried forth in joyous haste; and in all the streets that led to the palace of the Marquis van der Beeren, the people streamed to and fro; whilst within its walls the inmates arranged themselves according to rank and

dignity, and awaited in anxious expectation the presence of the royal visitor. In the splendid saloons above were assembled, in the greatest state, the high-born friends and relatives of the distinguished host—it being intended that they, with himself at their head, should receive the monarch on his arrival at the latticed gate which enclosed the court. On the balcony over the grand flight of steps, which extended with two arms of noble architecture into the court below, and opposite to the grand gate, were arranged the ladies, in their richest attire; and among them was conspicuous the beautiful maiden whom Schoreel had seen in the morning. At the foot of the steps were stationed the numerous servants of the palace, in their new liveries; whilst in the court itself, which was parted from the road by a wide arched grating, mingled with stone arrows, and adorned with bright gold knobs, were grouped the inferior nobility and gentry, the superior officers of the household, among whom were included the philosopher, the poet, and Mabiuse, at whose side stood our hero, together with numerous vassals of the family. The lady of the garden, not having found him whom she sought, and whom she styled the violet knight, among the superior guests assembled in the upper saloons, felt for a moment pained when, after some time, she, to her surprise, perceived the position he occupied in the court. She still, however, consoled herself with the thought, that he might not actually form a portion of the marquis's household, but was probably some esteemed visitor,—at least, she remarked that all those who addressed him treated him with a peculiar degree of attention and respect.

There now resounded from a distance a hollow sound, which gradually grew louder on the ear as it approached nearer. The cries of "*Vivat!*" from the crowd, and the tramp of horses, were more and more clearly distinguishable. All the noise, however, which had hitherto waved and echoed like a roaring sea, had become gradually hushed again; and the gentle cry alone of "The Emperor is coming! Our Charles is arrived! The grandson of our Mary is among us!" was whispered from neighbour to neighbour. The cries of "*Vivat!*" had

penetrated as far as the neighbourhood of the palace; the Marquis van der Beeren, with his numerous suite, hastened forth, and, descending the steps, crossed the court, to await the arrival of his imperial guest before the gate; which was, however, no sooner thrown open, than at the same moment the royal cortège was already seen advancing. First came a troop of the Spanish and German body-guard, on their noble chargers, who were immediately followed by the Emperor himself, surrounded by officers of the highest rank. The monarch, of lofty and noble mien, was attired in a black Spanish suit, having suspended on the breast, under the rich embroidered frill, the massive chain of the Golden Fleece. His grave and somewhat pale countenance was encircled under the black hat by short-locked fair hair; a corresponding beard grew on the youthful chin and round the cheeks; whilst the light-blue eye displayed keen judgment and mature deliberation. His entire form and appearance were of a character to command respect and inspire awe, even had he not been thus surrounded by all this imposing and majestic pomp. Nevertheless there lay around the gently opened mouth, and in many an expressive look of the eyes, a certain melancholy feeling, which seemed to indicate but too truly that this high and mighty prince was yet a mortal; for he, too, was visited with sorrow.

The emperor's horse now halted, and with it those of the whole procession. The marquis advanced to welcome his sovereign, and, taking hold of the royal stirrup, assisted him in dismounting. Saluting all around in a courteous manner, Charles entered the court of the castle; and still more courteous was his look, when he beheld the circle of beautiful women assembled on the lofty balcony to welcome his arrival. His look lighted on the lovely group; and as he bowed to them, it was universally acknowledged that the dignity of the prince, and the gallant and courteous manner of the knight, were admirably combined, not only in this graceful salutation, but in the whole deportment of the youthful monarch towards the fair sex.

The emperor now ascended the flight of steps. Among

the numerous bevy of beauties who were here assembled, Schoreel was struck on beholding the fair lady whom he had seen in the garden in the morning. A small cap of crimson velvet, set with precious stones, confined her beautifully bright golden hair, which on both sides fell in clustering wavy locks on her alabaster shoulders. Her dress, likewise of crimson velvet, covered one half her fair bosom, the other was concealed by a kerchief of transparent crape, arranged in small folds. Her whole attire might have become royalty itself. She therefore far outshone her companions, and fixed at the first glance the attention of the emperor, who, approaching, stood before her for a moment, and, greeting her very courteously, addressed some words to her with the condescending air of an acquaintance.

Schoreel had immediately observed the manner in which Charles saluted and addressed the fair object of his own admiration, and asked a bystander the name of the lady in the crimson-velvet dress.

"Oh, that fair dame is a certain Fräulein von Desenitz, of Carinthia," answered his neighbour; "she is a rich heiress and an only daughter. Is she not a beautiful creature?"

"In truth she is most beautiful," answered our hero. "How say you, from Carinthia? That is a great distance; how is it she appears here?"

"Her father—yonder noble, dressed in dark green and gold, who is ascending the steps," pointing as he spoke to a venerable but hale and cheerful-looking man, "is very often at the Archduke Ferdinand's, at Vienna, where no doubt the emperor has met her at court. Did you observe how graciously he spoke to her? Ay, ay, he is not so insensible to female charms as is reported."

"But you have not yet told me how it was that the young lady of Carinthia came to Brussels."

"So, so, this fair jewel seems, young master, to have engaged also your particular attention? Well, well, I will tell you what I know, in a very few words. The lady of Desenitz, you must know, then, is a highly intellectual and accomplished young lady, skilled equally both in poetry and painting, in

which latter art she has received great assistance from a master her doating father procured for her from Italy ; for you must know she is the very apple of his eye. She has long since lost her mother, and her sire does every thing she wishes. Having therefore testified a desire to see the works of our great masters here in the Netherlands, the Baron brought her to the venerable Abbess of Mons, who is at the same time distantly related to the two families of Desenitz and Beeren, and has introduced her here, for the purpose of assisting in the festivities."

"How!" exclaimed Schoreel, "an artist? Not only an *admirer* of the art, but herself a painter?" The astonished youth was proceeding to express his feelings, when he was checked by observing that the emperor and the ladies had already withdrawn from the balcony, and that all were now hastening to procure themselves places in the dining-saloon, an example our artist thought it prudent to follow.

The galleries and the antechambers swarmed with guests. Many were compelled to content themselves with witnessing at a distance the procession of the court to the dining-hall. Some of the more select members of the household and visitors—among whom was Schoreel, whose noble profession, as well as his personal qualities, entitled him to a greater preference—were placed at the bottom of the table. Although he had now been several weeks in the castle, our young artist had never before had an opportunity of seeing the state-apartments, through which he now passed. He was much struck with their splendour, as his eye glanced eagerly from one brilliant object to another ; when at length, after some difficulty, he arrived, with several noblemen of inferior rank, at the banquetting-saloon, where he found the higher guests had already taken their places at a table shaped in the form of a horse-shoe. The apartment was extremely spacious, and of great length ; the walls were wainscoted with choice panels of wood, which were here and there interspersed with *tableaux* taken from history, both sacred and profane, executed by the first masters ; whilst the spaces between were filled with carved work, richly ornamented and gilt.

At the centre of the table, under a canopy of purple velvet gorgeously adorned with gold, was seated the royal Charles, in a chair of state of the same material. The other guests, in the order of their rank and dignity, took their places at a becoming distance; and the marquis was not a little gratified, whilst he acknowledged the skill and tact displayed by the marshal of his household, who had arranged all with the most admirable and strict attention to etiquette. Innumerable servants and officers of the household filled the space between the grand table and the sideboard,—loaded with a store of massive silver plate, and bottles of gold, silver, and crystal, of the most skilful workmanship; and at the head of those whose duty it was to assist in the honour of attending on the emperor's person, Schoreel recognised Master Mabiüse. As his eye glanced around, he observed, seated at the table almost opposite the emperor, the Fräulein von Desenitz, whose looks—so his vanity whispered—wandered in search of himself, whilst her beautiful head turned more frequently over her shoulder than perhaps was necessary, for the purpose, apparently, of making some inquiry of the attendant. Her looks were then directed towards the youth; whose eyes, on meeting her glance, immediately fell to the earth. Indeed, the young artist felt himself more and more overpowered by her presence, and his eye rested on that divine form, with whose all-powerful influence he found it increasingly impossible to contend.

At this moment, Mabiüse, whose head was heated by a few goblets of wine, which he had taken unobserved at the sideboard, approached Schoreel, and tapping him on the shoulder, roused him from his reverie, with some of his usual vulgar jokes. The youth could only return a melancholy and brief reply, when Mabiüse, following with his eyes the treacherous looks of his pupil, at once became aware of the lovely object of attraction.

“Good Heavens!” he whispered, half aloud, “what a beautiful woman that is, Schoreel! She is at once a Venus and a Juno, combining the beauty of the one and the dignity of the other; and she is looking in this direction! Well, Johannes, my happy lad, I wish you joy!”

"Joy, Mabüse? Joy of what?" exclaimed the youth, reddening in confusion.

"Why need you ask?" returned the master, laughing. "See how she glances this way; by Bacchus, my boy, you are truly to be envied! She is something different from Master Cornelis's poor and simple Agatha, eh?"

This single word restored to the youth his entire self-possession. The image of his innocent betrothed rose to his mind at once; he saw her in her simple but neat attire, as she stood before him at their last parting; her beautiful auburn hair partly concealed under her snow-white cap, and the loving, sincere expression of her dark blue eye, as, filled with the tear of grief, it fixed the last fond look upon him. At the recollection of this scene, he started up from his seat, and exclaiming, "I thank you, Master Mabüse!" pressed the painter's hand, and quitted the saloon. Mabüse gazed after him with astonishment; and just as he was about to hasten after him in order to inquire the reason of his singular behaviour, and the meaning of his words, he heard his own name pronounced gently. He turned round, and found it was the master of the ceremonies who had addressed him, and who now informed him that he came to request he would repair to the noble host, who had something to say to him.

Mabüse immediately obeyed. As he proceeded with the messenger, the latter said to him, in a whisper, "His majesty has been inquiring for you; he has admired your splendid dress, and wishes to see it nearer."

"Indeed! well, now, that is excellent!" said Mabüse to himself; "never mind, there is nothing like boldness!" He accompanied the official to the marquis, who immediately rose, gave a sign to Mabüse to follow him, and approaching the seat of the emperor, he "begged to present to his majesty, in the person who was thus tastefully attired, the admirable master painter, Johann von Mabüse, a vassal of the Imperial States, and one whose genius and talents in the art were universally distinguished."

Charles received the master very graciously; entered into a conversation with him respecting his productions, with which

he was well acquainted, and came at last to the subject for which he had summoned him, namely, the splendour of his dress, which had excited both his attention and praise. Mabiüse replied, with humble reverence, "that he considered himself too happy if his poor labours in the art had obtained the approval of his majesty."

"Your labours in the art!" returned the emperor; "we are now discussing the question of your dress; let us see it a little closer; the colours, to our eyes, are truly splendid." He motioned Mabiüse to come nearer; the master approached in a fearless manner, and the emperor took hold of the stuff, which exhibited a most exquisite design of sprigs and flowers, and was feeling it with his fingers, when all at once he let it drop suddenly, for, to his utter astonishment, the material he felt was nothing else but paper!

"Why, how is this? Your dress consists of mere paper!" exclaimed the monarch.

"At your majesty's service," answered Mabiüse, modestly, and with a low bow.

"Paper?" asked the marquis, astonished.

"Paper!—that dress made of paper?" repeated the guests around the monarch; and the news, borne along from mouth to mouth, was soon re-echoed from one end of the hall to the other.

"But how comes this?" cried Charles, laughing. "Tell me, my lord marquis, are many of your people dressed so?"

The marquis knew not whether to join in the laugh, which began to arise on all sides, or whether to be angry with the bold and daring artist. But Mabiüse, bowing to the monarch, in whose looks he perceived that no ill-feeling appeared, related, in his own peculiar manner, that he had disposed of the damask, which he considered much too heavy, to an amateur of such objects; and with the view of exhibiting his artistic powers more effectually, even by the dress he wore, he had rendered this otherwise unimportant mass of paper, by fashioning it into the shape it bore, worthy of the attention of the greatest monarch in Christendom.

At this ingenious explanation the emperor laughed till the

tears came in his eyes ; all the guests laughed as well ; and Mabüse was compelled to go from seat to seat, and allow them to admire his paper suit. At length the marquis joined in the general feeling himself, and pardoned the mad trick which had produced so desirable a result.

While this was taking place in the dining-hall, Schoreel, shunning the presence of a too lovely and seductive object, had taken refuge in the silence of the garden. Here he recalled the image of Agatha ; he compared her gentle charms with the dazzling attractions of the high-born lady ; the maiden modesty of the one with the apparent confidence of the other, accustomed to victory. In short, he determined to avoid so dangerous a presence, whilst he renewed his vow of eternal truth to his distant betrothed. He had passed about an hour in this state of solitude, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by one of the household, who arrived in breathless haste with orders to invite him back to the castle, as the marquis requested his immediate presence. Schoreel followed the servant into another large and equally splendid saloon of the palace, to which, after the banquet, the emperor, accompanied by some of the most distinguished visitors, had repaired, and where all were now occupied with the inspection of Mabüse's pictures, which the master had advantageously placed before them for exposition. Immediately on the entrance of Schoreel, the marquis hastened towards him, and taking him by the hand, led him to the emperor.

The moment our hero appeared, the eyes of all present were attracted to him ; and among all thus fixed upon him were those two bright stars from which he would fain have flown, and which he now beheld with powerful emotion. The whole appearance of the youth,—the fair locks which surrounded the delicate but somewhat pale face, and curling elegantly on both sides, fell on the collar of lace,—the expression of a noble yet unpretending nature, displayed in his whole bearing, prepossessed all in his favour, even before he had shewn any of his works. He appeared in every thing the very opposite of Mabüse, who, strong and robust of form, somewhat past his prime, announced, both in look

and manner, a powerful and bold but common and coarse nature.

Charles the Fifth received Schoreel kindly. "He wished," he said, "to see some specimens of his talent; the marquis having," he added, with a gracious smile, "informed him already that he had still another skilful artist under his roof." Schoreel, after modestly thanking the monarch for his condescending encouragement, withdrew to fetch his paintings. Mabuse offered to assist him; and it was easy to observe the patronising air with which he treated him, and how he wished it to appear that whatever Schoreel had produced he was indebted for solely to the instruction of himself—his so recently-appointed master!

The paintings were brought. The scenes they presented were partly historical, partly religious. One especially attracted attention, and produced great admiration. This consisted of an altar-piece with folding-doors, the cartoons of which Schoreel had designed in the house of his master, at Amsterdam. The holy Virgin, on whose heaven-devoted beauty time was powerless, was represented in the centre in her last moments,—her tender features, as it were, glorified by her approximation to the better world,—her eye, as if closed in devout contemplation of the splendour of that Paradise which now opened before her. Around were the holy apostles in different positions, all highly characteristic; for the pious mind of the youth had seized on the distinctive characters which are mentioned in the sacred volume, and had transferred them to his tablets. It was a picture full of devotion and love; and the emperor and the other spectators recognised at once in this work a mind which differed in every respect from that of Mabuse.

The judgment of the company in general wavered for a short time between Mabuse's pictures, full of energy, luxurious forms, and glowing colours, and the pure delineations, borrowed, as it were, from another world, which seized on the heart, gently and irresistibly enchanting it, and which left that silent repose in the soul which ought to be the proper effect produced by every work of art. One heart, more than

all others, was deeply affected by the contemplation of these masterpieces; still there was one feature so strikingly displayed therein, that it produced within her a touch of bitter feeling. Hildegard von Desenitz, who, as we have heard, was herself a painter of considerable skill, had regarded the paintings of Mabüse with lively sympathy, and for a while had forgotten the annoyance which the sudden disappearance of a certain object of her attraction from the dining-room had occasioned her. How agreeable was the surprise, when a second master being mentioned as living here, his presence was summoned, and she beheld in the person of her violet knight the representation of one of those favoured mortals, who, in her opinion, stood elevated above all others, however distinguished by birth and riches! And when she saw him stand beside those grand productions of his genius, with that youthful modesty and yet silent dignity which gave his deportment something so truly noble, she herself imbibed that pure spirit which characterised the design of his paintings, and felt as if borne on high on the wings of devotion. She would willingly have pronounced her admiration aloud; but not venturing to do this, she remained standing, with glowing looks and repressed breathing, wholly absorbed in her contemplations. She was struck beyond all with the sweet and gentle charm expressed in the countenance of the holy Virgin, and she could not help thinking that there was more of individual character in those features than sacred paintings usually presented. A gentle anticipation said to her, "It may be a portrait." She then sought farther, and in another picture, in which a lady of rank was kneeling with her daughter, whilst behind them stood a guardian-angel, she fancied that in the features of the daughter there appeared a similarity to those of the mother of the Saviour. This produced a singularly painful effect upon her feelings; she wished to be certain upon the subject; and when the marquis turned to her, as an artist, for her decision, she bestowed the warmest praises on the painting, praised beyond every thing the beauty of these two figures, and said, while her eye was directed aside to Schoreel, "I do not know whether I am in error, but, with all due deference,

I would remark, that there appears to me a striking resemblance between the Virgin and that saint; and that in general there prevails such a peculiar similarity of form, as to lead to the supposition that it must be the copy of some individual subject rather than the creation of the mind."

The attention of all was at once directed anew to the paintings in question; the resemblance pointed out was acknowledged, and Hildegard earned the praise of female acuteness. But the same shrewdness also made her perceive, in an instant, the quick blushing of the artist, and the slight embarrassment with which he evaded the question, by observing, "That it might be only chance; or probably a favourite form of delineation, such as is displayed in the works of every artist, when compared with each other." And the conversation now turned on the subject of the fine arts generally.

Hildegard felt herself embarrassed, and soon after left the saloon. She was not the only one who left the apartment with a wounded spirit. Mabüse was deeply mortified by the loud and universal praise which the works of the youthful painter had acquired; and which, he could not conceal from himself, far surpassed the just but calm and tranquil meed of acknowledgment which his own paintings had met with. He had heard, with no little vexation, that the marquis, with the view of entertaining his royal and distinguished guests in the best possible manner, had made known to them the name of Schoreel, and his presence in the palace; nevertheless he hoped to appropriate to himself the greatest share of the merit due to the youth, by passing him off as his scholar. An accidental circumstance, however, which revealed the fact that he had only worked under Mabüse for some weeks, destroyed even this hope. Mabüse accordingly saw both himself and his works forgotten for some moments for those of his junior brother in the art: he left the saloon — where indeed no one missed him — hurried to his chamber, tore from his person the paper garb, which he looked at with indignation; threw over him his mantle, and sought, as usual, the oblivion of his vexation at a tavern. There he found willing and devoted hearers as he gave vent to his embittered feelings,

in harsh and unmeasured terms, against Schoreel, the marquis, and finally against the emperor himself, and the whole company, whom he accused altogether as being destitute of all taste, and all knowledge of art.

The cheerful spring day meanwhile had gradually declined. Charles, after having seen all the curiosities and treasures contained in the palace and the gardens of the marquis, had given orders for the departure of his suite; and now, taking leave of his highly-honoured and delighted host, he returned to his own royal palace, accompanied, as on his arrival in the morning, by the acclamations of the multitude. Such guests as had come only for the day, and who did not, like the Baron von Desenitz and some few others, take up their residence in the palace, following the example of the court, left at the same time. The bustle and ceremony all over, the marquis and his consort withdrew to their apartments, and the servants were every where dispersed and occupied in putting every thing again in order. At length all became gradually silent in the castle, and the full moon rose gently over the extensive gardens, and adorned the solitude and silence which now prevailed, where a few hours before all was enlivened by a gay and splendid throng.

Hildegard, accompanied by her older relative, who served her as a guard of honour, roamed about for a while, after the retiring of the company, through the twilight-shrouded gardens, and gave room to the thoughts that disturbed her breast. She could not banish the image of the youth, as she had seen him stand after dinner beside his works, as a highly honoured artist — whatever her reason and her pride could object to the contrary. In the mean time it had become quite night, and the heavy dew that arose from the extensive water-scenery of the garden, and from the whole humid surrounding country, compelled the ladies to seek their chamber. Herr von Desenitz and his aunt soon gave themselves up to sleep, which failed not, after the noisy day, to sink down upon their eyelids. The pages snored already in the entrance-room; Hildegard alone found no rest on the soft pillow. An inward disquiet kept her awake; she placed herself at the window

and looked down into the garden, which lay before her in the moonlight, so still and retired, and drew her down to its twilight loneliness as if with the bands of longing. There she seemed to hear the sounds of a stringed instrument sounding upwards to her from a distant shady part of the garden, at first gently, then louder. It was a lute, and it was played with a practised hand. Under the protection of the hour, which had bound the owner of the house in sleep, it seemed that the singer had ventured in this lonely part of the garden to give free course to his love of music, or to his complaints. Hildegard now thought that she saw him wandering amid the bushes, and that she recognised his figure. The air was soft and melancholy; and at times a low and melodious tenor voice joined in. What would she not have given to catch the words of the song! for that it was Schoreel, who at this hour practised a second art of the Muses with happy success, became by degrees indubitable.

The notes sounded now for a while at the same distance; she saw also the singer no more wandering through the bushes; and as it occurred to her, that just in this part of the garden the beds of hyacinths were spread out, where she yesterday morning, for the first time, saw that figure; as she recollected to have seen stone seats round the water-basins, where one might comfortably rest, and the beautiful moonlight at the place permitted them to be seen, so she no more doubted that Schoreel had sat down there; that his lute sounded up to her from the place where he had first met her; and one pleasing reflection arose out of another. At this moment she thought she heard the deep rough voice of a man, that called to the singer, and at the same time drowned the tones of the lute and the song. The man spoke in an animated manner; she distinctly recognised the youth's voice, replying in a calm, but firm, tone to the abuse of some unknown person. The rough voice exclaimed, "There he sits, and makes night-music before the window of his fair one: go to your room, you have nothing to do here!"

"Before whose window?" exclaimed Schoreel; "I know not who dwells here."

"Another may know that," angrily replied the rough voice, which Hildegard now thought she recognised to be that of Mabüse; "we know your arts already: it is by such servilities, such coxcombical fooleries, that silly women, and the ignorant great, are entrapped, and the praise carried off from those who possess the true art, but who are indeed ashamed of such tricks."

"Mabüse, you insult me!" exclaimed the youth, excited; and Hildegard trembled at her window.

"Do you feel yourself hit?" cried the other; "yes, it is true I am no carpet-knight, as we hear you termed; and about such fooleries"—he struck the lute, so that it groaned again—"I don't trouble myself."

"Go!" exclaimed Schoreel, in a tone of blended calmness and decision; "go to bed! You have drunk too much. I shall therefore not resent your ill-breeding as it deserves."

"Resent! you villain! and this to your master!" exclaimed Mabüse, transported with rage; "stop, I will chastise you with the naked sword."

"That is too much," cried Schoreel; and Hildegard heard immediately the clashing of swords. Distracted with anguish, and without reflecting on the consequences of her step, she threw on her veil and mantle, and hastened to separate the combatants. To her horror, she found the door of the entrance-room fastened. She resolved to waken the pages that slept in it. It was long before the youths, drowned in sleep, could be made to comprehend what their terrified mistress wanted; but the equerry had the key of the entrance-room, and slept in her father's apartment.

"No matter!" exclaimed the anguished Hildegard. "Waken him, and also my father, should it be necessary. I know he will gladly sacrifice his rest to prevent a murder."

The noise had already awakened Herr von Desenitz, who entered the room, and saw with astonishment his daughter and the awakened pages. It was explained to him what was dreaded; he shook his head thoughtfully, and said, "I fear we shall mix in business that does not belong to us, and shall receive little thanks for it." But Hildegard would

listen to no objection; she drew her father out, the doors were unlocked, and they hastened to the spot pointed out in the garden. All was silent; no one to be heard or seen.

The father was about to be merry on the subject, and to scold his daughter as a dreamer, when one of the pages, who was examining the open place in the moonlight, exclaimed, "Here are traces of blood!" These words struck Hildegard with a cold shuddering; she was unable to approach the spot pointed out by the page. Whose blood was it? and what had happened? The pages, by their master's orders, followed the traces, which led to the other side of the house, where the painter lodged, and were lost on the steps leading up to the higher apartments. Hildegard trembled so, that her father was obliged to lead her. He took all for the effect of fright, and endeavoured to calm the young lady by saying that "if one of the combatants had been severely wounded, he would have been found, and there must have been far more alarm in the castle."

All laid themselves down again; but Hildegard could not sleep. Confused images assaulted her imagination: what Mabuse had said; the jealousy he had expressed of Schoreel remained in her memory; and must she not say to herself, that at least, if Schoreel shared the impression which the preceding day had produced in her, he could not conduct himself otherwise? In the midst of her anguish and care, a flattering hope whispered fondly to her; and it was not till the morning star glimmered in the east, that she closed her wearied eyes.

It was bright day, and the sun stood high in the heavens, when at length she awoke. Her first thoughts were of the painter-youth, and the occurrences of the preceding night. But the brightness of day exercised its might also over Hildegard's mind. She was ashamed of the thoughtless haste with which she had, some hours before, frightened her people out of their sleep; and, perhaps, betrayed more than was agreeable to her. Towards her women, when they came to dress her, she preserved a cautious silence; for she might well suppose that if any misfortune, or any thing at

all of importance in the castle, had occurred, they would tell her of it. Nothing was spoken about, except respecting the preceding day, the young monarch and the splendour of the festival.

At Hildegard's request, her father caused inquiry to be made; but without betraying any thing respecting the night-adventure. He, however, heard nothing to confirm her conjectures, or that could throw any light on the obscure occurrence. She was therefore obliged to exercise patience till the bell for refreshment, at eleven o'clock, summoned all the dwellers in the castle to table. The guests assembled, the servants entered upon their occupations; neither of the two painters appeared; and Hildegard was uncertain whether they only failed to appear to-day, or were accustomed to do so formerly. A conversation now took place close to her, which rivetted her whole attention. The marquis alluded to an unpleasant occurrence; and the guest at his side replied: "And do you know, my lord, the reason of his non-appearance?"

"Nothing certain is known," replied the marquis; "it is only supposed that a dispute with his master has occasioned it."

"With Mabüse? That is very possible. Mabüse is a rude and conceited fellow."

"I do not know whether you noticed yesterday how evidently dissatisfied Mabüse was with the applause which was so richly bestowed upon Schoreel even by his majesty. Artists are an exceedingly jealous and irritable race. I noticed that Mabüse left the saloon with almost rude suddenness."

"Indeed! I was too much occupied with the pictures to notice what took place besides."

"And last night"—here the marquis lowered his voice, so that Hildegard could with difficulty understand—"last night it came to a dispute, and ended in the two painters drawing their weapons on each other. The young man had come to serenade a fair one, whom he had selected in I know not what region of the castle. Mabüse came up and disturbed him; an opportunity for a quarrel was soon found by that half-drunk and enraged individual. Schoreel, however, knew how to use the sword as well as the pencil; for Mabüse, it appears,

received a tolerably deep wound in the arm, which he has given out to have arisen from a fall down stairs; and Schoreel came off with a whole skin; for this morning he came to my anteroom to request an audience, and to disclose his anxiety to me to set out on a journey immediately, owing to his having just received an important piece of intelligence."

"And is he gone?"

"More than two hours ago. He conducted himself with all the propriety that one is accustomed to meet with only among persons of birth; and yet he never forgot the difference between us. I spoke kindly to him; for it appeared he had not formed his resolution without an inward struggle, and that it gave him pain to part. He acknowledged my kindness, thanked me very cordially for my goodness in permitting him to remain in my house; and promised that when he should have travelled through Germany and Italy, he would return; but he remained fixed in his resolution."

"It is a pity! Schoreel is a young man of fine endowments, and I fear that one or other of these countries will keep him from us. The princes are now fond of mixing with artists and distinguished men. This is particularly the case in Italy, and has brought the arts to that high degree of cultivation in which they stand there."

"I shall be sorry to lose him. My design in receiving him here was the same. I should have liked to have kept him in Brussels."

"And Mabiuse? Or was it your intention to keep both?"

"There is no depending on Mabiuse, a mad-brained and wild-living man. Think only of the vexatious story of yesterday, with the paper dress. He had, who knows, sold the damask, or gambled it away. It was fortunate that the emperor saw it in a ludicrous light. This could never have happened with Schoreel, who would in every respect have been an honour to my court."

The conversation between the two individuals now turned to other subjects.

Hildegard felt torn in her inmost soul. She ate no more; she was swallowed up in gloomy thoughts: in vain those sit-

ting next to her spoke to her ; she scarcely heard them speak. He was gone ! She knew not where, or whether she would ever see him again. Oh, how much rather she wished that he had been wounded, but near her, than now to learn, on hearing the first intelligence about him, that he was already many miles distant !

Her appearance astonished every one. Her aunt spoke to her ; her father looked towards her with concern ; no one could think but that she was ill.

Several other persons had collected around her ; for her altered appearance had struck every one. This general notice distressed her ; the tears came into her eyes. "Certainly," she exclaimed vehemently, "there is nothing ails me. I ask nothing. I need nothing, save rest."

She was permitted to depart. She left the room, her father and aunt following her. But she looked not around. Quicker than they could follow her, she flew through the rooms, across the long passages to her apartment, shut the door, and throwing herself on her bed, broke out into a long and painfully-repressed fit of crying.

Towards evening her father came to her room, half anxious, half angry. His anger disappeared at the sight of his pale, and, notwithstanding her present suffering, still beautiful daughter.

She confessed that she had not been well ; the bustle and noise had distressed her, and still more the inquiries and the crowd ; she was now better, and would make her appearance at the supper-table. There the universal subject of conversation was the news that the young painter, with whom they had been happy to become acquainted, had unexpectedly left the castle that morning. Every one expressed his regret and conjectures. Some had no doubt that the cause arose from a misunderstanding with Mabuse, and his vulgar manners ; for many had observed, as well as the marquis, the evident dissatisfaction of the latter with the applause that Schoreel's pictures had received. Others wished to know something about the combat that had taken place between them. Others, again, thought that some love-adventure was at the

bottom of the affair. They had heard music in the garden, and knew that Schoreel was a masterly performer, as well as an accomplished poet: his song had reference to some lady; and the sudden departure of the too-dangerous youth was nothing but the effect of a jealous suspicion, or of a stormy encounter with the lover of the fair one.

It was with difficulty that Hildegard stopped till the conclusion of the supper. She ate nothing, said nothing; and it was plainly seen that she was in a state of suffering. Next day, after an almost sleepless night, she insisted on being taken to her aunt's at Mons; as the air of Brussels evidently did not agree with her. The aunt shook her head; the affair did not seem to her quite right: the father, who was unwilling to leave his old friend De Beeren, made objections. Hildegard persisted in her wish; the father loved his daughter too much to expose her health to possible danger; and so, on the following day after Schoreel had left Brussels, she took her departure.

Schoreel, in the mean time, was already at a considerable distance. He had bent his course towards Aix la Chapelle; for his views led him to Germany, where, in the cities, as well as in the castles of the nobility and in the rich monasteries, a full harvest of artistic enjoyments invited him; and many celebrated masters lived there, whom he intended by degrees to visit. He did not leave Brussels, however, with the tranquil bosom with which he had entered it a few weeks before. True, indeed, he did not then feel himself happy, for he was separated from his only dearest one; but there is a great difference between the melancholy feeling which, lying at the depths of our soul, passes, like a gentle complaining sound, through all that we think or do, and that restless, swelling pang, which, now raging, now cutting, flashes through the soul; aggravating every unpleasant occurrence, embittering every joyful one, and preventing us from enjoying any peace, by placing our wishes and duties in opposition to each other.

This species of discord Schoreel now felt. Four-and-twenty hours ago his mind was indeed sad, but peaceful; and

in that short period what events had been crowded together ! The appearance of the stranger at the flower-beds ; the emperor's arrival ; the honourable acknowledgment which his pictures had received ; the hours in the garden, where he thought, through the branches, that he could well see a fair figure at the window ; the rude interference of Mabuse ; and, last of all, the combat, in which he, without intending it, wounded the drunken man, whom he would gladly have spared.

When Mabuse's blood flowed, he dropped his sword, and supported by Schoreel, swearing and raging, partly out of shame, and partly on account of his wound, he went to his room. There it was, also, that Schoreel's better recollection returned. The manner in which Mabuse had spoken of the Lady von Desenitz ; the behaviour of the lady herself, who concealed not the impression which the young painter had made on her ; the tumult in Schoreel's breast ; the weakness with which he had allowed himself to confide his tender complaints to the thickets, and the consequences of this folly—all represented themselves to his excited mind in a glaring light. Added to this, came the clear perception of what had long floated before him—that to live for a continuance with a man of Mabuse's manners and way of thinking would be impossible ; and he resolved to carry into execution on the spot what he would, besides, soon have done, before Mabuse's rudeness circulated the story of that night in a way which would be equally unpleasant both to the lady and to Schoreel ; before, finally, an impression, whose danger to the peace of his mind he perceived, became still more powerful.

This resolution was completed in his mind during the night. He had seen what duty and delicacy required of him ; he arranged his affairs, and appeared before the marquis to take leave. When Mabuse heard of his intention, and Schoreel came to take leave of him, his better nature gained the mastery, and it was not without emotion that he parted from his worthy scholar and victor.

Schoreel had already proceeded all alone on his journey for some days, and still could not regain his lost peace ; and in this mood of mind the objects which formerly were wont to

excite his fancy in so lively a manner—nature in spring—the meadows bedecked with a thousand flowers—the woods, fresh attired with green—the enchanting effects of the morning and evening light—moved him less than formerly. He had become metamorphosed—he was no longer himself; and one image alone floated dazzlingly and attractively over the chaos of his feelings; and it seemed at times as if he would be irresistibly drawn back; as if he must return to Brussels, and there, at the feet of his mistress, avow his passion. Still his better self always triumphed over these effervescences of an unsettled imagination; and so he continued his journey, and had already reached the German territory, and was intending, after passing the night in a small village, to proceed farther at break of day. At early dawn he set out, and rode along the footpath which had been pointed out to him, leading to a river, and then to the highway. A storm which had occurred in the night had still left heavy clouds behind in the heavens; only in the farthest east glowed some streaks of gold and purple. He already heard, from afar, the rushing of the hemmed-in waves; and as he turned round a rocky corner, the stream rushed violently towards him, between the high masses of stone that rose up on both sides. The river made just here a curve from east to west; as Schoreel saw it, it seemed to flow towards him from the east. Pleasant hills appeared in the distance; and quite backwards, where the sky rested on the water, the dawn glowed in gold-yellow and deep purple clouds, floating like a blazing fire on the surface of the water, that reflected back the rays from the clouds in a thousand-fold blending of colours; while above him, and on both sides, the remains of the storm lay in dark clouds in the heavens, as if the night could never part from the earth. It was a wonderful spectacle, and agitated Schoreel's heart most powerfully,—this struggle of light with darkness, this unstable illumination, which clothed all objects in unwonted colours! And just so it was in his soul! In the background here, indeed, as in the picture drawn by nature—there was a bright spot—a recollection of Agatha, and the hope of again seeing her, and, with her, of leading a life devoted to God and to art. But

this spot was removed far back, and what immediately surrounded his soul was twilight and confusion.

He felt himself agitated,—it occurred to him that he had seen something similar before ; and at length there stood before his mind's eye the picture of the honoured Master Hemmeling, in which St. Christopher is represented carrying the child Jesus on his shoulder, in a gloomy landscape, across a river, while, behind, the dawn is kindling, and the sun rises up brightly. How often had he formerly stood before this picture ! How often had calm peace and pious elevation been diffused over his mind from it ! Such feelings began again to return ; and at this moment, like a sudden flash of lightning, the first sunbeam struck upwards on the edge of the horizon. The stream was a sea of flame ; the sublime brow of the sun raised itself up by degrees ; his disk now floated above the surface of the water ; all shadows now were scattered—all clouds flew away—light and brightness were diffused on all sides. And so in like manner day suddenly arose in Schoreel's soul. "Yes, O my God !" he exclaimed, "I will continue true to Thee, thy holy word, and Agatha, whom thy fatherly kindness has permitted me to find. Oh, give me grace, grant me thine aid, and strengthen me against the time of temptation !"

He had uttered this prayer aloud, and started with terror at his own voice in the deep solitariness of nature around him. But after delighting himself for a while with the glorious spectacle, he turned his horse and rode along the road, which shortly brought him to the town whither he was proceeding.

The image of Hildegard had sunk in deep shades. The whole time that he had passed in Brussels returned to his soul only like the recollection of a bad dream ; he had become tranquillised. Agatha's image stepped soothingly before his mind ; and in peaceful mood he passed through the cities of Germany, up the Rhine ; stopping every where long enough to view every thing worth seeing and copying, and learning from celebrated masters what was peculiarly excellent in each. Occasionally also he painted small pictures of a pious character ; and those whose features floated before his soul so clear and

lively, appeared also here, sometimes as saints, sometimes as pious suppliants; and no painting seemed to him completed, in which this homage of his inmost soul was not brought in, under some disguise. On some occasions he had met with an opportunity, through a traveller, of sending one or another of such productions to Master Cornelis at Amsterdam, as tokens of his industry and progress; and it was his quiet hope that the resemblance would be remarked, and the secret meaning of these gifts guessed, and Agatha thereby convinced of his love and fidelity; for it had never entered his mind to make vows to her by words, or to ask for a return of such vows from a girl scarcely yet fifteen years of age. The flame burned silently in his breast; and he was convinced, from his experience in Brussels, that it would burn so for ever. That Agatha was capable of equal perseverance he hoped, without knowing it. Therefore she ought to feel herself bound by nothing, save the inward necessity in her breast, that no man could ever be to her what the playmate of her youth had been, — the object of her first awakening feeling. By degrees the distance that separated them became greater. Schoreel approached the centre of the German empire, and arrived at Nürnberg, attracted by the name of Albert Dürer. He well could recognise in the German master a kindred mind; but Schoreel's character — the chief element of which was truthfulness, — could not become friendly with the change of faith of the German painter. He knew only one faith, like one love; and what his heart once embraced, he held fast for ever. There soon arose misunderstandings between him and Dürer, whose stingy, quarrelsome wife made also a residence with him unpleasant to every scholar. Schoreel, therefore, soon parted from him; and leaving Nürnberg, passed onwards through Ratisbon, and Inspruck, to Italy and the eternal city, — led thither by his silent wishes.

He had reached Venice. The crowd of people of all nations and costumes; the splendid palaces, the magnificently adorned churches; so many precious articles there found brought together; the lively public life of the Italians; — all operated wonderfully, but agreeably, on his mind. He had, during

many days, partly in the gondola, and partly on foot, wandered through the streets and public places of the city; seen much, and taken sketches of what had appeared most remarkable. There he stood before the ducal palace, and viewed that wonderful building, its arches, galleries, and high walls, that ascended far above the roof; when suddenly he heard at his ear the sounds of his mother-tongue, and saw three young persons, one of whom he perceived to be a friar, but the other two, who were in the costume of laymen, he supposed to be sons of citizens, or artists. They appeared, like himself, to be gazing on the buildings of St. Mark's place; and, approaching them, he could not resist the impulse which he felt to speak to them. They seemed also delighted to meet with a countryman so far from home. The two laymen turned out to be natives of Antwerp; one, the son of a worthy citizen, who had sent him to a friend at Venice, to learn his business; the other, a brown-eyed youth, full of mother-wit and waggishness, was a goldsmith, who had travelled to Italy, where Benvenuto Cellini, and other masters of this art, then flourished, in order to carry on his trade with higher taste. He had now the intention of returning to the Low Countries; and money transactions had brought him in contact with his countryman. The third individual, the friar, appeared to Schoreel to be by far the person of greatest consequence. Although a very young man, yet the dignity of his bearing, as well as the mind that breathed throughout his conversation, shewed that in him a better nature bore rule. He had come to Venice on the affairs of his order, for the purpose of accompanying some pilgrims to the Holy Land, whither also his own wishes and longings were directed. He and Schoreel soon became mutually acquainted and attached to each other. The merry goldsmith, also, did not permit himself to be refused; and the honest tradesman, who brought, at least, to their meetings, a good-humoured temper and a full purse. Our countrymen kept firm together, visiting in company churches, workshops, and collections; or they made excursions to the country; on which occasions the friar, who had been longer at Venice, became their well-informed guide, and was useful to them in

many ways ; for he was acquainted with the most distinguished artists, and received with esteem in the palaces of many great men.

The goldsmith, in his jovial way, soon suspected the cause of Schoreel's quiet thoughtfulness ; and in a lonely walk on the banks of the Brenta, drew to light the secret of his timid bias. It was in truth very disagreeable to Schoreel ; but his merry companion had a peculiar way of questioning, advising, and putting things together ; so that at length he learned what he wanted to know, and yet he seemed so true-hearted that it was difficult to be angry with him on account of his want of discretion.

As Schoreel had now, against his will, found a confidant who spoke to him whenever they were alone about his maiden in Amsterdam, he gave at last free scope to his long pent-up feelings, and became accustomed to speak with his new friend about what hitherto had been deeply concealed in his own breast by a delicate modesty. In the mean while, although he could speak with Vandonk, for that was the goldsmith's name, of his love and of his apprenticeship in the house of Master Cornelis, yet there was nothing else besides that drew him to the very light and too jovial comrade, who was certainly not quite so wild as Mabüse, but yet lived far too irregularly to win Schoreel's approbation, who found much more satisfaction in intercourse with the friar. Here one well-ordered mind attracted another. Father Cyril had been much in the world, and had learned to know mankind by travelling and the confessional. Schoreel listened to his accounts of his travels and experience, and of the Holy Land, for which he was now about to depart.

Bright sparks fell from this conversation in the young painter's susceptible soul. Distant countries pictured themselves in a wonderful manner to his mind,—their peculiar climates, sights, plants, inhabitants, manners, and costumes ; and with this was powerfully associated the calm hope of praying at the grave of the Saviour, of visiting all consecrated places, and of purifying himself from every stain of sin at the holy spot. At last the determination was formed in Schoreel's

mind of accompanying the worthy man, who had in so many respects appeared to him as a guiding-star on his path, to Palestine, whither the friar was purposing to set sail with the next ship, the expected pilgrims having in the mean time collected together.

Father Cyril heard with inward joy the young man's wish, to part from whom would have been hard ; but yet he held it to be his duty to call his attention, as inexperienced, to all the difficulties and dangers that threatened them on the way, and also at the end of their journey. But Schoreel had not, after the manner of young people, formed his resolution in an ebullition of eagerness or of youthful inconsiderateness. He had not only already, in a clear and calm manner, weighed every thing with himself, but had also taken counsel of God, as well as of his own wishes. So irrevocably fixed was his resolution, that Father Cyril at length desisted from dissuading him, and joyfully received his countryman, now become dear to him, among the number of the pilgrims confided to his protection.

But before Schoreel set out on his voyage, he thought he would send intelligence to the beloved one, to Master Cornelis, and to his relations at Amsterdam, informing them of what had occurred to him hitherto, and also of what was his intention at present. Vandonk, who intended in a few weeks to proceed home through Germany, appeared to him to be the fittest messenger. He gave him, along with the best good wishes for Master Cornelis, a landscape of the surrounding scenery, painted at Venice ; and for Agatha he devoted a beautifully worked golden chain, and a portrait of the pious virgin and martyr whose name was borne by his mistress, and in whose lovely, pure features the same resemblance had unobservedly crept in which Hildegard had already perceived in the picture at Brussels.

The portrait was beautifully painted, and full of deep feeling ; it was, besides, depicted with so much peculiarity of expression, the master had viewed it often with such longing looks, that Vandonk need not have been so cunning as he certainly was in order soon to suspect the concealed truth.

•

Yet he said nothing, because Schoreel, who had otherwise confided so much to him, seemed to wish to make a secret of this circumstance; but an idea was fixed in the heart of the petulant youth, which he determined to carry out when the opportunity offered.

The day of departure for Schoreel and Father Cyril arrived. They went on board the ship, followed by their two countrymen, in order to partake of a joyous farewell repast with them. They then returned on shore; the ship raised her anchor, amid the joyous shouts of the crew, and set sail with a fresh north wind into the wide Adriatic Sea.

Vandonk and his companion, the tradesman's son, remained for a few days longer in Venice. They then took a view of some of the cities of Upper Italy, and returned home through Germany. Often during this long journey the merry goldsmith amused himself with looking at the portrait which his new friend had confided to him; and the features of this St. Agatha imprinted themselves, the oftener he viewed them, the deeper on his memory. He could never doubt that his love-lorn friend had copied his mistress herself in this form. Many other artists of this and preceding times would have borne testimony to this method, even if the individual character worn by the saint had not of itself, to a practised eye, led to the conjecture that it was not a mere idea that was here embodied. And how beautiful was that form! What youthful freshness! what piety and gracefulness,—bright and childlike at the same time!

The goldsmith arrived in Amsterdam, where friends and relations welcomed the long absent one with joy. One of his first concerns was to inquire after Master Cornelis; for it weighed upon him to deliver the pledges intrusted to him, and to become acquainted with the original of the saint. He was directed aright; and found in every respect more than he expected;—in the master, an accomplished artist; in Agatha, not only the original of the portrait of which he was the bearer, but the two years which had since elapsed had made her from an opening bud a blooming rose. Agatha

•

was more than pretty, she was enchanting; and a child-like bashfulness that overspread her fair countenance with a gentle blush, not only at every word that the stranger addressed to her, but at every expressive look that he directed to her, made her so beautiful in Vandonk's eyes, that he was secretly angry with his friend, whose fancy had painted her so insufficiently.

It was a victory which his better being gained over many an ignoble emotion in his breast, that at the second visit which he made to the painter's house, he delivered his commission rightly, and did not embezzle the whole gift, as a spirit of darkness had whispered to him from the first moment that he saw Agatha.

Master Jacob received the gifts that were brought with the liveliest joy; and the maiden with the most beautiful blushes. The former remarked with pleasure on the progress which Schoreel had made in his art in two years; and the Italian style of the villas and houses that were represented in the picture, the warm southern tone, the hues of the sky, the forms of the plants,—all deeply proclaimed the foreign master; for it was a new world to Cornelis at that time, when travelling was among the rare means of improvement, and men, and the mode of living, were not so unsettled, and easy of change, as in our days, and consequently the contemplation of distant regions had something of wonderful and surprising.

Agatha was too rejoiced, and was too modest a maiden, to express loudly her delight at receiving the portrait and chain; and, above all, to give the least idea that she had remarked the likeness in the features of the saint. But the playmate of her childhood, the youth on whom her awakening feeling first was fixed, and whose image in the two long years of separation, owing to the uncertainty of his return, had already begun somewhat to grow pale in her breast, was by this means again recalled to her recollection in a lively manner. Schoreel, and the beautiful time that she had passed with him, stood again bright before her. She felt painfully his absence, and began again to speak with the stranger quite

earnestly ; for Vandonk had, from peculiar reasons, said little the first day about the painter's further plans.

An opportunity soon occurred. Vandonk, who, like the goldsmiths of his time, was much more an artist than a mechanic, had much to see, to learn, and to ask at Master Cornelis's house. Thither he was attracted by his love of art, and—another charm still. Cornelis soon began to like the clever young man, who had seen much of the world, learned much, and worked bravely ; and besides, being of a very lively disposition, made himself agreeable in society, by being able to relate his adventures. The goldsmith next day brought the painter a drawing, in order, as he said, to ask his advice. The men placed themselves at the window to consider it, until evening came on ; and the two women in the back part of the room, by the stove, only saw well enough to draw the threads out of the rock. The mother then began, moved thereto by the daughter, to lead the conversation to Schoreel, his travels, and the probable time of his return.

"As to that," replied Vandonk, "there is little certain to be said. I think that he does not know himself. He is urged forward by his genius ; and that he must follow, if he would become a true artist."

"Yes, indeed—yes, indeed !" added Master Jacob ; "the young people are to be envied, who can see all that themselves, about which we old people are obliged to be contented with a scanty description, or now and then a picture, such as my John sends me."

"He will also, no doubt, visit Rome," continued the mother, "to see the holy father, to receive his blessing, and to view what is remarkable in the first city of Christendom."

"No doubt," replied Vandonk ; "only *when* he will do that is still uncertain."

"Why so?" asked the mother ; "I think he is on the way thither. It is not so far from Venice to Rome."

"It is always far enough," replied the young man, "when one goes the straight road thither ; but when one goes such roundabout ways as our Schoreel ——"

"Roundabout ways ! how so ?" inquired the mother.

"Yes, indeed, 'all roads lead to Rome,' is a well-known proverb; but from Venice to Rome, by Jerusalem, is certainly one of the farthest about."

"By Jerusalem!" exclaimed the mother, while the threads fell from her hand, and Agatha's heart's blood became stagnant.

"What did you say?" inquired Master Cornelis; "has Schoreel gone to Jerusalem?"

"As I said," continued Vandonk; who then related all that the reader already knows, and concluded with the words, "He took ship with the pilgrims, three days before I left Venice, intending to return before the end of a year. But, Heaven knows, who can tell whether any one will arrive there, much less return from such a journey, where baggage must be carried through sandy wastes, among heathens and Arab robber-hordes?"

Agatha and her mother were silent from terror; the picture of the dangers which the goldsmith had represented made even the father thoughtful, and he said, after a short pause, "Yes, indeed; the road which our John now takes was journeyed before him by many thousand pious Christians, and many thousands will still make the same journey."

"Yes, when they have bound themselves by a vow thereto," said the mother, interrupting him.

"Is that, perhaps, the case with Master Schoreel?" was the only inquiry which Agatha ventured to slip in.

"Not to my knowledge," replied Vandonk. "It was his own free determination; the wish to see distant lands; to pray also at the tomb of our Lord and Saviour; and by personal inspection of all those foreign objects to enrich his art."

"A praiseworthy determination!" replied the father. "I like to see that in a young artist, when the ardent desire of perfecting himself makes him disregard many difficulties."

"But so many dangers, such a long separation, and so uncertain a return!" sighed the mother, and by her tone shewed clearly her mistrust of the step; and Vandonk succeeded, as was his aim, in disseminating discontent with the absent individual.

Schoreel, in the mean time, bravely continued his laborious journey. In Candia, Cyprus, on all shores where he landed, he took sketches of the most interesting views, was received every where with esteem, and at length happily reached his journey's end. The holy city, its environs, Bethlehem, the banks of the Jordan, places hallowed by pious recollections, were the objects alike of his devotions—which he performed with deeply-moved heart at the same places where the Saviour walked with his apostles and disciples—and of his diligence. He carried views of all these places away in his sketch-book, and so collected on the spot treasures of recollection that were exceedingly useful to him in his future labours.

After he had seen every thing to his satisfaction, painted much, left behind him many valuable memorials of his art, and carried away still more precious spoils from these regions, he took ship once more with his pious fellow-traveller, and returned to Europe.

His fame had preceded him. In Rhodes by the Knights of St. John, in Venice, at Milan, Florence, Rome, which he now visited, he was every where treated with the greatest distinction. Hadrian of Utrecht, a Netherlander, formerly the instructor of Charles V., had ascended the papal throne, under the name of Hadrian the Sixth. He was delighted to see his distinguished countryman in Rome, loaded him with marks of favour, shewed him all the treasures of art, and would gladly have kept him for ever in Rome. Similar offers were made to him by Francis I., king of France. Monarchs, and great ones of the earth, the most distinguished minds of that blooming time of humanity, when the richest natures unfolded themselves in beautiful harmony of the mental and corporeal powers, and on thrones, as in the closets of the studious, in the field, and in the cabinet, a race of heroes seemed to have arisen upon earth—all vied with each other in acknowledging Schoreel as one among their foremost ranks, and treated him everywhere with honour and distinction. The youthful artist was well sensible of these laudatory acknowledgments, and rejoiced at them; but he rejoiced still more at the beautiful talent which God had bestowed upon

him—a talent which he resolved, with greater earnestness than ever, to devote, with pious and earnest mind, to the glory of his Creator; and by means of pictures, painted in the spirit of faith, to inflame the hearts of his contemporaries with the same devotion which animated himself.

This pious feeling preserved him from the dangerous rock of excessive self-esteem, on which but too easily highly-endowed minds are shipwrecked, when borne up high upon it by the waves of universal applause. Schoreel ever continued modest and humble; he acknowledged the merits of others, when he met with them; and by such a temper disarmed many an enemy. In this simple and honest temper he refused all the brilliant offers made, either with a view to detain him in Italy, or to attract him to other countries and foreign courts. He knew only one object,—to return home to his beloved fatherland, and there to bring back to his only true-beloved his unviolated heart.

With this desire, he tore himself away from Rome, from all the glories of art, from all friendly advances, and hastened back over the Alps to Germany. In order not to be detained on his journey, as was the case in Italy, by too many marks of honour, invitations, appointments, &c., he had formed the resolution to travel unknown, and as quickly as possible. Attended by one servant, who followed him on horseback, and carried the sketch-books and other property, he journeyed across the mountains of Carinthia and Steiermark, where the serene aspect of nature, the picturesque forms of the hills, the waterfalls, the deep loneliness of the valleys and ravines, made an impression upon him quite different, but not the less powerful, from all preceding scenes which he had witnessed. He could not deny himself, in spite of the haste with which he had determined to continue his journey, from occasionally stopping, and descending from horseback, at some very attractive spot, and committing to his sketch-book what had so attracted his eye. He was one day sitting thus beneath the shade of a chestnut-tree, and was endeavouring to sketch a wild group of rocks, that rose up before him, and behind which the half-hid towers and pinnacles of a castle shewed them-

selves. While thus eagerly engaged, he did not hear the din of a hunting-party, which had been for some time approaching, until the loud baying of the hounds, the shrill sounds of the horns, and the clattering of the horsemen occasioned by the horses breaking through the thicket, aroused him from his dream. He gathered his materials hastily together; for a horseman, not far from the spot where he sat, was just on the point of pushing through the bushes. He had now come up—an elderly gentleman, clad in a short hunting-jacket. A lady followed him, accompanied by several huntsmen. They allowed their horses to take breath for a moment on a little spot of meadow-ground; and Schoreel, to whom this interruption was most inopportune, was on the point of withdrawing, and mounting his horse, which his servant held by the bridle beside his own, when a voice, that pierced his inmost soul, called out his name with a tone of surprise.

The artist looked around him, and recognised Hildegard von Desenitz, who stood before the hunting-party beside her father! A strange feeling seized him, of mingled joy, surprise, and vexation. Every occurrence which threatened to detain him on his journey was displeasing to him; the present was the most disagreeable of all, for it was not only dangerous to his time, but excited recollections which he had long ago buried. The knight also immediately knew him, and drawing up his horse, saluted him with the utmost cordiality.

"Is it accident," began the old gentleman, "that has brought you into my territory; or dare I flatter myself that the celebrated Schoreel, whose name fills Italy and more than one quarter of the globe, has done me the honour of a visit?"

Schoreel for a moment hesitated, but acknowledged that he had no idea of being so near the residence of an honoured and well-known family; and that, in fact, he could not allow himself to yield to the wish, during so hurried a return home, to pay visits to esteemed individuals.

"And why are you in such haste?" inquired the knight. "Have you received an invitation from some prince, or an order for some great work? I heard that the King of France ——"

‘Not at all,’ replied Schoreel, interrupting him, and a slight blush overspread his countenance; “besides, it was not possible for me to listen to this very honourable invitation. Family affairs render my presence necessary at home.”

“Family affairs,” repeated the knight slowly and doubtfully; “I thought I had heard that your parents were no longer living, and that you had no sister.”

“Unfortunately I have neither,” replied Schoreel firmly; “but I have relations and friends. I must return to Amsterdam as quickly as possible.”

“That you may do, as you ought and must, Master Schoreel,” replied the knight; “but for this night you must do me the honour to put up at my castle.”

Schoreel said something that sounded like an excuse. The knight interrupted him by saying, “I shall take no excuse. Pass the night with me you must; evening is coming on, and the inn at the next market-town which you intend reaching will not be a better residence than my house, in which I shall esteem myself honoured by receiving you.”

What could Schoreel do? Without seeming rude, it was impossible to refuse the proffered hospitality. He therefore respectfully returned thanks, mounted his horse, and the company took the way to the castle. The two gentlemen placed the lady between them, while the troop of huntsmen and Schoreel’s servant followed at proper distances. The conversation became animated. Hildegard summoned up all the amiability of her nature, in order to entertain the worthy guest in the most agreeable manner. She was, to his astonishment, acquainted with nearly all that had taken place since their separation; had succeeded in seeing some of his more distinguished paintings, and knew the subjects of several others; in short, it could not escape Schoreel that either his works or himself must be of great importance to her. Added to this, every look at the beautiful woman whose charming figure on the lofty palfrey seemed still more beautiful, whose features were animated by joy—joy which his arrival had given her, whose words fell so sweet and flatteringly on his youthful soul—every such look involved him still more in the

net which began again to draw his susceptible heart into its meshes. He well knew the danger, but he saw for the moment no possibility of withdrawing himself.

The woody ravine in which they had at first met was now left behind. The road wound round the rock, whose back part Schoreel had commenced sketching, and ascended by degrees. They were now half-way up ; another and brighter scene began to appear, the golden light of evening beamed through the scattered stems of the trees, and their steeds now trod a piece of meadow-ground on the outskirts of the wood. Before them to the left a lovely valley of some extent was spread out, where corn-fields and gardens, watered by clear streams, presented a delightful prospect, and the blue evening vapour arose from the scattered groups of foundries, mingled with the smoke of forges and smelting-houses. To the right, enthroned on a rocky summit, around which were higher ridges of hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, overgrown with dark pines, stood the castle of the Knight of Desenitz, a building of varied structure, whose pinnacles and windows now gleamed in the golden radiance of the setting sun ; and whose walls, ramparts, towers, and bastions, declared its strong condition. The whole formed a beautiful landscape, in which the charming figure of the huntress on horseback, the old knight by her side, the mounted retinue, now in varied groups emerging from the dark wood, imparted an embellishment in the highest degree attractive, and over which the beauty of the evening, the magic of the meeting, and Hildegard's courtesy diffused an agreeable charm.

"Here is my castle," began now the knight, pointing with his hand ; "and there below lies more than one village inhabited by my vassals. Look here, and here," he continued," beckoning to Schoreel to follow him, and riding out into a little spot of oval ground, so that the plains around, down to the right and left, were more visible, shewing him all his possessions, upon which his ancestral castle, visible from every point of them, looked down with lordly and paternal aspect. Hildegard followed them. She pointed out to the young man the loveliest views and the picturesque points of

the country. She knew well how with artist feeling to describe the whole; and Schoreel, however stedfastly he had resolved to be upon his guard, found it impossible wholly to arm himself against the charm with which the enchanting being at his side laid hold of him, and, through his senses of hearing and seeing, penetrated his heart.

The conversation increased in interest; and as they turned their horses, and rode slowly up the rest of the way to the castle, through the lofty gates, defended by a drawbridge and portcullis, and arrived at the court-yard by a flight of steps, Schoreel had forgotten his first intentions.

Quicker than the lady's equerry, he descended from horseback, and stood beside her palfrey to hold the stirrup, and assist her in alighting. An indescribable glance from her eye, and a marked pressure of her hand, rewarded his knightly obligingness. Hildegard retired for some moments to put off her hunting-attire; and returned in the garb of a modest maiden, in a close, black dress, a lace collar standing up high about her neck, and wearing a broad gold chain, one end of which hung down in front to her ankle. She wore on her head a small cap, curled with gold points; and above that, a little inclining to the left ear, a small black velvet hat, ornamented with two white feathers.

She seemed to the painter more lovely than ever when he saw her managing in her own house, attending to her father's comfort, and superintending every thing by her directing looks. At supper, which was soon after brought up in the lofty ancestral hall, affording a view over the whole country, Schoreel could well perceive what honour was intended him; and, on this occasion, Hildegard sat at the head of the table, with her father and the stranger guest on each hand. At a little distance the inmates of the house were ranged around according as their birth, or the nature of their services, pointed out their place at the knight's table.

When Schoreel reached his chamber, at a late hour, he was nearly incapable of reflecting calmly on the events of the day. Hildegard's enchanting figure swam before his gaze. Whenever he looked, he met the thrilling glances of those beautiful

hazle eyes, whose fire was softened by their humid veil ; in the rustling of the night-wind, that rushed through the open window, he fancied he heard the flute-like tones of her voice ; and thus at last he sank into the arms of sleep, which pleasingly prolonged in its dreams the enchantment of the day.

Next morning, when his servant, as he had ordered, came to ask when he should prepare for setting out, an unpleasant feeling spread itself over him, and he was silent. The servant asked again.

"There is time enough," replied Schoreel. "I will take care to tell you."

"Will you remain, then, your worship?" exclaimed the man. "Ah, that is wise! I was afraid that we must be off again; and it is very comfortable here."

"Very well, very well!" exclaimed Schoreel: "go and get ready! Probably we shall set out to-day."

"Oh dear!" said the young fellow, scratching his ear, and slipping out at the door. He was met by Von Desenitz's own servant, who came to inquire, in the name of the knight, how his master had slept, and whether he would like to amuse himself, to-day, with hunting, or with fishing in the neighbouring lake, or in what other way he would like to recreate himself.

Ashamed of this attention, Schoreel requested the servant to present his thanks, and to say that he would come immediately himself and receive his commands. Schoreel then called his servant, told him to bring one of his (Schoreel's) best suits, in which he dressed himself carefully; for less he could not do in return for so much politeness; and went to wait upon the master of the house. Von Desenitz received him with respect and courtesy, and informed him that he quite reckoned on retaining so distinguished a guest for at least a few days in his house; and made it impossible, as Schoreel had half resolved, to leave the castle that day. The knight made it his duty to shorten his guest's time with varied entertainments. He conducted him over his castle, which was extensive, and built with all the splendour of that period. Here also it was evident to Schoreel why, as an

artist, he met with such an honourable reception. The castle contained a treasure in works of art. Portraits, intaglios, works in ivory, gold, embossed and enamelled, adorned the sideboards, the armories, the salons; and also some printed books, that were then beginning to take the place of mss., and were as yet rarities, were shewn to him; and in Hildegard's apartment he found the whole apparatus of an artist,—easels and pictures finished or in progress. Her subjects, according to the custom then commencing in Italy, were taken from heathen mythology, or were of an allegorical character, cleverly drawn, and in good taste. The young man stood among these productions strangely agitated, and unable to unriddle the feelings that crowded his breast.

To leave on that day was now not to be thought of; and for to-morrow, a ride to the neighbouring villages and a hunting-party after dinner were arranged. Schoreel therefore gave up all idea of it again. Hildegard met him in the garden, and received his praises of her pictures in a manner so peculiar, that Schoreel's pride was flattered in the most delicate manner, his imagination was captivated, and his resolution began to give way. One day passed, and another; and at length half the week had vanished in a kind of pleasing intoxication, in ingenious gratifications, in pleasant society, and occupied with art. Hildegard had resolved not to let the presence of one of the greatest masters of his age pass without advantage as regarded her own progress. She had now one question, and now another, to put to Schoreel respecting her works. She submitted her opinions to him so flatteringly, she kept him so closely fixed to her easel while being thus instructed by him, that he must do—if he would not seem ill bred—whatever his kind hostess wished from a guest so honoured; and he did it so willingly!

Hildegard noticed with growing pleasure the impression made upon the young man by the life passed beside her, and that the journey represented as so urgent could yet be so easily delayed. Her determination had been long formed, before she knew Schoreel. None but a distinguished man—one who filled the world with his fame—should receive her

hand. A hero—a statesman—or one of the most eminent artists—for they also were included in her calculation; and she would magnanimously disregard all considerations of rank, and favour a mortal so endowed by Heaven with the estate which should one day be hers,—with her beauty, and her talents; and lead by his side a brilliant and enviable life. She could depend upon her father's acquiescence in all that she thought necessary to her happiness. The meeting with Schoreel in Brussels, the agreeable impression made by his personal appearance, gave that undefined longing a firmer direction. From that time forward she always found means to know his proceedings; she learned his journey to Palestine; his honourable reception by the Pope; the offer of Francis I. She had also received intelligence of his return to Germany, and at the nearest large town which he should touch at on his way, a letter was waiting from her father, inviting him in the most friendly terms to his castle. Accident conducted him thither sooner, and Hildegard thought she saw in it a favour from Heaven, that blessed her wishes.

Of all this Schoreel had, at the commencement, no suspicion. If, at times, in spite of all better intentions, a more lively feeling rose up in his heart for the infinitely-enchanted woman whom his fate—whether as a curse or a blessing he knew not—had brought so near; if he, from many of her looks and words, thought he could see the flame of a scarcely-concealed passion—yet, in the next moment, calm reflection struck down all these delusions; and the thought who Hildegard was, and who himself—what an abyss was fixed between them by birth and hereditary customs—dispelled every such conjecture as an idle delusion.

Amidst all these changing feelings one day succeeded another. Every evening when Schoreel, according to his custom, offered up his prayers, and demanded an account of the thoughts and feelings of the day, he formed the resolution that the next day should be the last which he would spend at the knight's castle; and every evening he felt his danger increase, because every evening the impression which Hildegard and himself mutually made on each other became

clearer ; and yet every succeeding morning he either missed the opportunity of speaking of his journey, or if he alluded to it as necessary, he wanted the power to resist the flattering entreaties to prolong his stay. He soon, however, could scarcely doubt of what he shortly before had banished to the region of dreams, that Hildegard deemed a serious alliance with him possible ; and he shuddered when the thought first appeared clear to him. This was an additional motive for taking leave with all haste ; and the intention of communicating his departure to the knight to-morrow presented itself firmly to his mind. He passed a sleepless night over it. Hildegard's enchanting beauty, and Agatha's quiet charms, the fidelity that his heart had vowed to her, and the undissembled passion which the former displayed, struggled in his breast. In the mean time he was in no doubt as to what he should do ; and even if his fidelity to Agatha had not decided him, his pride would have done it ; for the reflection was insupportable of seeing the partner of his life descend to him from so lofty a rank, or of thanking her entirely for a brilliant existence. He summoned, therefore, all his powers, and entering the knight's room in the morning, disclosed to him his determination to begin at last his journey homewards, which he ought not to have delayed so long. The knight's surprise at this announcement — who probably, from his daughter's information, had anticipated quite differently — was evident.

"Your determination surprises me, Master Schoreel," replied Von Desenitz, after a moment's silence ; "I must confess that I was not prepared for it."

"And yet," replied Schoreel, with downcast looks, "I had even from my entrance into this hospitable castle announced it, and since——"

"Never seriously again mentioned it," interrupted the knight. "I can also assure you that neither myself nor my daughter thought any more about it ; we thought we had shewn you how welcome you were here."

Schoreel was silent, and continued to fix his gaze on the floor.

"We believed," continued the knight, "that you might

have discovered my own and my daughter's disposition during this time, from our conduct towards you; we thought, at last, from your stopping——"

"I feel my error," replied Schoreel, with suppressed voice; "I know that I ought to have done sooner what I must do now; and the longer the more difficult it is to do."

"Does my daughter know your determination?" inquired the knight.

"Not yet," replied Schoreel: "I wished to intreat you, sir knight, to communicate it to her."

"By no means," replied the knight, quickly: "do not expect me to do that. Go yourself to her; and if you can form the design of leaving us, have also the courage to tell Hildegard of it." So saying, Von Desenitz turned quickly round, and left the room.

Schoreel remained in a state of painful embarrassment. A thousand flattering ideas began to rise within him, and, juggling his eyes, seemed to upbraid him with the useless folly of too strict notions. The struggle of the past night began again in his breast. His gaze fell on a portrait of Hildegard, that hung on the wall of her father's bedroom. Her beautiful eye seemed to reproach him with his severity. He was in the highest state of disquiet, when the opposite door opened, and Hildegard entered.

"Are you ill?" exclaimed she, in an anxious tone. And the soft manner with which she said this cut deep into Schoreel's excited heart.

"Has your father said nothing to you, my lady?"

"Nothing," replied Hildegard, astonished; "except that you wished to speak with me, and that I should find you here. I have come, and find you in a disturbed state."

"Forgive me, and sympathise with me, my lady, when you hear the reason. I must depart!" he whispered, scarce audibly.

"Depart!" exclaimed Hildegard. "Depart! are you serious? No, no, it is not, it cannot be possible."

"It must be so, my lady; and I ought to have said, eight days ago, that I could not remain."

"But why?" asked Hildegard, — "why must you go away?"

"Because — because, to stay longer would be contrary to my duty," replied Schoreel; "business calls me; my word," he added with a firm voice, "calls me."

Hildegard had become pale as death during this conversation; she trembled and sat down on a chair. Both were silent for a while.

"Your word?" she began after a pause, with agitated voice; "what do you mean by that?" The resemblance of the portraits in Brussels rose up suddenly to her mind.

Schoreel raised his eyes; he saw the sad expression of grief in her angelic countenance; his heart urged him to throw himself at her feet, and say that he would remain, that he would never remove himself from this beloved spot. Then honour and fidelity whispered in his breast, "Will you betray Agatha? Will you give yourself away for a slave? One speedy word can end the long struggle." He hesitated for a moment, and then said fixedly: "My lady, I am betrothed; and my bride awaits me in Amsterdam."

He here said more than in strict truth he ought to have said; for during the four years of his absence he had received no intelligence as to Agatha's sentiments. But he wished to end a connexion which it was impossible to bring into harmony with his principles, and he therefore spoke with such certainty.

"Betrothed!" repeated Hildegard in a hollow voice; and it seemed as if all the thoughts, all the powers, of her being had forsaken her at these words. Schoreel saw her condition; his heart was ready to burst. He dreaded her swooning, and approached her; but at the moment when he stretched out his arm to support her from sinking, her whole figure suddenly changed. The blood, which at first had vanished from her cheeks, returned with force; her formerly dimmed eyes flashed fire; the deep red hue of indignation covered her face; her look darted rays of annihilating indignation.

"Unworthy one!" she exclaimed, while she reared herself up proudly and loftily, and every trace of her former

softness and weakness vanished. "Unworthy one! that was it, then,—and to such a height could you allow your falsehood to arrive! Go out of my sight! Away! I can no longer see you!"

Schoreel stood for a moment, undecided whether he should obey this now welcome command; but his sense of honour was wounded by the contempt contained in Hildegard's last words. He remained, and collecting himself, said, as calmly as possible:

"My lady, reflect that it was not *I* that sought you out here; that I often spoke of my departure; that the kindness with which I have been treated by your father and yourself might well convince me of your good-will towards me, but could by no means inspire me with the unbecoming pride of thinking that the earlier relations of my heart could in any way be taken into consideration by you. I was therefore silent, and gave no intimation of the tie that bound me, except that I must return."

Hildegard listened to this sort of justification with averted countenance, and with marks of the most vehement repugnance. When Schoreel had ended, she threw a side-glance at him: she saw the expression of a pure and steadfast mind in his features, and of pain and evident emotion at the same time. The warmth of her anger sank, but her pride continued firm.

"Schoreel!" she exclaimed, while she approached him, softened. "I understand you; we must part. God be with you. Farewell!" Her tears burst forth; she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and hastened out of the room.

The young man stood for some time without motion or sound, his look fastened to the spot where the fair form had vanished. He then turned round and left the place. "Agatha," he said to himself, "the sacrifice was not small!" He hastened to his room; his servant was called. Quickly all his luggage was put in order, his horse saddled; in two hours they must set out. The man went away grieved, and prepared to execute his master's orders. Servants of the knight entered, and offered to render assistance, bringing

with them refreshments and conveniences of every description calculated to render Schoreel's journey more easy; which the knight had sent to him when he became acquainted with his irrevocable determination to leave the castle that very day.

The frame of mind with which Schoreel awaited the conclusion of this affair was very painful. The way in which Hildegard had taken leave of him had removed the sting which her boiling rage had thrown into his breast, and against which sting his strength would have steeled itself. He now began to feel that he had not behaved perfectly well towards her; that he ought not to have lingered here, or yielded to many weaknesses of his heart in intercourse with her. What the servant said to him of these missions in frequently going backwards and forwards in order to fetch the luggage, increased his feeling of dejection, and he looked forward with impatience to the moment when he should be informed that he might mount his horse. Still he found it necessary once more to take leave of the knight. He thought that good manners and gratitude demanded this. He sent beforehand to make inquiry; and immediately thereafter Von Desenitz entered his room. What had passed was not at all alluded to. The knight took leave of Schoreel with friendly regard, indeed with paternal wishes for his welfare; and it seemed to him as if the old knight were almost thankful to him that his determined explanation had kept back his daughter from a step which might have been exceedingly unpleasant to him as knight and baron.

Von Desenitz accompanied his guest to the court-yard, and saw him mount. Soon his horse trod along through the echoing gateway, and across the drawbridge, and he speedily reached the level tract and road, and lost sight of the castle, which disappeared behind the woody hills.

Schoreel continued his rapid journey for some days with a heavy heart; for the recollection of Hildegard, of the happiness which she intended for him, and the fear that he had contracted a debt towards her, pressed upon his mind. By degrees this feeling subsided; and as in the short nights of spring, the last

light of day lies yet half glimmering on the hills, and yet in a few hours the joyous light of morn begins to gleam upon the opposite side—so, as he drew near the termination of his journey, a delightful hope arose in his soul; the native air of the Lower Rhine countries breathed towards him; and Agatha's form, which he should now see again, after more than four years, arose in beams of purest love and joy before him, and scattered every trace of sorrow, as the morning sun dispels every cloud left behind by night.

He had now reached the soil of Burgundy. It was his fatherland whose villages and blooming fields lay before him; and tears of pious and delighted emotion rushed to his eyes, that God had so paternally conducted and protected him, and after surmounting so many difficulties, had again brought him back home in good health and uncorrupted, and permitted him to see again the beloved soil. But how should he now find the people whom he had left in it so long ago? This reflection, which, in the haste of the latter part of his journey, had never so clearly appeared to him, stood all at once before him in dazzling light; and a crowd of doubts and possibilities arose behind it, and seized the young man's heart with anxious dismay. He slackened the rapid progress of his steed, not wishing to go straight to Amsterdam, or to enter his master's house unpreparedly. Who knew what changes in it might have been occasioned by time, sickness, or death! He wished first to stop at Utrecht, at an old friend's, Herr von Lokhorst, dean of the cathedral there, and make inquiries, and then proceed to Amsterdam. Lokhorst received the long-absent one with the greatest exultation; the day of meeting again was a festival for his whole house. When the first burst of joy had subsided, the young man ventured, with cautious inquiries, to approach nearer to his object. Lokhorst, who knew nothing certain respecting Schoreel's early heart-attachments, replied quite frankly. He, as a connoisseur and amateur of art, knew quite well old Master Cornelis. Unfortunately death had snatched him away about half a year before. Schoreel was deeply affected at this melancholy intelligence; he feared to inquire further, and yet he wished to know all.

"And his widow? his youngest daughter, who was then at home?"

"The mother is still living: the daughter is married," replied Lokhorst, without suspecting what an effect his words would produce.

"Married!" Schoreel faltered out, and stared at the dean; "impossible! it is a mistake."

"Not at all," replied Lokhorst. "Shortly after her father's death, she resolved at last to give her hand to a young goldsmith, named Vandonk, who had long been a visitor, and was a favourite of the mother. The father had left nothing behind him; the mother looked forward to a destitute old age; Vandonk was a fine clever young man; and so the affair was soon settled."

Schoreel made no reply. Lokhorst, when he had ended speaking, looked at him, and was frightened to see Schoreel's quite altered appearance.

"My God! what ails you?" he exclaimed; and sprang anxiously towards him, as he was almost fainting. Schoreel was unable to reply. His features had become as pale as death. He was annihilated. The hope of his whole life was overthrown by this intelligence at once. The dean now remarked what connexion this might have, and regretted his too hasty speech. But it was too late. The young man, by degrees, came to himself. A fever that confined him for some days to his bed was the consequence of this sudden shock. When he got up again, he seized his friendly host's hand, from whom he had received such fatherly care, and who had refreshed his soul with friendly and spiritual consolation, thanked him for every thing, and begged of him never again to mention the circumstance, or those individuals, in the slightest manner. To go to Amsterdam was impossible. Lokhorst pressed him to remain with him in Utrecht. Schoreel willingly consented. He had no longer a home. The paradise of love was closed upon him; he remained, therefore, gladly in the neighbourhood of friendship. Long afterwards—when he was in a condition to hear of it—he became more intimately acquainted with the circumstances of that alliance. Vandonk

had understood, by his sprightliness and jokes, how to enlist the mother on his side, and by degrees to sow the poison of mistrust in her daughter's heart towards Schoreel, who remained so long absent, and had thoughtlessly followed every allurements that led him away from his beloved. Then the father died, whose honourable disposition always kept Schoreel's memory in high estimation with his daughter.

After his death, Vandonk and the mother had free scope. The image of the distant beloved of her youth had long become dimmed and faded. The living present stood forward. The pressure of circumstances, the mother's solicitations, decided. She married the goldsmith. The news that she learned of Schoreel's return, of his fidelity to her, fixed a thorn in her heart that was incurable, and did not promote the happiness of her marriage with her frivolous husband. She died a few years after.

Schoreel now lived only for his art. The fair sex had lost every claim upon him. He had loved once, but it was for ever. The fine arts, friendship, music, and poetry, engaged his succeeding years; he was the fatherly friend, the counsellor, and the protector of many a young artist of aspiring talent, such as the celebrated *Johannes Secundus*, who corresponded with him in the Latin tongue. His latter years were embittered by painful disorders; but he bore also these afflictions with patience and pious firmness; and died in peace, when he had attained a ripe old age.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY ROPSON, LEVY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.



THE BROKEN CUP.

ZSCHÖKKE.





JOHN HENRY DAVID ZSCHÖKKE was born in Magdeburg, in Prussia, in 1771. He lost his parents in early life; and having received his education in the Gymnasium of that city, quitted it soon after, and remained for some time with a travelling company of actors, for whom he prepared pieces for the stage. He subsequently entered the University of Frankfort on the Oder, where he applied himself to the study of history, literature, philosophy, and religion. In 1792 he appeared as a public teacher, but was unable to obtain a fixed appointment. He then published some dramatic productions. In 1795 he visited Switzerland, and was chosen head master of the seminary of Reichenau. During the disturbances in Switzerland consequent on the French Revolution, he received several appointments, and has since continued to reside in Switzerland. Among his numerous works are the following: "History of the Grisons;" a "Popular Miscellany, or Journal for the People," which appeared from 1807 to 1813; "History of the Bavarian People and their Rulers" (1812 to 1818), a much-esteemed work; "Hours of Meditation," a book of religious devotion; "Contributions to the History of our Time," a periodical (1817 to 1823); "History of Switzerland for the Swiss People," perhaps his best work, and for which he was peculiarly qualified by his ardent love of liberty, and of Switzerland, his adopted country. He has published also "Pictures of Switzerland" (Aran, 1824), and numerous tales, essays, sketches, and minor historical pieces. A complete collection of his works has recently appeared in forty volumes.

Zschökke's name and merits remained almost unknown beyond the narrow circle of Switzerland, until some translations of his Swiss tales appeared at Paris about twenty years ago; and such was felt to be the truth and charm of his pictures, that his reputation speedily became European. Zschökke is said, by one who visited him in Switzerland, to rise with the sun, and to write nearly ten hours a day; following

no order in his studies, and passing from a chapter of a novel or tale to one of history, and from that to a philosophical thesis or some question in geology, a science to which he is much attached. His pen has been honourably devoted in many of his works to the improvement of the humbler classes; and by those among them to whom he has been known he has always been looked up to as a friend and benefactor. "Zschökke's literary works," says Mr. Godwin, "have been generally undertaken with no view either to wealth or fame, having been mostly suggested from time to time by the incidents of his daily experience. His romances, particularly, are the results of moments of recreation, when he would relieve his mind from severer tasks. Yet I scarcely know a writer who has been more successful in this walk of art. Of the forty or fifty tales of his which I have read, no two are alike—so great is the variety—yet all are marked by an easy grace of manner, purity of language, and rapid and interesting incidents. The merely humorous among them, irresistibly droll as many of them are, can hardly offend any taste, while they often illustrate important truths."

Several of Zschökke's tales have, from time to time, appeared in English; chiefly, however, in periodicals, until the recently published collection in two volumes from the press of Wiley and Putnam, edited by Mr. Parke Godwin. These volumes contain about a dozen of the author's best productions of the "Novellen" class, and are admirably translated. The version of his well-known and very clever tale entitled "Das Abentheuer in der Neujahrsnacht," which Mr. Godwin has given, is the most correct and spirited we have seen. The pleasing tale which follows (slightly abridged) is extracted by permission from the same collection. It is prefaced by the following note: "There is extant a tale under the name of 'The Broken Cup,' by the author of 'Little Kate of Heilbronn.' That and the present tale originated in the following incident, which took place at Bern in 1802. Henry von Kleist and Ludwig Wieland (son of the poet) were both friends of the writer, in whose chamber hung an engraving called 'La Cruche cassée,' the persons and contents of which resembled the scene before the Justice (p. 19). The drawing, which was full of expression, gave great delight to those who saw it, and led to many conjectures as to its meaning. The three friends agreed in sport that each should commit to writing his peculiar-interpretation of the design. Wieland produced a satire, Von Kleist threw off a comedy, and Zschökke the tale here given." This anecdote will remind the reader of a similar incident connected with the origin of De la Motte Fouqué's celebrated tale, "Sintram and his Companions."

THE
BROKEN CUP.

NAPOULE, it is true, is only a very little place on the bay of Cannes; yet it is pretty well known through all Provence. It lies in the shade of lofty evergreen palms, and darker orange-trees; but that alone would not make it renowned. Still they say that there are grown the most luscious grapes, the sweetest roses, and the handsomest girls. I don't know but it is so; in the meantime I believe it most readily. Pity that Napoule is so small, and cannot produce more luscious grapes, fragrant roses, and handsome maidens; especially, as we might then have some of them transplanted to our own country.

As, ever since the foundation of Napoule, all the Napoulese women have been beauties, so the little Marietta was a wonder of wonders, as the chronicles of the place declare. She was called the *little* Marietta; yet she was not smaller than a girl of seventeen or thereabouts ought to be, seeing that her forehead just reached up to the lips of a grown man.

The chronicles aforesaid had very good ground for speaking of Marietta. I, had I stood in the shoes of the chronicler, would have done the same. For Marietta, who until lately had lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, when she came back to her birth-place quite upset the whole village. Verily,

not the houses, but the people and their heads ; and not the heads of all the people, but of those particularly whose heads and hearts are always in great danger when in the neighbourhood of two bright eyes. I know very well that such a position is no joke.

Mother Manon would have done much better if she had remained at Avignon. But she had been left a small inheritance, by which she received at Napoule an estate consisting of some vinehills, and a house that lay in the shadow of a rock, between certain olive-trees and African acacias. This is a kind of thing which no unprovided widow ever rejects ; and accordingly, in her own estimation, she was rich and happy as though she were the Countess of Provence, or something like it.

So much the worse was it for the good people of Napoule. They never suspected their misfortune, not having read in Homer how a single pretty woman had filled Greece and Lesser Asia with discord and war.

Marietta had scarcely been fourteen days in the house between the olive-trees and the African acacias, before every young man of Napoule knew that she lived there, and that there lived not in all Provence a more charming girl than the one in that house.

Went she through the village, sweeping lightly along like a dressed-up angel, her frock, with its pale-green boddice, and orange-leaves and rose-buds upon the bosom of it, fluttering in the breeze, and flowers and ribbons waving about the straw bonnet which shaded her beautiful features,—yes, then the grave old men spake out, and the young ones were struck dumb. And every where, to the right and left, little windows and doors were open with “a good morning,” or “a good evening, Marietta,” as it might be ; while she nodded to the right and left with a pleasant smile.

The maidens of Napoule, particularly, became very serious about this time ; for they, most of all, took the matter to heart. And they were not to be blamed for it ; for since the arrival of Marietta, more than one prospective groom had become

cold, and more than one worshipper of some beloved one quite inconstant. There were bickerings and reproaches on all sides, many tears, pertinent lectures, and even rejections. The talk was no longer of marriages, but of separations. They began to return their pledges of truth, rings, ribbons, &c. The old persons took part with their children; criminations and strife spread from house to house: it was most deplorable.

Marietta is the cause of all, said the maidens, first; then the mothers said it; next the fathers took it up; and finally, all—even the young men. But Marietta, shielded by modesty and innocence, like the petals of the rose-bud in its dark green calix, did not suspect the mischief of which she was the occasion, and continued courteous to every body. This touched the young men, who said, “Why condemn the pure and harmless child—she is not guilty!” Then the fathers said the same thing; then the mothers took it up; and finally, all—even the good maidens. For, let who would talk with Marietta, she was sure to gain their esteem. So, before half a year had passed, every body had spoken to her, and every body loved her. But she did not suspect that she was the object of such general regard, as she had not before suspected that she was the object of dislike. Does the violet, hidden in the down-trodden grass, think how sweet it is?

Now, every one wished to make amends for the injustice they had done Marietta. Sympathy deepened the tenderness of their attachment. Marietta found herself greeted every where in a more friendly way than ever; she was more cordially welcomed; more heartily invited to the rural sports and dances.

All men, however, are not endowed with tender sympathy; some, alas! have hardened hearts.

A remarkable example of this hardness of heart was given by one Colin, the richest farmer and proprietor in Napoule, whose vineyards and olive-gardens, whose lemon and orange-trees, could hardly be counted in a day. One thing particularly demonstrates the perverseness of his disposition—he was

twenty-seven years old, and had never yet so much as spoken of love.

True, all the people, especially damsels of a certain age, willingly forgave him this fault, and looked upon him as one of the best young men under the sun. His fine figure, his fresh unembarrassed manner, his look, his laugh, enabled him to gain the favourable opinion of the aforesaid people, who would have forgiven him, had there been occasion, any sin you might name. But the decision of such judges is not always to be trusted.

While both old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Marietta, and proffered their sympathies to her, Colin was the only one who had no pity upon the poor child. If Marietta was talked of, he became as dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he would turn red and white with anger, and cast sidelong glances at her of the most malicious kind.

If, at evening, the young people met upon the sea-shore near the old castle ruins, for sprightly pastimes or rural dances, or to sing catches, Colin was the merriest among them. But as soon as Marietta arrived, the rascally fellow was silent, and all the gold in the world couldn't make him sing. What a pity, when he had such a fine voice! Every body listened to it so willingly, and its store of songs was endless.

All the maidens looked kindly upon Colin, and he was friendly with all of them. He had, as we have said, a roguish glance, which the lasses feared and loved; and it was so sweet, they would like to have had it painted. But, as might naturally be expected, the offended Marietta did not look graciously upon him. And in that she was perfectly right. Whether he smiled or not, it was all the same to her. As to his roguish glance, why she would never hear it mentioned; and therein too she was perfectly right. When he told a tale, (and he knew thousands) and every body listened, she nudged her neighbour, or perhaps threw tufts of grass at Peter or Paul, and laughed and chattered, and did not listen to Colin at all. This behaviour quite provoked the proud fellow, so that he would break off in the middle of his story, and stalk sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The daughter of mother Manon well knew how to triumph. Yet Marietta was a right good child, and really too tender-hearted. If Colin was silent, it gave her pain. If he was downcast, she laughed no more. If he went away, she did not stay long behind ; but hurried to her home, and wept tears of repentance.

Father Jerome, the pastor of Napoule, was an old man of seventy, who possessed every virtue, and only one failing ; which was, that by reason of his advanced years, he was hard of hearing. But on that very account his homilies were more acceptable to the children of his flock. True, he seldom preached but on two subjects, as if they comprehended the whole of religion. It was either, " Little children, love one another ;" or it was, " Mysterious are the ways of Providence." And truly there is so much faith, love, and hope in these, that one might at a pinch be saved by them.

The Napoulese went to the annual market or fair of the city of Venice. It was truly a joyful time ; and though they had but little gold to buy with, there were many goods to look at. Now Marietta and mother Manon went to the fair with the rest, and Colin was also there. He bought a great many curiosities and trifles for his friends—but he would not spend a farthing for Marietta. And yet he was always at her elbow, though he did not speak to her, nor she to him. It was easy to see that he was brooding over some scheme of wickedness.

Mother Manon stood gazing before a shop, when she suddenly exclaimed, " O Marietta, see that beautiful cup ! A queen would not be ashamed to raise it to her lips. Only see ! the edge is of dazzling gold, and the flowers upon it could not bloom more beautifully in the garden, although they are only painted. And in the midst of this Paradise, pray see, Marietta, how the apples are smiling on the trees ! They are verily tempting. And Adam cannot withstand it, as the enchanting Eve offers him one for food ! And do see, how prettily the little frisking lamb skips around the old tiger, and the snow-white dove, with its golden throat, stands there before the vulture, as if she would caress him !"

Marietta could not satisfy herself with looking. "Had I such a cup, mother!" said she: "it is far too beautiful to drink out of; I would place my flowers in it, and constantly peep into Paradise. We are at the fair at Vence; but when I look on the picture, I feel as if I were in Eden."

So spoke Marietta, and called all her companions to the spot, to share her admiration of the cup: but the young men soon joined the maidens, until at length almost half the inhabitants of Napoule were assembled before the wonderfully beautiful cup. But miraculously beautiful was it mainly from its inestimable, translucent porcelain, with gilded handles and glowing colours. They asked the merchant, timidly, "Sir, what is the price of it?" He answered: "Among friends, it is worth a hundred livres." Then they all became silent, and went away in despair. When the Napoulese were all gone from the front of the shop, Colin came there by stealth, threw the merchant a hundred livres upon the counter, had the cup put in a box well packed with cotton, and then carried it off. What evil plans he had in view no one would have surmised.

Near Napoule, on his way home, it being already dusk, he met old Jacques, the Justice's servant, returning from the fields. Jacques was a very good man, but excessively stupid.

"I will give thee money enough to get something to drink, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt bear this box to Manon's house, and leave it there; and if any one should see thee, and inquire from whom the box came, say, 'A stranger gave it to me.' But disclose not my name, or I will ever detest thee."

Jacques promised this, took the drink-money and the box, and went with it towards the little dwelling between the olive-trees and the African acacias.

Before he arrived there, he encountered his master, Justice Hautmartin, who asked, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?"

"A box for mother Manon. But, sir, I cannot say from whom it comes."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Colin would always detest me."

"It is well that thou canst keep a secret. But it is already late; give me the box, for I am going to-morrow to see Mrs.

Manon; I will deliver it to her, and not betray that it came from Colin. It will save thee a walk, and furnish me a good excuse for calling on the old lady."

Jacques gave the box to his master, whom he was accustomed to obey implicitly in all things. The Justice bore it into his chamber, and examined it by the light with some curiosity. On the lid was neatly written with red chalk: "For the lovely and dear Marietta." But Herr Hautmartin well knew that this was some of Colin's mischief, and that some knavish trick lurked under the whole. He therefore opened the box carefully, for fear that a mouse or rat should be concealed within. When he beheld the wondrous cup, which he had seen at Vence, he was dreadfully shocked; for Herr Hautmartin was a skilful casuist, and knew how evil are the inventions and devices of the human heart. He saw at once, that Colin designed this cup as a means of bringing misfortune upon Marietta: perhaps to give out, when it should be in her possession, that it was the present of some successful lover in the town, or the like; so that all decent people would thereafter keep aloof from Marietta. Therefore Herr Hautmartin resolved, in order to prevent any evil reports, to profess himself the giver. Moreover, he loved Marietta, and would gladly have seen her observe more strictly towards himself the saying of the grey-headed priest Jerome, "Little children, love one another." In truth, Herr Hautmartin was a little child of fifty years old, and Marietta did not think the saying applied particularly to him. Mother Manon, on the contrary, thought that the Justice was a clever little child; he had gold, and a high reputation from one end of Napoule to the other. And when the Justice spoke of marriage, and Marietta ran away in affright, mother Manon remained sitting, and had no fear for the tall, staid gentleman. It must also be confessed, that there were no faults in his person. And although Colin might be the handsomest man in the village, yet the Justice far surpassed him in two things; namely, in the number of years, and in a very, very big nose. Yes, this nose, which always went before the Justice like a herald to proclaim his approach, was a real elephant among human noses.

With this proboscis, his good purpose, and the cup, the Justice went the following morning to the house between the olive-trees and the African acacias.

"For the beautiful Marietta," said he, "I hold nothing too costly. Yesterday you admired the cup at Vence: to-day, allow me, lovely Marietta, to lay it and my devoted heart at your feet."

Manon and Marietta were transported beyond measure when they beheld the cup. Manon's eyes glistened with delight; but Marietta turned and said, "I can neither take your heart nor your cup."

Then mother Manon was angry, and cried out: "But I accept both heart and cup. O thou little fool, how long wilt thou despise thy good fortune! For whom dost thou tarry? Will a count of Provence make thee his bride, that thou scornest the Justice of Napoule? I know better how to look after thy interests. Herr Hautmartin, I deem it an honour to call you my son-in-law."

Then Marietta went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful cup with all her heart.

But the Justice, drawing the palm of his hand over his nose, spoke thus judiciously:

"Mother Manon, hurry nothing. The dove will at length, when it learns to know me better, give way. I am not impatient. I have some skill among women, and before a quarter of a year passes by, I will insinuate myself into Marietta's good graces."

"Thy nose is too large for that," whispered Marietta, who listened outside the door, and laughed to herself. In fact, the quarter of the year passed by, and Herr Hautmartin had not yet pierced her heart even with the tip of his nose.

During this quarter of a year Marietta had other affairs to attend to. The cup gave her much vexation and trouble, and something else besides.

For a fortnight nothing else was talked of in Napoule; and every one said, It is a present from the Justice, and the marriage is already agreed upon. Marietta solemnly declared to all

her companions, that she would rather plunge to the bottom of the sea than marry the Justice ; but the maidens continued to banter her all the more, saying, " Oh, how blissful it must be to have a husband with such a nose !"—This was her first vexation.

Then mother Manon had the cruelty to force Marietta to rinse out the cup every morning at the spring under the rock, and to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped by this to accustom Marietta to the cup and heart of the giver. But Marietta continued to hate both the gift and giver, and her work at the spring became an actual punishment.—Second vexation.

Then, when in the morning she came to the spring, twice every week she found on the rock, immediately over it, some most beautiful flowers, handsomely arranged all ready for the decoration of the cup. And on the flower-stalk a strip of paper was always tied, on which was written, *DEAR MARIETTA*. Now no one need expect to impose upon little Marietta, as if magicians and fairies were still in the world. Consequently she knew that both the flowers and papers must have come from Herr Hautmartin. Marietta, indeed, would not smell them because the living breath from out the Justice's nose had perfumed them. Nevertheless, she took the flowers, because they were finer than wild flowers, and tore the slip of paper in a thousand pieces, which she strewed upon the spot where the flowers usually lay. But this did not vex Justice Hautmartin, whose love was unparalleled in its kind, as his nose was in its kind.—Third vexation.

At length it came out in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the beautiful flowers. Then, who could it be ? Marietta was utterly astounded at the unexpected discovery. Thenceforth she took the flowers from the rock more kindly ; but further, Marietta was—what maidens are not wont be—very inquisitive. She conjectured first this and then that young man in Napoule. Yet her conjectures were in vain. She looked and listened far into the night ; she rose earlier than usual. But she looked and listened in vain. And still twice a week in the morning, the miraculous flowers lay upon the rock, and upon the strip of paper wound round

them she always read the silent sigh, DEAR MARIETTA ! Such an incident would have made even the most indifferent inquisitive. But curiosity at length became a burning pain. —Fourth vexation.

On a summer night, when it was far too warm for rest, Marietta awoke very early, and could not resume her sleep. Therefore she sprang joyously from her couch, as the first streaks of dawn flashed against the window of her little chamber, over the waves of the sea and the Lerinian Isles, dressed herself, and went out to wash her face and arms in the cold spring. She took her hat with her, intending to take a walk by the sea-shore, as she knew a retired place for bathing.

In order to reach this retired spot, it was necessary to pass over the rocks behind the house, and thence down through the orange and palm-trees. On this occasion Marietta could not pass through them ; for under the youngest and most slender of the palms lay a tall young man, in profound sleep—and near him a nosegay of most splendid flowers. A white paper lay thereon, from which, probably, a sigh was again breathing. How could Marietta get by there ?

She stood still, trembling with fright. She would go home again. Hardly had she retreated a couple of steps, ere she looked again at the sleeper, and remained motionless. Yet the distance prevented her from recognising his face. Now the mystery was to be solved, or never. She tripped lightly nearer to the palms—but he seemed to stir—then she ran again towards the cottage. His movements were but the fearful imaginings of Marietta ; now she returned again on her way towards the palms—but his sleep might perhaps be only dissembled—swiftly she ran towards the cottage—but who would flee for a mere probability ? She trod more boldly the path towards the palms.

With these fluctuations of her timid and joyous spirit, between fright and curiosity, with these to-and-fro trippings between the house and the palm-trees, she at length nearly approached the sleeper ; at the same time curiosity became more powerful than fear.

"What is he to me? My way leads me directly past him. Whether he sleeps or wakes, I will go straight on." So thought Manon's daughter. But she passed not by, but stood looking directly in the face of the flower-giver, in order to be certain who it was. Besides, he slept as if it were the first time in a month. And who was it? Now, who else should it be, but the arch, wicked Colin?

So it was *he* who had annoyed the gentle maiden, and given her so much trouble with Herr Hautmartin, because he bore a grudge against her; he had been the one who had teased her with flowers in order to torture her curiosity. Wherefore? He hated Marietta. He behaved himself always most shamefully towards the poor child. He avoided her when he could; and when he could not, he grieved the good-natured little one. With all the maidens of Napoule he was more chatty, friendly, courteous, than towards Marietta. Consider—he had never once asked her to dance, and yet she danced bewitchingly!

Now there he lay, surprised, taken in the act. Revenge swelled in Marietta's bosom. What disgrace could she subject him to? She took the nosegay, unloosed it, strewed his present over the sleeper in scorn. But the paper, on which appeared again the sigh, "DEAR MARIETTA," she retained, and thrust quickly into her bosom. She wished to preserve this proof of his handwriting. Marietta was sly. Now she would go away. But her revenge was not yet satisfied. She could not leave the place without returning Colin's ill-will. She took the violet-coloured silken ribbon from her hat, and threw it lightly around the sleeper's arm and around the tree, and with three knots tied Colin fast. Now when he awoke, how astonished he would be! How his curiosity would torment him to ascertain who had played him this trick! That he could not possibly discover. So much the better; it served him right.

Marietta had only been too lenient towards him. She seemed to regret her work when she had finished it. Her bosom throbbed impetuously. Indeed, I believe that a little tear filled her eye, as she compassionately gazed upon the

guilty one. Slowly she retreated to the orange-grove by the rocks—she looked around often—slowly ascended the rocks, looking down among the palm-trees as she ascended. Then she hastened to mother Manon, who was calling her.

That very day Colin practised new mischief. What did he? He wished to shame the poor Marietta publicly. Ah! she never thought that every one in Napoule knew her violet-coloured ribbon! Colin remembered it but too well. Proudly he bound it around his hat, and exhibited it to the gaze of all the world as a conquest. And male and female cried out, "He has received it from Marietta!" And all the maidens said angrily, "The reprobate!" And all the young men who liked to see Marietta, cried out, "The reprobate!"

"How, mother Manon," shrieked the Justice Hautmartin, when he came to her house,—and he shrieked so loudly, that it re-echoed wonderfully through his nose,—“how! do you suffer this? my betrothed presents the young proprietor Colin with her hatband! It is high time that we celebrate our nuptials. When that is over, then I shall have a right to speak.”

"You have a right!" answered mother Manon: "if things are so, the marriage must take place forthwith. When that is done, all will go right."

"But, mother Manon, Marietta always refuses to give me her consent."

"Prepare the marriage-feast."

"But she will not even look kindly at me; and when I seat myself at her side, the little savage jumps up and runs away."

"Justice, only prepare the marriage-feast."

"But if Marietta resists—"

"We will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome on Monday morning early, and he shall quietly celebrate the marriage. This we can easily accomplish with him. I am her mother. You the first judicial person in Napoule. He must obey. Marietta need know nothing about it. Early on Monday morning I will send her to Father Jerome all alone, with a message, so that she will suspect nothing. Then

the Priest shall speak earnestly to her. Half an hour afterwards we two will come. Then swiftly to the altar. And even if Marietta should then say no, what consequence is it? The old Priest can hear nothing. But till then, mum to Marietta and all Napoule."

So the secret remained with the two. Marietta dreamed not of the good luck which was in store for her. She thought only of Colin's wickedness, which had made her the common talk of the whole place. Oh, how she repented her heedlessness about the ribbon!—and yet in her heart she forgave the reprobate his crime. Marietta was far too good. She told her mother, she told all her playmates, "Colin has found my lost hatband, and wishes to vex me with it. You all know that Colin was always ill-disposed towards me, and always sought to mortify me."

Ah, the poor child! she knew not what new abomination the malicious fellow was again contriving.

Early in the morning Marietta went to the spring with the cup. There were no flowers yet on the rock. It was still quite early; for the sun had scarcely risen from the sea.

Footsteps were heard. Colin came in sight, the flowers in his hand. Marietta became very red. Colin stammered out, "Good morning, Marietta;" but the greeting came not from his heart—he could hardly bring it over his lips.

"Why dost thou wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said Marietta, and placed the cup upon the rock; "I did not give it thee."

"Thou didst not give it to me, dear Marietta?" asked he, and inward rage made him deadly pale.

Marietta was ashamed of the falsehood, drooped her eyelids, and said, after a while, "Well, I did give it to thee; yet thou shouldst not have worn it so openly. Give it me back again."

Slowly he untied it; his anger was so great that he could not prevent the tears from filling his eyes, nor the sighs from escaping his breast. "Dear Marietta, leave thy ribbon with me," said he softly.

"No," answered she.

Then his suppressed passion changed into desperation. Sighing, he looked towards heaven, then sadly on Marietta, who, silent and abashed, stood by the spring with downcast eyes.

He wound the violet-coloured ribbon around the stalks of the flowers—said, "There, take them all!"—and threw the flowers so spitefully against the magnificent cup upon the rock, that it was thrown down and dashed to pieces. Maliciously he fled away.

Mother Manon, lurking behind the window, had seen and heard all. When the cup broke, hearing and sight left her. She was scarcely able to speak for very horror. And as she pushed with all her strength against the narrow window, to shout after the guilty one, it gave way, and with one crash fell to the earth and was shattered in pieces.

So much ill luck would have discomposed any other woman. But Manon soon recovered herself. "How lucky that I was a witness to this roguery!" exclaimed she; "he must to the Justice. He shall replace both cup and window-sash with his gold. It will give a rich dowry to Marietta." But when Marietta brought in the fragments of the shattered cup, when Manon saw the Paradise lost, Adam without a head, and of Eve not a solitary limb remaining, the serpent unhurt triumphing, the tiger safe, but the little lamb gone even to the very tail, as if the tiger had swallowed it, then mother Manon screamed forth curses against Colin, and said, "One can easily see that this fall came from the evil one too."

She took the cup in one hand, Marietta in the other, and went about nine o'clock to where Herr Hautmartin was wont to sit in judgment. She there made a great outcry, and shewed the broken cup and the Paradise lost. Marietta wept bitterly.

The Justice when he saw the broken cup and his beautiful bride in tears, flew into so violent a rage towards Colin, that his nose was as violet-coloured as Marietta's well-known hat-band. He immediately despatched his bailiffs to bring the criminal before him.

Colin came overwhelmed with grief. Mother Manon now repeated her complaint with great eloquence, before justice, bailiffs, and scribes. But Colin listened not. He stepped to Marietta, and whispered to her, "Forgive me, dear Marietta, as I forgive thee. I broke thy cup unintentionally; but thou—thou hast broken my heart."

"What whispering is that?" cried Herr Hautmartin, with magisterial authority. "Hearken to this accusation, and defend yourself."

"I have nought to defend. I broke the cup against my will," said Colin.

"That I verily believe," said Marietta sobbing; "I am as guilty as he; for I offended and angered him,—then he threw the ribbon and the flowers to me. He could not help it."

"Well, I should like to know," cried mother Manon, "do you intend to defend him? Mr. Justice, pronounce his sentence. He has broken the cup, and he does not deny it; and I, on his account, the window—will he deny that? Let us see!"

"Since you cannot deny it, Mr. Colin," said the Justice, "you must pay three hundred livres for the cup, for it is worth that; and then for ——"

"No," interrupted Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at Vence, at the fair, for Marietta, for one hundred livres."

"You bought it, Sir Brazenface!" shrieked the Justice, and his whole face became like Marietta's hatband. He could not or would not say more, for he dreaded a disagreeable investigation of the matter.

But Colin was vexed at the imputation, and said, "I sent this cup on the evening of the fair, by your own servant, to Marietta. There stands Jacques in the door. He is a witness. Speak, Jacques; did I not give thee the box to carry to Mrs. Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin wished to interrupt the conversation by speaking loudly. But the simple Jacques said, "Only recollect, Herr Justice; you took away Colin's box from me, and

carried what was in it to Frau Manon. The box lies even now there under the papers."

Then the bailiffs were ordered to remove the simpleton; and Colin was also directed to retire, until he should be sent for again.

"Very well, Mr. Justice," interposed Colin; "but this business shall be your last in Napoule. I know this, that you would ingratiate yourself with Frau Manon and Marietta by means of my property. When you want me, you will have to ride to Grasse to the Governor's." With that, Colin departed.

Herr Hautmartin was quite puzzled with this affair, and in his confusion knew not what he was about. Mrs. Manon shook her head. The affair was dark and mysterious to her. "Who will now pay me for the broken cup?" she asked.

"To me," said Marietta, with glowing, brightened countenance, "*to me* it is already paid for."

Colin rode that same day to the Governor, at Grasse, and came back early the next morning. But Mr. Hautmartin only laughed at him, and removed all mother Manon's suspicions, by vowing he would let his nose be cut off, if Colin did not pay three hundred livres for the broken cup. He also went with mother Manon to talk with Father Jerome about the marriage, and impressed upon him the necessity of earnestly setting before Marietta her duty, as an obedient daughter, of not opposing the will of her mother in her marriage. This the pious old man promised, although he understood not the half of what they shouted in his ear.

Marietta took the broken cup into her bed-chamber, and now truly loved it; and it was as if Paradise were planted in her bosom, since it had been destroyed on the cup.

When Monday morning came, mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself handsomely, and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride." Marietta dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, took the myrtle wreath unsuspectingly, and carried it to Father Jerome.

On the way Colin met her, and greeted her joyfully, though timidly. And when she told him where she was taking the wreath, Colin said, "I am going the same way; for I am carrying the money for the Church's tenths to the Priest." And as they went on, he took her hand silently, and both trembled as if they had designed some great crime against each other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" whispered Colin anxiously. "Ah, Marietta! what have I done to thee, that thou art so cruel towards me?"

She could only say, "Be quiet, Colin; you shall have the ribbon again; and I will preserve the cup, since it came from you! Did it really come from you?"

"Ah, Marietta! canst thou doubt it? All I have I would gladly give thee. Wilt thou hereafter be as kind to me as thou art to others?"

She replied not. But as she entered the parsonage, she looked aside at him, and when she saw his fine eyes filled with tears, she whispered softly, "Dear Colin!" Then he bent down and kissed her hand. With this, the door of a chamber opened, and Father Jerome, with venerable aspect, stood before them. The young couple had nearly fallen from giddiness, and they held fast to each other. I know not whether this was the effect of the hand-kissing, or the awe they felt for the sage.

Marietta handed him the myrtle wreath. He laid it upon her head, and said, "My dear children, love one another;" and then urged the good maiden in the most touching and pathetic manner to love Colin. For the old gentleman, from his hardness of hearing, had either mistaken the name of the bridegroom, or from want of memory forgotten it, and thought Colin must be the bridegroom.

Then Marietta's heart softened under the exhortation of the venerable father, and with tears and sobs she exclaimed, "Ah, I have loved him for a long time, but he hates me!"

"I hate thee, Marietta?" cried Colin, "my soul has lived only in thee since thou camest to Napoule. O Marietta,

how could I hope and believe that thou didst love me? Does not all Napoule worship thee?"

"Why, then, dost thou avoid me, Colin, and prefer all my companions before me?"

"O Marietta! I feared and trembled with love and anxiety when I beheld thee; I had not the courage to approach thee; and when I was away from thee, I was miserable."

As they talked thus with each other, the good father thought they were quarrelling; and he threw his arms around them, brought them together, and said imploringly, "Little children, little children, love one another!"

Then Marietta sank on Colin's breast, and Colin threw his arms around her, and both faces beamed with rapture. They forgot the priest, the whole world. Colin's lips hung upon Marietta's sweet mouth. It was indeed only a kiss, but a kiss of sweetest self-forgetfulness. Each was sunk into the other. Both had so completely lost their recollection, that unwittingly they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and before the altar.

"Marietta!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church there were many devout worshippers; but they witnessed Colin's and Marietta's marriage with amazement. Many ran out before the close of the ceremony to spread the news in every direction throughout Napoule: "Colin and Marietta are married!"

When the solemnisation was over, Father Jerome honestly rejoiced that he had succeeded so well; and that such little opposition had been made by the parties. He led them into the parsonage.

Then mother Manon arrived, breathless; she had waited at home a long time for the bridegroom. He had not arrived. At the last stroke of the clock she grew anxious, and went to Herr Hautmartin's. There a new surprise awaited her. She learned that the Governor, together with the officers of the

Viguerie, had appeared, and taken possession of the accounts, chests, and papers of the Justice; and at the same time arrested Herr Hautmartin.

"This surely is the work of that wicked Colin," thought she, and hurried to the parsonage, in order to apologise to Father Jerome for delaying the marriage. The good grey-headed old man advanced towards her, proud of his work, and leading by the hand the newly-married pair.

Now mother Manon lost her wits and her speech in good earnest, when she learned what had happened. But Colin had more thoughts and powers of speech than in his whole previous life. He told of his love and the broken cup, the falsehood of the Justice, and how he had unmasked this unjust magistrate in the Viguerie at Grasse. Then he besought mother Manon's blessing, since all this had happened without any fault on the part of Marietta or himself.

Father Jerome, who for a long while could not make out what had happened, when he received a full explanation of the marriage through mistake, folded his hands, and exclaimed, with uplifted eyes, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence!" Colin and Marietta kissed his hands; mother Manon, at the same time, gave the young couple her blessing, but remarked incidentally, that her head seemed turned round.

Frau Manon herself was pleased with her son-in-law, when she came to know the full extent of his property, and especially when she found that Herr Hautmartin and his nose had been taken as prisoner to Grasse.

"But am I, then, really a wife?" asked Marietta; "and really Colin's wife?"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and Marietta hung upon Colin's arm. Thus they went to Colin's farm, to his dwelling-house, through the garden.

"Look at the flowers, Marietta," said Colin, "how carefully I cultivated them for your cup!"

Colin, who had not expected so pleasant an event, now prepared a wedding-feast on the spur of the occasion. Two

days was it continued. All Napoule was feasted. Who shall describe Colin's rapture and extravagance?

The broken cup is preserved in the family to the present day, as a memorial and sacred relic.



CAMOENS.

TIECK.





LUDWIG TIECK was born at Berlin in 1773, and completed his studies at the University of that city. In 1819 he returned to his native country, after a lengthened visit to England and Italy, and since 1825 has chiefly resided at Dresden, in the capacity of councillor to the court. Honours have also been showered upon him by the King of Prussia, who has placed a suite of apartments in the palace of Sans Souci at his disposal, whenever he chooses to inhabit them. Tieck began his literary career with "Abdallah;" an Eastern tale of great power, in which, however, the influence of Rousseau is very evident. "William Lovell" was his next production; and although well written upon the whole, it has some of the crudeness of youth and inexperience. But Tieck's powers were of a nature that only needed practice and time to attain great popularity and distinction. His "Peter Lebrecht" and "Peter Lebrecht's Volksmärchen," published in 1795, laid the basis of his popularity as a romancist. "Blaubart" and "Der gestiefelte Kater" are striking instances of his peculiar talent for keen satire in sportive poetry. "Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen," written in conjunction with his friend Wackenroder, displays a warm love for the fine arts, very much opposed to the soulless criticism then in vogue. A clever translation of "Don Quixote" followed next, and the dramatic tale of "Genofeva," in which the religious feelings of the middle ages were clothed in the garb of the lyric muse, and exhibited in the most fascinating poetical aspect. In "Kaiser Octavian" he was not so successful. The "Minnelieder aus dem Schwabischen Zeitalter" is a most admirable collection of ancient love-songs of a naïve and winning character. The "Phantasmus" (1812) is a collection of tales of great popularity and power. Tieck has treated the traditional tale in the most poetical spirit; and his success in this path is undeniable. He seems without

an effort to throw himself back with full trust and belief into the spirit of olden times, when the agency of an invisible world formed an article of belief, and exercised the strongest influence on the conduct of life; a time of supposed prodigies and omens, and secret charms, whose agency pervaded and controlled the course of nature. In reading the best of these legends of Tieck, such as "The Fair Eckbert," "The Love-Charm," or "Peter of Abano," we feel that he has the power of carrying us back, in advanced age, into the very realm of fairy-land, and subjecting us anew to the influence of childhood. "These legends (says Dr. Bisset Hawkins in his Germany) have a freshness about them like that of the earliest morning, a sweetness as of wild flowers, and a calm beauty, caught as it were from a radiant sunset or a rising morn. The reader of the Runenberg is brought face to face with the presiding spirits of the animal and vegetable kingdoms: now he feels as if he were embosomed in luxurious vegetation, bathed in fertilising dew, and fanned by balmy zephyrs; and now as if he were transported to cavern depths or darkest mines, where mountain-spirits exercise an unholy influence."

Tieck was the first poet among the Germans who gave himself with all his soul to the "*romantische schule*" (as it is called); and his appearance in that character indicates the turning point between the old and new schools, and has produced effects of inappreciable value,—effects felt throughout the whole domain of literature and the fine arts. He is no mere imitator of the dead past. He has united the living past and the living present, and in this way he has effected an union between the two great periods of the intellectual history of Germany, an union that must for ever place him in the highest rank of national benefactors. Tieck was called to this more than any other living writer. In him—the most German poet, as he has been styled—the Germans saw the genius of old Germany born again, and rise, like a phoenix, from its ashes. Tieck's poems are so truly national, that they may be said to belong to both periods of German literature. By his dramatic criticisms he has done much to improve and elevate the national taste, which had been debased by the frivolous productions of Kotzebue and his school. In 1805, in conjunction with W. A. Schlegel, Tieck published the works of his lamented and highly-gifted friend Novalis. Soon after this he went to Italy, and occupied himself much at Rome with the ancient German mss. in the library of the Vatican. Towards the end of 1806, he returned to Germany, and, while at Munich, suffered the first attack of a painful rheumatism, which for a long period prevented him from giving the

public any thing new. In 1814 and 1816 his "Old English Theatre" appeared in two volumes. He has also published two volumes of a similar work on the old German theatre. In London, where he was received in 1818 with great attention and respect, he much increased his stock of materials for his larger work on Shakspeare, to which his "Shakspeare's Vorschule" (Leipzig, 1827) may be considered as an introduction. Since 1819 he has chiefly resided at Dresden, incessantly engaged in literary pursuits; and no stranger of any pretensions to a love for literature, or a respect for its gifted illustrators and ornaments, visits that beautiful and romantic city without seeing or calling upon the distinguished subject of these brief remarks. It has been well and truly said, that "the true poet of any time is he who can make that time transparent, who can let his readers in behind the curtain of their own souls, and that of the society in which they live, and shew them what they are all doing, hoping, fearing, clear up their cloudy perceptions, and say further what they would say for themselves if they could. This is exactly what Tieck does. All Europe over, there is a move forward—a cry of hunger and thirst for something deeper and truer; and to this move, no living man has more contributed than Ludwig Tieck. He is the last, the only survivor of the noble band of German poets; and Europe has not a man of whom she is more justly proud. The morning of his life opened in storm and tempest, like some infant river just starting from its snowy cradle in its native mountains. His strong mind broke fiercely and impetuously from the clouds of error, and unbelief, and freezing scepticism, in which it was nurtured; at first with loud questionings of fate, troubled and dark, yet with all its failings flung round itself in the wildest profusion rays and flashes of exquisite beauty. It rolls on down from its mountains; it has swept now over every rock and shoal, and flows on calm, serene, and deep, and clear, through shining fields, and woods, and villages, and happy men and women, bearing on its broad bosom all who trust themselves on it for profit or enjoyment, from the tiny pleasure-boat of the young lover, to the tall ship sweeping proudly forward laden with the choicest fruits and produce of every clime."*

Several of Tieck's works have appeared in English, especially a selection from his romantic tales, under the title of "Tales from the Phantassus of Ludwig Tieck" (Burns). What follows is of a different kind, and has, we believe, never been translated before. It professes

* Vide preface to Tieck's Tales (Burns).

to be of the class of the historical romance; but it may be remarked, that "Camoens," both in its outline and details (even down to the negro servant), is, with very little exception, in strict accordance with historical facts.





CHAPTER I.



It was a bright cheerful morning when the noble Countess Catharina sat in a thoughtful mood in her garden pavilion; her large eyes resting upon the rich blossoms of the pomegranates, which were growing by the side of a fountain, in whose basin small gold fishes were seen sparkling; while her granddaughter, Donna Maria, a child of twelve years of age, arranged roses and carnations in the rich and beautiful vases which adorned the corners of the large and cool apartment.

The countess was roused from her reverie by the exclamation of the child, "There he is again!"

"What are you saying?" asked Donna Catharina, rising from her chair.

"That one-eyed man is there again, who is always wandering about," said the young lady, "and looking through the trellis-work into our garden. I have observed him now for three days. I think he must be admiring the fountain and the flower-bed. He is a fine-looking old man."

Catharina went slowly towards the window, looked at the wanderer, and said, "Poor, like the rest. I do not like this spying and lurking about; we hear so much of robberies and deeds of violence, and our small castle stands rather solitary here."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed the child, "you are always so suspicious. People are not so bad as you say they are; we have only trouble upon trouble when we cease to trust."

"Happy child!" said Catharina, kissing the white forehead of the beautiful girl; "it is sad to think that this simplicity of mind must ripen into distrust. Thus it is with the fair blossoms of the apple-tree: in spring they come forth, making the breath of morning odorous with their fragrance; they then fall wearied and colourless upon the ground; the fruit gains strength, the apple reddens and ripens—for corruption; and thus passes away all that is bright and lovely."

"But they come again," said the child. "God is never wearied of wakening up the flowers when they die. It is true they are not the same; but are they not quite as beautiful as were the others? The little lambs and kids in the mountains where we lived before were new every year. We must reconcile ourselves to all these changes, and it is very easy to do this."

"Changes indeed!" said Catharina aside; "those who can yield to them are happy in their own way."

She now turned inquisitively towards the highway, which was overlooked by a side window. A lame negro limped past, who cordially greeted the man with the one eye. They spoke earnestly to each other, while the black slave handed a packet and some gold to the stranger, who then laid his hand confidently upon the shoulder of the former, looked into his large black eyes, and said some words, at which the negro shook his curly head. They once more conversed confidentially, and afterwards went away; the old man, as if wearied, leaning for support upon his companion.

"This unknown person," said Catharina, "who watches my house so closely, pleases me less and less. What can he

have to do with that miserable slave? Am I to be molested for ever? I almost regret that I have quitted my beautiful valley among the mountains; melancholy and dread of mankind seem to follow me wherever I go."

"You see, then, dear grandmamma," said the little girl, looking very archly at her, "that what I told you would be the case, has just come to pass. Among the mountains you were afraid of every poor shepherd, and said that loneliness did not suit you, but that the large city—the great Lisbon—would make you all right. We have now been here some days, and what better is it? The noise of the town and the bustle of the harbour disturbs you; then, when we come to this beautiful garden-house, you say it is too silent, and every traveller or passer-by annoys you. Now, the man with the one eye looks so pleasant—indeed, so handsome—that I could trust myself very well with him, should he speak to me. The black negro I like too: he seems as if he were a play-fellow for his old companion; and when I saw him, I could not help thinking of my pretty poodle-dog, who used to shake his head when he wished to leap, just as he did. I am sure my little dog, when he is beside the people in the gardens, will still remember me, for he was very fond of company."

In this manner the lively child went on, and Catharina appeared to become almost cheerful, as she listened to the merry prattle of the light-hearted girl.

Riders now made their appearance at the gate of the castle, who immediately afterwards entered. They were the old Marquis de Castro, and Count Ferdinand, the young nephew of Catharina. A servant having announced them, then took charge of the retinue and horses of the visitors.

The old marquis and his youthful companion greeted the noble lady with profound respect. "I hope, my dear countess," said the former, "that you feel yourself in better health to-day than you did yesterday. Are you yet reconciled to your residence, your garden, and to this lovely prospect? and how is the pain in your head, which tormented you so much?"

"I am quite well, my friend," replied Catharina in a

cheerful voice; "as well as I can ever hope to be: the true happiness of man consists in requiring but little; thus the reasonable find few causes of complaint."

"Were we all as sadly resigned as you are, noble lady," said the marquis, "there would be as little grief among us as joy. But I trust that the city of your birth, which you have not seen for a very long time past, the movement of the busy world, the sight of the river with its many ships, and this wide extensive view, bounded only by the mountains of Cintra, these magnificent pomegranate, orange, and lemon trees that adorn your garden, all combined, will once more attune your mind to poetry."

"Poetry!" exclaimed Catharina, in a tone which sounded almost harsh. "I am contented," she added, more mildly; "and notwithstanding many sorrows, I have much to acknowledge which the goodness of God has done for me."

The marquis for a moment appeared embarrassed; but afterwards taking hold of the delicate white hand of the speaker, and looking at her with a smile, said in a gentle tone, "You could not surely misunderstand my good wishes."

"Certainly not," answered Catharina, pressing his hand. "The past is past; we know that we often make our own fate; you were always my friend, and have continued such; how ungrateful should I be, could I forget all this!"

The marquis then turned towards the merry girl, and said, "Well, Maria, are you contented to reside here?"

"Quite so," answered she; "only my duenna is constantly dressing and adorning me, because, as she says, you or the young count may suddenly come in; and if we do nothing but put on and put off our clothes, it is impossible to think of any thing else."

"Do you really think so?" asked the marquis, laughing.

"Certainly I do," answered Maria, earnestly; "for if we never think beyond the present time, we possess nothing in reality, because every thing passes so soon away, and becomes as if it had never been, or as if we had never known it. Now in the morning there are moments when I think again of the valley among the mountains where we lived before, the vine-

yards there, the gardener, his pretty young wife and child, my playful kid, which must now be grown larger, the waterfall, and the young shepherd who played so sweetly on his pipe; oh, yes, I remember them all, every thing."

"It has certainly not yet been necessary for you to exercise the art of forgetfulness," said Catharina. "What is there which man does not collect in the happy illusion that every bright thing is a treasure? Yet afterwards the soul longs and strives to free itself from such thoughts and recollections. We are only permitted to anticipate; reality we never find."

"If that be true," said her nephew, "we cannot act upon the belief too soon, so that what is called loss may be no loss to us; for if indeed there is no such reality as possession, there can be no strength required to renounce a nonentity."

"Let us leave off these gloomy disquisitions," said the marquis, with an assumed air of cheerfulness, while he turned the look of pity with which he had been regarding Catharina upon the smiling child. "It is our duty to live in activity, and during this life to acquire capabilities for another state of existence. It is for this purpose that there have been given to us so many different powers of mind, so many various inclinations and objects of pursuit; and we ought to shun neither earnest endeavour nor vigorous combat, any more than we do the happiness which is bestowed upon us. It is said that many old persons have died satisfied, or rather satiated, with life: such satiety then could not have degenerated into disgust; these men, on the contrary, felt that they had enjoyed, understood, and endured all which could be offered to them in their existing condition. The banquet of life had been enjoyed with keen senses and mental serenity, though sad experience and bitter sorrow are also found at the board of fate, as necessary ingredients in the feast."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Maria's duenna, who came for her young mistress, in order to arrange her dress for dinner. The marquis was glad of the interruption, and immediately began to converse with the countess upon other subjects.

"The quietness of this lovely place is really delightful,

when compared with the confusion of the city, where we hear of nothing but the expedition and embarkation of our king. Here, I find calmness and peace; yonder, I meet only discontent and fear; the most opposite predictions abound; trade of every kind is at an end; people are running in all directions asking questions; usury increases, and debt as a necessary consequence; while our young nobles are disposing of their possessions, in order to appear with splendour in the deserts of Africa. How many hopes are involved in this enterprise! We may well ask if the former attempts of our heroes and our princes will now be crowned by its success, or if a fearful misfortune may not overtake and perhaps annihilate our glory and our empire together."

Catharina rose up with the greatest animation, looked penetratingly at the marquis with her large bright eyes, and exclaimed, "How can such doubts escape your lips! Victorious we must be; Heaven will never forsake its warriors; our heroic young king will elevate his country; and as his ancestors made the name of Portugal immortal in Brazil, Africa, and the East, so will he too found new states, and, it may be, excel them all in warlike enterprise."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" replied the marquis. "This undertaking is at least more adventurous than theirs, if not quite so heroic. The old Prince Alba has opposed it vehemently; grey-haired veterans shake their heads at the ardour of youthful inexperience; while some speak coldly and lightly of the downfall of our country, because they look to Philip and Spain, under whose sway they hope to improve their condition, and assert that our small kingdom was intended by nature to become a mere Spanish province."

Catharina paced the apartment with hurried steps, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes darting fire. "Dare such traitors face the light of day!" she exclaimed, scarcely able to repress tears of anger. "If there be indeed many such, then is our country lost. When we can rejoice in the chains of slavery, then we are truly fit to be branded with such a badge of worthlessness. But if the spirits of our great ancestors hover around us, kindling the souls of our brave warriors with enthusiasm,

then we must triumph, and drive far from us these ignoble hearts, who are unworthy of breathing the same air."

The marquis embraced his relative affectionately, as he said, "Noble lady, you are a perfect Deborah, a heroine in your love of country. Your heart burns with youthful fire at the thought of the noble or the beautiful; while to the utmost extent of your power you soothe and alleviate sorrow. How kind you have been to that little orphan, the daughter of your poor friend, bringing her up as if she were your granddaughter, and granting her the name of child!"

Catharina, sinking again upon her seat, replied in a languid voice, "Do not flatter me: when I exist no longer, you must take care of this poor girl, and be to her a guardian, counsellor, and instructor."

"Dear lady," answered the marquis, "you are in good health, and moreover full twenty years younger than I am; it is far from likely that I should live longer than you; Heaven will not permit this to be! But I must not forget to tell you, that the rebuilding of your palace in the city, which was so unfortunately destroyed by fire two years ago, now progresses so rapidly, that in the course of a year hence you may inhabit it, and you will find it more spacious and even more splendid than it was before."

"This," said Catharina, "is all done for the relations of my deceased husband; what pleasure could I find in the vast and confused city? I intend to remain here, or return to my quiet dwelling among the mountains."

"No, no," answered the marquis; "you must reside here in Lisbon; and we, as well as others who are permitted to see you—we, your favoured friends—will do every thing that is possible to make you comfortable. You must not again slip away from us; but you need not be annoyed by the relations of your husband unless you please."

"I shall see these covetous beings sometimes," said she, "but only in your presence, or in that of your nephew. I must not allow them to suppose that I fear them, or that I find it necessary to hide myself from them; if I seek and love retirement, it is because it affords me pleasure, and is my dearest

companion: all men do not understand how to live in this manner, and least of all the unworthy."

The marquis kissed her white hand, which might still be called beautiful, and then took an affectionate leave.

Her nephew, the Count Ferdinand, now approached the table near which his aunt was seated, in order to shew her the accounts and other papers connected with the rebuilding of her palace, the superintendence of which he shared with the marquis. She expressed her entire satisfaction with all that had been done, and once more relapsed into sadness.

"I saved from the flames," said her nephew, "every thing I could reach, and will soon bring to you the important documents relative to your property, as well as the jewels spared by the fire. I might have already brought you some books, those which I am sure you value; but the truth is, that these Spanish and Italian tales of chivalry are so fascinating, that I trusted you would allow me to keep them a little longer. Many useless papers as well as writings were found along with the old house-books, but with these it is needless to encumber you; they were saved in the expectation that they were better than they have turned out to be, as it so frequently happens in the midst of such accidents; what is invaluable being lost in the confusion caused by the consuming element, while we carefully guard chaff and rags."

"An image of our life," said Catharina. "Act in these affairs of mine as you please; I give you unlimited power." Her nephew then took leave.

When she was left alone, she went towards the large window which overlooked the highway or road leading to the city, gazing from it very anxiously, as if in expectation of seeing the approach of some one. She returned and went away several times, as if in disappointment. "At last!" she exclaimed suddenly, and her beautiful though pale countenance beamed with expression. A slow step was then heard ascending the staircase, the door of the apartment opened, and an old grey-haired domestic came in, who on a sign from his mistress carefully shut the door and bolted it, while Catharina did the same with the one leading to the inner apartments.

"Sit down, Domingo, good old man," said the lady, kindly; "the day is hot, recover your breath before you attempt to speak."

The grey-haired servant sat down trembling, and she remained standing before him; he then looked up at her, and tried to smile, as she stroked the silver locks upon his forehead; but a tear stole into his eye. "Kind and noble lady," he at last said, "whom I have known, loved, and waited upon since you were a child, ah! why is it that I cannot make you happy?"

"So you have heard nothing?" asked Catharina.

"Enough," replied the old man; "only I wish it were better. He returned in bad health from India ten years since, just when the plague was raging here."

"That I already know," she answered. "But what more?"

"At that time several persons interested themselves for him; but our king was then too young and childish; he had also many enemies, as you know too well. Four years afterwards his book appeared, which must have been very beautiful, for every one says so; the head of our reigning boy had become filled with stories of martyrs, wild Africa, and ——"

"Speak not so!" said Catharina, interrupting him.

"I only say," continued the old man, "that we ought to be men before we think ourselves heroes, or the saviours of the people, seeking to plant religion and the standard of the cross in burning deserts, where they are so likely to wither away."

"But what of him?" asked Catharina.

"Many persons, as well as the bookseller who printed his beautiful book, have told me that his brave and noble spirit, which would never suffer him to bend to what was inferior, was the cause of such a man being left to pine in poverty. He died two years ago in an hospital."

Catharina sank back upon her chair; and the old servant, obeying a silent sign of his mistress, left the apartment.

"Ah! would that I had died last year, as well as my husband Rodrigo!" With a gold key she now opened a small but elegantly ornamented casket, from which she took out a book splendidly bound and embellished, kissed the volume more than once, then sat down and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER SECOND.

IN the suburb which stretched itself out on the other side of Lisbon, a few citizens often associated together, enjoying themselves after their siesta with a flask of light wine. They usually met in the garden of a small inn, where they sat at a long stone table, shaded by the thick foliage of the vines; and from which spot was obtained a most extensive view, embracing hills, vineyards, and a portion of the city rising in the form of an amphitheatre.

During the evenings, there frequently came to this quiet and cool retreat several individuals residing in its neighbourhood, and in the place of honour among them was almost invariably found the Senhor Matthias; a person who had devoted himself to the service of religion, but as yet had not been fortunate enough to secure a chaplainship, since he unluckily had no distinguished patron to support his views. Next to him, another individual, of the name of Enriquez, took precedence; a man who liked to hear himself styled artist, as he was skilful in carving ornaments, and occasionally cut out small figures in wood. The remainder of the company was composed of artisans and persons of limited means, who were compelled to live in economical retirement. They gladly met in this quiet and unostentatious garden, where they were under no necessity of spending money, and ran no risk of being disturbed by noisy companions. The owner of the garden, a vine-dresser, had thus assembled around him a sort of half-refined, half-learned society, which he now and then joined, and was not very strict about the payment for the wine, made from vines of his own growing, being so well entertained with the free and lively conversation.

“What is the use, I say,” began Matthias, “of my being learned now-a-days, since none of our indolent grandees will acknowledge my talents—since no one will help me, or support me in my endeavours to add to the honour of my country?”

My translation of the Eclogues of the great Virgil is perfect, the remarks thereupon excellent; every one who has a voice is agreed upon these points. I revere Italy, where every great man finds a Mæcenas. How much have the enlightened De' Medici done for art and for science, as well as the Popes Julius, Leo, and Clement, Cardinal Bembo, and other princes of the Church, besides temporal rulers! Ever since the Jesuits have had such influence in our country, every thing which seemed to them to be of no benefit has been neglected. Therefore we limp, when the Italians run; and though we have possessed princes as powerful as theirs, Portugal is yet in darkness and obscurity."

"Just so," said the wood-carver; "believe me, our countrymen still want sight as well as sense; we are as yet nothing better than barbarians. What might we not do, since we are sure that talent is not wanting, if this unlucky enterprise (which may God turn to good account!) does not swallow up all our strength? But at present we hear of nothing but arms, cannon, powder, waggons, harnessings, and horses. The young nobility are as if they were intoxicated, and the very children are bent upon going to fight in the burning deserts. Wives and mothers follow them, because they fancy they will find houses there, that large towns will be built and colonies founded. It must end in misery; and in the mean time every thing at home is neglected, and the people are beggared, because, forsooth, the last penny must be spent upon ships and soldiers."

"Wait till Don Luis comes," said Ernesto, an old citizen; "he will shew us these matters in another light."

"In another it may be, Don Ernesto," exclaimed Matthias, the priest, "but not in a better one. This Luis fancies that he understands and knows every thing; but do you not remember, my friends, how I confused him lately, when he disapproved of my remarks upon the sixth verse of the third Virgilian Eclogue?"

"There now, wise man!" replied Ernesto; "does the proverb not say right, that learned people are always jealous of one another?"

"I jealous!" answered Matthias petulantly: "my calling teaches me to be humble; but I cannot acknowledge a lay-man and a soldier as my equal—one, too, who can never give himself out for a *really* learned man."

"Softly, softly, sir!" cried, rather roughly, a robust little man, who was a thriving shopkeeper; "I, Duarto, know the world and its affairs well; I have associated in my time with both priests and men of learning, soldiers and statesmen too; but this I must say, such a comprehensive mind as that of our friend Don Luis has never before come in my way. It is a pity he is so shy to his friends; he seems unhappy and poor, and is too proud, I fear, to receive obligations from the like of us; he must at one time have been accustomed to better society than we can offer him."

The priest reddened with anger, but mastered himself, and said only, "You think too much of him, Senhor Duarto, and wish to exalt yourself through him."

A man of moderate height, but of a very noble appearance, now joined the company. He was the expected Luis. He greeted all present with civility, and with his one dark sparkling eye recognised those he knew best with a friendly look; his other eye was this day covered, as if slightly inflamed; in general it was uncovered, though all use of it had been lost in consequence of a wound received in battle. His bearing and the expression of his countenance were gentle and calm, though an observer of mankind must have read therein both deep and secret sorrow.

In these still hours of evening, it was customary among the guests met here to read aloud alternately; and as the landlord, a thickset, kind-looking man, had now joined the others, Luis proceeded with the reading of Ariosto, beginning at the place where, some evenings before, another person had left off. The beautiful lamentations of the forsaken Olympia touched all their hearts; and as the whole of the listeners were not equally well versed in the Italian language, such passages as appeared obscure Luis explained in a clear and pleasing manner.

"The greatest poet of our time!" exclaimed Ernesto.

"What magnificent language, what choice of expression, what splendour in the imagery and symbols! and the constant undestroyed serenity of it, the charm of love existing in every sentiment. It must gratify you to think, Don Luis, that this Ludovico bears the same Christian name as you."

Luis raised his thoughtful eye from the book, and answered, "I have often indeed been pleased at this idea, for any resemblance to a great man, even though accidental, affords delight."

"Were the refined knave," said Matthias, "somewhat more pious, he would the better satisfy the servants of the Church."

"We have enough, and more than enough, of pious songs," said Duarto; "I am delighted with this Ariosto, improved as he is to us by our friend's explanations; but yet I must find this fault with his book, that it has neither a proper beginning nor an end, and he leans too much upon the confused and love-sick Orlando of Bojardo. At first sight the numerous adventures appear too like each other; and it seems to me as if the beautiful work wants an important something—a depth of interest, such as would bring us ever and again to a common centre—this is what I miss. Enlighten me, I pray, upon these points, Don Luis."

"I must confirm your opinion," replied Don Luis, courteously. "These poets of the Italians, of whom our Ariosto is the sparkling crown, when I look into the depths of their hearts, excite in me a profound grief and inward sadness. But as I listen to their sweet and playful songs, I am lulled into forgetfulness; and it is only when I read these repeated enumerations of titled names, and approach the genealogy of the house of Ferrara, and the praise which is lavished upon all that relates to that family of princes, that I feel sad. Yet, my friends, we ought to value such dry details—we must revere them, and imagine them to be that internal heart which you so justly miss. Poor Italy! it is long now since you were a home to the patriotic or the inspired; long has your true history ceased to have an existence. Sculpture, painting, music, architecture, every species of splendour and luxury

have taken the place of that sacred feeling, which is perhaps now lost and gone for ever."

"What do you mean?" asked Ernesto. "In general you speak very plainly; but what you say now is quite obscure, and it seems as if the rest of the company understood you as little as I do."

"It is only the old complaint," said Matthias, the priest, "which Petrarch has sung to weariness, and to which the bitterness of Dante has so often given voice, that Italy has no unity, that it is governed in turns by different strangers, that its ancient magnificence is gone, that no one seeks to restore it, and that its princes, though virtuous, are not sufficiently earnest in their endeavours to promote union, or to strengthen the bond which has been torn asunder."

"This is partly my meaning," replied Luis, modestly. "Italy, in consequence of divided interests, prematurely lost her independence—every insignificant state seeking after an interest of its own. Factions raged in every province, each striving to annihilate the other; by which every town and every state, great or small, has been driven to have recourse to foreign aid, and, what is worse, has been forced to trust to strangers for aid and prosperity. These are the most melancholy events which can happen to any country, for in this way it must gradually sink to destruction. We often hear it said, Italy! Italians! Where are they to be found? Towns and provinces are there only; while its princes, perpetually in contention with each other, become, in turns, the booty of foreign powers. The Pope is constantly obliged to mediate with the different states of Europe, and wins or loses, as one end of the balance or the other is uppermost; and his country is rather guided by him than governed. Still Rome retains a portion of her early greatness; Venice, too, enclosed within itself, is powerful, and exerts some influence yet upon foreign nations; but fair Florence has not been able to bear its freedom; Sicily and Naples are ruled by strangers, so also is Milan; and that Italian who feels as a patriot should feel can only lament, that were Dante and Petrarch to appear again, they would find equal, though different, causes of

complaint to those of their own times. Where, then, could the great Ariosto find a centre for such a work as he, in the sublimity of his mind, desired to produce? It could not be found in religion or in his country, unless his noble spirit had been willing to offend his readers, indeed, it is to be feared, to wound their feelings; and therefore he wrote as if amidst a sea of pleasure, wit and humour, playfulness and irony, where no firm footing could be found, sailing along, as if drawn by singing swans over the emerald flood, through light blue ether showered down by the mirthful gods. Wisdom teaches us to renounce many things without either rancour or strife; and the best of us may derive much knowledge from his clear crystal imagery; it is pious, moreover, to yield to necessity. Thus, though earnestness and high aim are apparently wanting in this poem, ought I to reproach the poet for what is mere renunciation, not want of devotedness? But, on the other hand, we Portuguese—we who are so happy as to possess a glorious fatherland, made great through the splendour of our princes, as well as by the learning and virtue of so many of its sons, through the mighty deeds of its warriors and heroes of every kind, whose actions are heard of even in portions of the world till of late unknown—we ought not to be blamed if, in our enthusiastic patriotism, we imagine that we perceive the language of despair in this careless flight of humour and fancy, where, indeed, poetic pride resounds so loudly as to seem even to stun itself, that its grief may, as it were, be lost in song. In this way, though perhaps his style may not please us so much, does the learned Horace speak of the abandonment of patriotism; and the elegant and gentle Virgil is only great while he sings thus:—‘Well may the Greeks surpass us in sculpture and painting, and well may they also make more beautiful poetry; ours is the task of Romans, the world to rule, and here we shall be masters.’ If they now shew themselves to be something else than patriots, they do no more than praise and flatter their princes. The great and noble Tacitus is able to read the wise man like a poet; for here the broken Roman heart speaks out in every

line, and even in the death-struggle expresses the irreparable loss, without intending it."

"Do you mean," asked Duarto, "that we Portuguese should be proud of our history and our country?"

"Is there a Lusitanian," replied Luis, "who does not feel proud and happy in that name, although he may not so express himself in words, or make this known in rich thoughts or loud assertions? Let us look back to those times when our great King Henry pursued his nightly studies of the stars, and prepared his vessels to sail round Africa; when we conquered Ceuta, and scared the Moors; when our Ferdinand the Firm became a sacrifice for his faith and his love of country; and when wise rulers governed us, and made the name of Portugal great. France, in consequence of civil war, was then the prey of a foreign conqueror; England, then but lately of any renown, was distracted by factions, which brought it nearly to ruin; the wide-extended Germany was convulsed by internal wars and dissensions; while civilised Italy exhausted itself about the affairs of strangers, till it became weak and powerless. Our small kingdom, the eyes and head of Europe, was then governed with wisdom and power; John the First, Edward, and Alfonso, strengthened and enlarged our territories; Spain had at length united what till then, like the rest of Europe, had been divided. Our glorious Emanuel sent out the heroic Vasco de Gama; and the Eastern Indies, with their treasures, wonders, and wise inhabitants, bent before Portuguese valour. In the opposite quarter of the globe, in a manner truly wonderful, other important kingdoms became ours, differing much from those of the wild hordes discovered by the bold Columbus and the learned Florentine Vespucci. In the west, after contending with great difficulties and overcoming them, we in like manner became masters of Brazil; eighty years have not yet elapsed since Vasco de Gama discovered that fabled east, that land of wonders, to which Alfonso Albuquerque and his brother afterwards repaired; in these far-distant regions performing such glorious deeds as much excelled the most fabulous song of the

poet. There did Pacheco establish an undying fame; there, likewise, did Almeida rule; nor was Soarez less a hero. But who can remember all the great who fought and conquered there, or found a glorious death, whose name and fame must for ever stand side by side with those of Miltiades, Themistocles, and Epaminondas?"

"And how short has been the space since these great events occurred!" said Duarte. "Our own fathers have seen many of these heroes—they have known these things, which are almost incredible, to be facts—they were permitted to look upon the blessed king Emanuel, and so they might imagine that a drop at least from this stream of glory reached themselves."

"We praise these princes and heroes," said Matthias, "even though their high position may render them inaccessible to many virtues which their meanest subject dares not be without. Is it not to be lamented, that while talents and learning must pine and go a-begging, a Leo the Tenth made a jester wealthy, and that many princes have done the same to their buffoons, and showered down gold upon voluptuous dancing-girls? Augustus gave Virgil back his estate, and he and his friend Mæcenæ did not allow the worthy Horace to suffer want. Lorenzo de' Medici, that munificent patron of art, was a friend to both Politian and Marsilius. But with us, however much we may be inspired by the glory of our kings, let me ask, what have these kings done for science, learning, painting, or art in general? Where are the great men to be found who have risen and prospered beneath the dew of their protection? These very discoverers and heroes, who made a portion of the world submissive to their sway, and who chained millions of slaves to the footstool of their thrones, were they not rewarded with bitter ingratitude? Was it not a glorious spectacle to behold a much-enduring Columbus brought back to Spain in chains, to be tried there in consequence of the shameless accusations of despicable calumniators? Did not the great Albuquerque die of want in the very midst of us, while his invaluable services were almost forgotten? The peerless Vasco de Gama likewise enjoyed little

reward, for he died just as fortune seemed about to smile upon him. If, then, a feeling of bitterness should arise in the mind of the calm spectator, or a yet deeper one of the same kind should spring up against the powerful in that of the learned man, who, striving to weariness, obtains at last poverty alone, ought we to blame such a feeling? Who are the rich and the happy? Flatterers, fools, the selfish, those who understand how to make the passions of the great of use to themselves. Is this not the history of all nations, of all princes? and has not disgrace, poverty, banishment, despair, and death, been the lot of the greater portion of statesmen and warriors, as well as of men of learning?"

This speech excited the company, and they all spoke at once, each in his own way, against the often-repeated and crying ingratitude of princes and nations. Luis alone remained silent, looking down, as if in deep thought. Duarto at last said, "You, my worthy friend, say nothing to this charge, which, however, I and all here consider perfectly just. In the history of the world, how many great spirits are to be found who pined in want, were banished or condemned, and stand out as memorials of tyranny and neglect like this! How many others, too, may have been allowed to remain hidden and neglected, who would have become great, had they only met with encouragement, or found patrons, as they deserved!"

"I did not, my friend," replied Luis, "wish to press my opinion upon you, because it may appear a rather singular one; and I was afraid of exciting suspicion, by declaring what is in contradiction to you, or might, at the least, appear paradoxical."

"We shall certainly not misunderstand you, noble sir," said Ernesto; "therefore speak freely, as if to yourself, even should you blame our princes more than we have done."

"It is difficult to determine," said Luis, "what we ought to call gratitude or ingratitude, when we reflect maturely upon the lives and conditions of individuals, as well as upon ourselves, and upon all the circumstances by which we are surrounded. Each of us now present, I am sure, must have, on some occasion, been repaid by ingratitude for the service

or benefit he conferred ; and each of us, I am likewise certain, must at one time or other have been called ungrateful in his turn. A pure gratitude—one which all may recognise as such, a lively feeling of thankfulness for good deeds, whether the benefit consists in worldly riches, or in what may be considered instruction, a self-sacrificing friendship—is a virtue which, like other virtues, seldom shews itself in fulness or splendour. The vice of ingratitude, on the contrary, is quite common, like all the faults of erring, distracted, and troubled humanity. In times of prosperity great men crowd upon each other ; action follows action, one talent excites another, and is shewn in every place—then is a nation rich in mind and great in power. How could, or how ought, a Themistocles or a Miltiades to be rewarded ? Even Timoleon's bright crown was quiet retirement and equality with his companions in arms ; the Athenian people were then, too, rich and great, yet his fortune ascended so rapidly that his extraordinary deeds and immortal services went far beyond that for which, in the usual sense of the word, any reward could be given. It is the superhuman in the fate of great heroes, teachers, and benefactors among mankind that becomes forgotten or misapprehended ; the deep emotion of our hearts, the rich feeling of our admiration, which may perhaps arise only after the long lapse of a thousand years—this worship of distant posterity, offered by every mind which is capable of appreciating the good and the beautiful—this which is neither gold, honour, nor praise, but silent admiration, strangely blended with a sacred pity—this is the glorious reward of every hero. They are never forgotten or cast away, they never die, they are never poor : the world of mind is their home, the palace where they dwell ; every good deed, every pure emotion, and all faith in the nobleness of man's nature, take root, spring up, and bloom in this consecrated soil."

Every one listened to the speaker in silent attention. After a short pause he continued : " Were the arts and poetry of the fortunate Greeks not penetrated with the most ardent and glowing patriotism, and thus in entire opposition to the character of the Romans ? Cities, mountains, rivers, men, and

the origin of the people themselves, have become immortal since the time of Homer ; while Athens and all relating to its story, its tales, its sea and land, have been sung by the Attic tragic muse, and made fair through that inspiration. Yet *Æschylus*, and at a somewhat later period, *Euripides*, left their country to die in a foreign land ; we know not exactly what excited their disgust, or indeed whether these great men may not have demanded too much from their fellow-citizens. Some of us may have experienced that a benefactor to whom we have been indebted may have wished to infringe upon that liberty which was essential to us, and which, when true elevation of mind obliged us to resist, he termed ingratitude. Whenever the consciousness of a service is too prominently brought forward, whether conferred by statesmen, poets, or artists upon their country, or by one friend upon another, by the rich upon the poor, by the high upon the low, or by the subject upon his prince, the gift loses much of its value and beauty. I have ever readily excused those rulers who appeared ungrateful towards their heroes and great men, because they have so much to think of and provide for, and so much is urged upon their attention, that, owing to their high position, greatness of mind and eminent talents seem to them to be no more than necessities of nature, which reward themselves. And should the man of talent, in his feeling of conscious power and worth, offend the great, or but for an instant forget that his chief importance comes from royal favour, then slanderers and calumniators are ever busy speaking to his prejudice in the ear of royalty ; and, consequently, it is but human, after all, should the prince limit his good will, in order to moderate such a rigid sense of virtue. It is true that flatterers, parasites, boasters, fools, jesters, and dancers, often obtain those riches and rewards which ought apparently to be bestowed upon virtue and talent ; but on the other hand, if these miserable creatures in their meanness did not obtain such favours, their existence would be wretched. Almost every one grudges them their possessions ; even the prince himself cannot purchase respect or esteem for them ; citizens and common people have little or no value for them ; every

eye turns away from such recompense, and the more so should the persons be obscure or despicable from circumstances. The experience of my life has taught me, that reward is only to be obtained through personal intercourse; I mean, such rewards as men value most highly, riches or lands. He who understands how to make himself agreeable, nay indispensable; he who can seize the opportunity and the moment, who can appear at one time insignificant, at another complaining or importunate, receive praise or scorn with equal calmness, and never seem wiser than his patron; in short, he who can live for the present day alone; such an one will ever be welcome at the courts of princes, and moreover will obtain those earthly goods for which he strives so earnestly: but virtue and talent can rarely thus deny their genius."

Luis appeared affected as he uttered these words. All had listened to him attentively, some not without embarrassment, when Duarto, after a pause, said, "Honoured sir, your words, if in earnest, do honour to your feelings; but forgive me if I say they appear somewhat sophistical. The ruler, owing to his high position, can more easily escape from the passions of men than his inferiors can do; he ought therefore to sacrifice a great deal to his inclination and amusement; he ought to rid himself of these flatterers, should he not believe them to be his real friends; and the pressure of affairs is surely no excuse for preventing talent and virtue from obtaining their due reward. Though our Emanuel was certainly a great ruler, yet it was a disgrace to him that he allowed the renowned Albuquerque to pine in poverty, and it was a disgrace to his counsellors and friends that they did not remind him of his duty. I know, Don Luis, how much you love and honour our heroic King Sebastian; but futurity will reproach him for allowing himself to be surrounded and beset with Jesuits, confessors, soldiers, noble and ignoble; that for such a length of time he has suffered this ill-omened enterprise to claim his whole attention; and it is undeniably a stain upon his glory that he permitted our Camoens to languish in an hospital, whose poems, say what you will, are dearer to me than those of Ariosto, or any

others I know; and to every true-hearted Portuguese they always will be so."

The pale countenance of Luis became flushed; he appeared embarrassed, and as if seeking for words to refute this speech. But while all were eagerly waiting to hear what the man considered the most learned among them would reply, the door of the garden was suddenly burst open, and two officers entered hastily, each holding (forcibly as it seemed) the arm of an old man, whom they thus detained between them. As soon as the latter perceived the persons seated at the table, he entreated their assistance.

These two officers, who wore rich uniforms, belonged to the legion which the English leader, Stukely, had just brought from Italy, and with which he had joined the army of King Sebastian. The one was an Italian; the other a boisterous German, who was only the more vehement in his behaviour, because he could neither make his own language understood, nor understand that of the others. The old man appeared much frightened, and said that these soldiers had just met him between the high walls of the garden, and had asked about something, to which he could give no answer, as he neither understood Italian nor the language of the other worthy officer. It turned out that they were in search of a tavern which was situated in the opposite suburb; and meeting the old man in this lonely place, they wished him to shew them the way to it, as they were to meet their general, Stukely, there, to whom they had matters of importance to communicate, as well as to receive orders from him. Ernesto, who happened to know the locality tolerably, residing not far from it, undertook to guide the two impatient soldiers thither, after Don Luis had appeased the wrath of the German, and comforted the terrified old man. When they had left, Luis likewise departed, leaving no one with the landlord, except the old Domingo and a poor bookseller.

Domingo, when he had regained composure, asked the landlord who the kind man was with the one eye, who had spoken to him in so friendly a manner. "He seems poor and

not in good health ; but he is pleasant and kind, and has the bearing of a noble."

"We call him," answered the landlord, "Don Luis. I believe his family name is Zunega, or some name like that ; he is perhaps a grandee. He is learned, but appears to have little to live on."

"Indeed, indeed ! I could almost have fancied—— Did not Camoens the poet live about four years ago in this city ?"

At these words the poor printer rose up, and said, "Yes, good sir, but he died in the hospital of Saint Lazarus, where he had been given a free lodging. The person who printed his splendid book wished to help him during his illness, but he was so proud, that he shunned all assistance, refused money ; and so, forsaken by every one, high and low, he died there a few months ago. For a while before his death, no one ever saw him, or knew any thing of him. Believe me, he was the most noble and talented of men, but likewise the most haughty ; he would not be indebted, even to the king himself. He was advised by many, as well as by the publisher of his poems, to pay a visit of respect to the king's father-confessor ; but he would not even do this. But why are you weeping, old gentleman ?"

Domingo could no longer restrain his tears. The fact was now confirmed beyond a doubt, that the great poet, whom, in his younger days, he had known so well, was indeed no more ; misery and the hatred of men had consumed him. And it affected him deeply, when he thought how much his revered mistress would suffer when he should be obliged to relate this unhappy intelligence to her.

CHAPTER THIRD.

As the party left the garden, the kind host refused the payment offered by the ecclesiastic and Don Luis ; but the latter, with an expression of pride upon his countenance, though smiling at

the same time, pressed the few coins for the wine he had drunk into the hand of the stout landlord, while Matthias went away with silent thanks. Luis then accompanied the soldiers; and while thus walking onwards between the high walls of the garden, they were met by a lame man, who from his appearance they judged to have been at one time a soldier, though he was now simply a beggar. He turned towards the two officers with imploring accents, but they regarded him with contempt, and passed on muttering some angry words to themselves. Luis, however, stood still, and taking a small coin from his pocket, which he regarded for a moment with a sad smile, then gave it to the beggar, who looked after him with emotion. When he rejoined his companions, the Italian said to him significantly, "It is easily to be seen, Senhor, that you have never been a soldier, or you would not trouble yourself with such useless compassion. Such idlers as that man, who at the best are but baggage-servants, and who as marauders frequently bring the profession of a soldier into contempt, ought not when once dismissed to be assisted. But you know nothing about these canaille, you who have always led the life of a quiet citizen."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Luis. "I had compassion upon this poor cripple, though I could give him but little, just because I myself had been long a soldier."

"Where did you serve?" asked the Italian.

"In different parts of Africa, and in the East Indies."

"With all respect," said the other, while he shook hands with him, "I presume you lost your eye in battle."

"I did," answered Luis. The German, observing that his comrade had become very friendly with this plain man, now shook the latter likewise heartily by the hand, saying in bad Portuguese, "Comrade, friend, and soldier, having served in this noble occupation, you should think more of yourself than to keep company with a pack of citizens, priests, tailors, and shoemakers."

The Italian, who came from Florence, told how his commander, the brave Englishman, Stukely, had some time before raised a very numerous legion in Italy, and had moreover

received a brief from the Pope for the enterprise of a holy war. "We ought, indeed," continued he, "by this time to have been landed in Ireland, and to have made war against the heretical Queen Elizabeth; we were to have raised all Ireland, and when we had succeeded in creating general confusion, Philip of Spain was in the mean while to have landed in England for the purpose of subjugating that kingdom. For such an adventure as this, no one is so well fitted as the brave Stukely, who being himself an Englishman, is necessarily well acquainted with the nature of that country. The man who has no fear can put the whole world in terror, provided the means to do so are bestowed upon him. In place of all this, however, it has so happened that your young King Sebastian, who is now upon the point of attempting a warlike descent upon Africa, has prevailed upon our leader to accompany him thither; therefore I hope we shall soon plant our colours in the midst of the burning deserts, and return here victorious, as we cannot fail to be. After this is over, we shall set sail for Ireland, with renewed energy and additional troops."

"I was born," began the German, "in the large and beautiful town of Nurenberg, where I was brought up as a Lutheran, which in your country as well as in Italy is a name of the greatest reproach. I fought for some years in the Netherlands against the Spaniards; after that I was sent as a prisoner of war to Italy, and am now, as it were, a sort of universal or Catholic soldier. The profession of arms is so dear to me, that, like many other soldiers, I do not much care about religious matters; 'whose bread I eat, his song I sing.'"

Luis looked earnestly at him, then turned again away, and said, "I am not of this opinion." He then took farewell of the Italian and Ernesto, who had offered to shew the strangers the inn of which they were in search.

"That quiet, good man," observed the Italian, "seems offended: how can we have hurt him? Perhaps he is a follower of the new doctrine? If that be the case, I wonder that in this country he is not afraid of the Jesuits and the Inquisition."

"No," replied Ernesto, "you do him wrong by such a

thought; he appears to me to be offended because your friend seems to consider faith and religion as matters of indifference. For whenever an opportunity occurs to speak of religion or the Church, which, however, he rather shuns than seeks, he is full of zeal and devotion; he does not like to persecute or annoy others, but he is a true Catholic."

"We Italians," said the soldier, "often think too little about such affairs, and many among us, especially such as are distinguished, are very indifferent about such matters; here you may be very different, and I by no means blame you for it. But it appears to me, that the true soldier should neither be perplexed nor troubled by such things; and owing to this opinion, I have never been able in this respect to sympathise with you or the Spaniards. However, let every man live after his own fashion, and do his duty."

"I could not go so heartily to battle," added the German, "if I were to think so much about my conscience and my creed. The people of old had a goddess of war, the Lady Bellona, and it is she who must soon inspire us. When the beautiful image of a woman goes in advance, and from time to time looks at us with her bright eyes, we need no more.—But tell me, who is that half-blind man who is at one moment so modest and humble, and at another has the air of a duke, or of a marquis at the least?"

"We see him frequently," answered Ernesto, "but we know very little about him, because he seldom speaks of himself or his circumstances. I have known him now for some years, but this is perhaps only the second or third instance in which he has ever mentioned that he was once a soldier; I suppose, because we associate with him more as a man of learning than of war. He is far from rich, though I believe descended from a distinguished family. Why he is so reserved none of us know; but his manners when we do see him are so friendly and pleasing, that we do not trouble ourselves about this, and are equally contented with him, whether he communicates much or little about himself."

They had now arrived at that part of the road where Ernesto was to leave them, who once more pointed out the

way they were to go, with such precision, that they could no longer mistake it.

"This is a horrid wearisome nation," said the German, after a pause; "these Portuguese are all so ceremonious and reserved, and besides all, so over and above polite, that we are constantly obliged to become more and more so to them."

"They do not please us Italians much either," added the other; "but then you Germans are just as little satisfied with us of Italy; you constantly repeat that we are too ceremonious likewise, too complimentary and formal. You Germans, on the other hand, appear to me to be a strange nation. You are open, frank, and hearty, as you say; yet you are the strangest people possible amongst each other; at first sight even, you trust one another in all friendship and confidence, disclose your secrets, drink pledges from huge glasses accompanied with kisses and embraces, often indeed with tears, swearing eternal brotherhood, and vowing to stand by one another in death as well as life, regardless of every danger."

"And so it ought to be, master soldier," shouted the German; "this is our true German faith and our heartiness, in which we excel every other nation."

"Just so," replied the other, laughing; "but scarcely have you drank two glasses with your new brother, before a violent quarrel arises about a word, a look, or a something almost invisible, when the friends seize their swords, and the meeting ends with bloodshed."

"Ay! and that is our German honour," said the first; "for this we are respected by every other nation: wherever a German is seen, he is regarded as a hero; are we not called '*Los fieros Alemanos*'?"

"The Frenchman," continued his companion, "is nearly as quarrelsome, though he is more polished and temperate in his contention; he is particular in every thing that touches his *point d'honneur*. But you Germans get into a species of uproar, which is incomprehensible to us and to other southern; the best of friends among you nearly murder each other in a passion, and afterwards scarcely know about what they were fighting."

"Quite right," cried the German, with an inflamed countenance. "You seek to insult my country and to laugh at me; but may the thunder strike me dead if I forget this insult! Draw and prepare! Here is a fine quiet place for play like this; draw your sword, then, in the devil's name, and stand on your guard, or I will hew you down upon the spot."

"Here's a fine affair!" said the Italian, while he slowly drew his weapon, and looked carefully around. "You know," continued he, placing himself opposite to his opponent, "how strictly Stukely has forbidden such quarrels: should we be surprised, death is the certain consequence."

"No one will interrupt our little dance here," exclaimed the German; "so come on, if you are not a coward! We must all die once, it matters not how; and to the true soldier honour is before every thing."

They fought eagerly and quickly, the German trusting to his courage, the Italian to his skill. After some passes had been made, the latter struck his adversary's sword out of his hand, which thereupon flew to a distance from him. "You are now in my power," said the Florentine, "but I will not avail myself of this; take up your sword, and let us fight again, if you have not yet had enough."

The abashed German picked up his weapon slowly, placed it in the scabbard, and said, "I am satisfied." He then cordially embraced his opponent, and added, "Comrade, you are a true soldier, because you are generous, and every soldier ought to be so. Let us be, and let us continue, friends and brothers." After this they shook hands, and quitted the place engaged in peaceful conversation.

In a locality which was traversed by the poor and the needy of the common ranks alone, was a small tavern, generally frequented only by such, except when, by accident, a man of wealth or of rank sought this humble place of resort at very rare intervals. Wine, fruit, sometimes animal food, or fish baked in oil, were here offered for sale at the lowest prices.

A merry circle of guests had assembled here, and in the midst of them a young muleteer was dancing with the sprightly

daughter of the landlady, to the great delight of the spectators. Two young recruits, who stood among the others, loudly praised the dancing; and this approbation, together with their performance upon the tambourine, gained them great applause. But all of a sudden the corpulent mother, as if anxious about her daughter's health, took her away, and led the dance herself with one of the lively young soldiers. It was possible that she wished to prevent a too great intimacy between the unknown mule-driver and her daughter; and so she danced on, swinging her heavy body wearily about, gasping and panting, to the evident enjoyment of the on-lookers, and most of all to that of her husband, whose loud laughter at her exhibition at length drowned the music itself. While she sunk exhausted upon a seat, he bantered her upon her wish to revive the forgotten arts of her youth, and to make them once more of consequence.

"Truly it is no joke to the lady," said Fedrigo, the other young soldier; "it is surely unreasonable for man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and receive his enjoyment and diversion in the same way."

Belindo, a water-carrier, one who piqued himself much upon the fact that he had made a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, in Galicia, now exclaimed, "Is it not true, friend tinker, Don Ermindo, that you and I are far above these worldly pleasures? With a water-melon and a little wine and sugar, we sit here leaning against this old fig-tree, having our pleasure and enjoyment in thoughtful conversation."

"Yes, indeed!" answered the worthy tinker; "and this is a time when no honest, right-minded Portuguese ought to be joyful."

"What has happened now?" said the landlord, who in vain tried to compose his broad merry features into an appearance of seriousness.

"What has happened?" continued the tinker; "nothing new, certainly; it is only the old story,—our expedition to Africa, our king, his knights and nobles, and their ladies, these are what distress us."

"All that is some months old," replied the landlord, "and yet none of them are gone away."

"Not yet, praise be to God," replied the tinker, with a profound look; "perhaps it is owing to the saints and to the prayers of all good Christians, that this unhappy enterprise is still at a stand."

"How can that be?" asked Fedrigo, the recruit: "though I would have liked better, for my own part, to have gone off on our Irish adventure; but since the other has been resolved upon instead, I think every pious Christian ought rather to send his prayers after us, as this enterprise of the king is for God and the Church."

"Young man," replied the tinker, "you know not rightly what you say; for you are still an inexperienced youth, and have not seen the world. Pray, have you ever visited the shrine of St. James of Compostella, as I and Belindo have done?"

"No," answered the soldier.

"Then be silent," continued the other, "since you can form no proper judgment upon these weighty matters."

"At all events," said the youth, "I know so much in my modesty that I can mend no old kettles!"

The other recruit laughed aloud at this reply; and one of the muleteers said, "I have on five or six different occasions conducted several persons of distinction to the holy James up yonder in his mountain; but for all that, I cannot make out what you mean."

The tinker peered searchingly into the countenance of the bold young man, took out a small toothpick, and began to pick his teeth, which shewed themselves in largeness and beauty between his full lips. All eyes were now turned upon the philosopher, who, after having spun out expectation to its utmost length, said at last: "I know for a certainty that this undertaking will end in unhappiness; the king and the nobility, the army and the knights, must all perish in Africa, and scarcely a hundred, perhaps only ten, perhaps not one, shall ever return back from that country to Lisbon."

A large fig, loosened by the soft evening wind from the

branch on which it hung, fell down at this moment upon the crooked nose of the speaker. "There we have the omen and the testimony," said he in a solemn voice, as he saw his hearers again prepared to laugh.

"An omen?" said the sprightly muleteer, echoing the word, "because a fig, slapping your nose, puts you in mind that you should not turn it up so high in the air? It signifies that yesterday the fig was forgotten to be plucked off; and had its stalk not been broken, you would not have had this hasty visit paid to you."

"If," continued the tinker, "you have been in Galicia, and visited the holy place, you must also know, or may imagine to yourself, that this same Galicia is bounded on the east by another Spanish province; on its west is the sea, as it is here; then if we go towards the east, and still proceed farther, always keeping to the right, turning particularly a little to the south, we come imperceptibly, in a short time, to the kingdom of Arragon, and then we reach the ancient renowned town of Saragossa."

"Stop there," cried the muleteer; "I have also been twice in Saragossa; but by your description I could never have found the way to it in all my life. You describe the countries and provinces just as if they were made like a macaroni mould."

"Miserable simile!" exclaimed the other. "I beg you will allow me to speak. I yesterday met the Capuchin's brother, Melchior, with whom I took a contemplative walk; he related to me as follows: Not far from Saragossa—about a short day's journey from it—stands a village called Bikela. Among the bells of this place, which all hang very near each other, there is one which is a very wonderful one—a mysterious one, as Melchior called it—gifted with supernatural power. Since time immemorial, whenever any great misfortune has threatened the country, this seemingly dead piece of metal has rung out loudly and forcibly. Many over-wise people, who are doubters, or who think they ought to comprehend every divine thing, sneer at this circumstance, because, for a long time back, this bell has not given out any

prophecy. But suddenly, some weeks ago, as the embarkation of our noble king drew near, the bell sounded, at one moment so mournfully, and at another so alarmingly, that fear and horror fell upon these doubters. On a beautiful bright day, while ecclesiastics and laymen, great and small, were standing before its tower, which is not a very high one, in an instant, without the help of man, the bell began to set itself in motion; the clapper tolled slowly, loudly—sometimes quickly, then sullenly; and when the bell swung itself too hastily round, it continued to toll out such fearfully shrill sounds, that their ears were stunned with them. There was no one beneath to pull the ropes, there was no one above beside the bell; the sacristan, who usually rung it, stood below terrified, staring upwards, knowing his pious, docile, and obedient bell no more, and feeling that it was now moved by the hand of a spirit, toning out a dreadful prophecy; while every one near interpreted this to mean the destruction of our king and country. Some pretend to say, that the bell knows very well that after this misfortune has taken place, we must all become subjects of Spain, because, after the death of his old Eminence Cardinal Henry, Philip of Spain is the nearest heir to the throne of Portugal."

All had listened with the greatest attention to the story of the tinker; every face had become serious, and each dark sparkling eye was widely opened and fixed upon his countenance. The daughter of the landlady wept, and the young muleteer, after a pause, said, "Certainly, my friend, if the bell of Bikela has again begun to toll, all diversion is over; we may expect the most melancholy events, and our king is assuredly doomed to destruction."

Every one sighed, crossed their breasts and foreheads, and murmured prayers. During the relation of this story, a somewhat aged negro had entered the apartment, one who frequently came hither to amuse the company with his jests; he had just now listened as attentively to the tale as the others. The muleteer, observing him, accosted him, saying, "Well, you black, limping fellow, what say you to this miracle?"

The old negro, who was always welcome, answered in very

broken language, "What say? What can man of earth say if tongue of metal speak? Is spirit in iron? good, easy understand. Does metal become tongue, speak, walk, lament? again easy understand, if it, however, gives no words, no reason, no speech. Trees nod, sea-waves walk, breakers scold, and air-spirits make music in pine-trees, cypress, and cedar. Every thing speak, prophesy, is much, and lead to right. If bell can work so, and is an iron prophet, no one ought wonder and find fault if my countrymen have fear and horror of all bell; and no Mahometan or Turk will let such iron prophet into him church or town."

"Infidel!" said the landlord angrily, "blaspheme not our holy Church, and least of all this miraculous bell."

"Stop," cried the negro, "man of the inn, do not make such large eye at me; I be old man, but I be Christian; I too be baptised as Antonio."

"Then," said one of the recruits, "you have really been baptised, and understand the matter; how came it to be thus?"

"You see, sir," answered the negro, "dat for long I could no like de idol; de great lump help me not at all, but de creature was only wood, and could do noting. For long time good priest had been pitying me, and he preach, and work into my soul to believe, explain every ting, and give to my stupid spirit such heavy knock and blow about all dat was incompr'ensible, dat I feel in my breast and my heart. After dat, he baptised me in his beautiful church, when my mind had made itself ready. Yes, my friends, my parents sell me to de stranger for little bit of gold; but now I be Christian, be happy, not white, not Portugee man, but poor beggar; black slave may become good, and I may be so too."

"Why, the fellow might have been a priest," said the mule-driver, "and converted his black companions."

"At first," answered the slave, "my good teacher think this too; but humbleness too great for this; and I hear like a voice saying, 'Servant you are, and must remain servant; you must stand in front of closed and bolted door, because not fit to work in de vineyard.'"

"So I also should have thought," rejoined the tinker, "since

no fools ought to be there; and if the spiritual gentlemen thought otherwise, they were far wrong."

"What he says," interrupted the water-carrier, "is quite stupid. The man babbles nonsense; his stuff is neither trained nor pruned—it is without head or tail."

"His thoughts are lame, like himself," added the muleteer.

"Since he limps so well, the old man must once more give us a dance, which he has not done for a long time," said the daughter of the host.

"Yes, yes; he must dance," they all exclaimed.

"Gentlemen," said the negro, "you settle before dat we must not be merry, since Bikela bell has rung and sounded so bad; we must begrave and tink much; my dance dat I bring from de heathen country is no Christian dance."

"That is the very reason," said the tinker, "because it is no Christian dance, why you may make your godless leaps, for they will neither harm our faith nor our grief; but none of us must dance with you—we will look on; and when you go through your black tricks, they will find no entrance into our consciences."

The young girl hereupon seized the tambourine, shook its little bells, and played such of its monotonous music as suited best for dance and song. The lame negro limped about, twisted himself at one moment quickly, at another slowly, into all kinds of postures, shook his head, and opened his eyes and mouth so widely that his white teeth glittered strangely, almost fearfully, in his black mass of countenance. The music became quicker, and he sprang hither and thither, swinging his body to and fro in every direction; then throwing himself down upon the floor, he went upon his hands with his head downwards and his feet thrown up in the air. Every one laughed and applauded, and when their delight had reached its height, the younger part of the company and then the elder portion of it could no longer restrain themselves from hopping and jumping in the same manner. The girl also, with the tambourine in her hand, leapt into the middle of the dancers; the entire party now shouted, sung, and danced with all their might, while the stout landlady croakingly sung an old ro-

mance, and the landlord, seizing his mandolin, drew out sounds from the arched instrument at once clear and shrill. But both the noise and the music was suddenly stopt in fear, wherein all partook, as a distinguished-looking officer stood among them habited in a rich military dress, smilingly regarding the merry group. In the midst of the sudden silence which had thus fallen upon them, he said, "My friends, do not allow me to interrupt you, for it pleases me to see this harmless amusement, one which reminds me of the May-dance of my native country; the negro too is a wonderful leaper, and though he is lame, is amazingly elastic; the young girl too turns herself about very prettily; and my new recruits delight me by their activity."

All saluted him with great respect, the recruits pressing forward to kiss the point of their commander's sword.

"I expect," added the leader, "two of my officers, who are to call for me here, as my way led me past this house. Give wine and refreshments," said he then to the landlord, "to my soldiers there, and the other good people." He gave the man a piece of gold; and as the two officers, the Italian and German, who have been already mentioned, now came in, the English Stukely, for it was he, turned with much friendliness towards them, and began to converse with them aside, intending to leave the place directly. But in the midst of this, the negro suddenly exclaimed in a shrill voice, "No, no, Massa, Captain, Admiral, must no go way; him have seen me dance, and leap, and make diversion, have laughed and been merry; now negro man must get too from generous gentleman some shining piece."

Stukely stood still and looked at the negro, who bent himself before him in a very humble attitude, then turned to the landlord, who said, "Yes, general, this black fellow comes often here to beg; he is lame, and perhaps cannot find a master; he plays the part of fool and merriman to us as you see, in order to gain a few pence from my guests; and I must say that the rogue succeeds so well, that even the poorest of them always gives him something."

"No rogue," exclaimed Antonio, "only poor slave; no

merriman and fool, but needful man; generous Portugese gentlemen like better to give something to fools and dancer, than if me call myself man and brother."

Stukely stretched out his hand to him and said, "Stand up."

Antonio obeyed, and clasping his hands together, said in the most affecting and simple manner, "Pray, pray, do give me a little bit!"

The commander drew forth his purse, took from it two gold pieces, and put them in the outstretched black hand. As soon as the negro observed the metal glittering in his palm, and felt the weight of the pieces, he threw himself upon his knees, and kissed the feet of his benefactor.

"Do not be so slavish—so like a dog!" said Stukely; "remember that you are a man as well as I."

The negro paid no attention to these words, but remained kneeling, and pressing the gold pieces to his lips. "Oh, gold! gold!" exclaimed he in ecstasy, "how long it is since I see your shining face! and now mine, mine, my servant, my slave! you must lie and sparkle in my black hand, you must obey me, you are master of the world, but now my servant!"

At last he stood up, and turned beseechingly to the German and Italian officers. "Give something too, for remembrance; put dear white hands into purse, O great captains! and give poor black fellow something; he will pray for your swords." The officers looked at each other in some embarrassment; but as Stukely, their leader, was silent, they felt themselves obliged to contribute something also, although the importunities of the negro were somewhat unwelcome to them. Each of them placed a gold piece in the hand of the slave, who gazed at the money with glowing eyes, and upon its reception kissed the coins in the first place, weeping, and afterwards the hands of the donors. He then exclaimed, "Angels now have a day of love, a beautiful purple veil comes down from bright sky, I hear cymbals sound, paradise tambourine with gold shells, and sweet fragrance goes through the summer air." Again turning himself towards the rest of the company, he said, "You too, honoured gentlemen, I pray give me some little pieces, so that great gold coin have company and conversation, and not sit

like pious hermit in my dark pocket all alone; make gold senhors speak and divert them in the common society of silver piece and copper piece, all ring then beautiful together, and move and dance pleasantly. Help dance and song, dear, excellent, Christian people."

"Have you not enough yet?" asked Stukely, who seemed to be much amused with the scene.

"He!" exclaimed the landlord, "he! oh, your excellency, he is never satisfied: he is as greedy as the sea itself, but he is good enough and gentle, as well as pious too, in his own way; but when covetousness, that terrible feeling, is aroused up in him, he is no better than a tiger or a lion. To have, to get, to beg, and always for more and more, this sets his very blood a-boiling."

"To have, to have!" cried the negro, loudly; "yes, it is best blessing of the world, and of heaven too. Only beggar like me, who have nothing, nothing at all, know what to have is. Our goods are in the pocket of our neighbour, the hand comes and take hold of money, still have nothing, at last silver and copper piece mine. Ah, dear lovely pennies, pretty white pieces, now come to me like lamb to the shepherd; to-day, gold even, four great sultan. Be charitable, give, give, generous Portugee; do not be greedy, cruel; so shall be blessed much; the small, most little piece will get reward in prayer and blessing."

Stukely now said, "This fellow pleases me beyond measure, because he so perfectly represents the man whose instruction or education has never taught him to affect either generosity, resignation, or contentment." He then took the landlord aside, and gave him another sum sufficient to provide a feast for the whole company for that day and the next, on condition that they should all, more or less, assist the begging negro. The jovial landlord went smilingly round the circle, and revealed to his guests the good fortune which awaited them: all now regarded the brave Englishman as something truly wonderful, and whose profuse generosity appeared to them an inexplicable riddle. Every one of them—the recruits, the water-carrier, and the tinker, as well as the others—drew forth

coins of different value, and presented them not unwillingly to the happy negro, as they thought of this evening's rich treat and the entertainment of the following day. When Antonio had finished his collection, the landlord said to him, "You also, blacky, sit down ; for once you may eat till you are satisfied ; and come again to-morrow, friend, and you will find something still better."

The negro sprang up with both his legs in the air, saying, "Eat nothing—joy too great—not come to-morrow—satisfied, quite satisfied."

The landlord looked with astonishment at the other, and taking out a flask from a wine-cave in the rock, said to him, "Take this from me at least—it is a bottle of my best wine—since you will not partake of the general's generosity along with the other gentlemen."

The negro once more smilingly and touchingly thanked them all, particularly the Englishman, and then hastened away with the flask under his arm. Meanwhile the short twilight of evening was deepening into night, and Stukely went towards the city accompanied by his officers and recruits, while both they and the party they had left behind conversed about the negro, each according to his own opinion of him. All, however, were surprised that so greedy a fellow had refused the feasts ; and the company at the little inn endeavoured to solve this mystery, while the soldiers with their leader soon reached the house where the latter dwelt, which was situated in the midst of a large and beautiful garden.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE silent night had sunk to rest upon the bosom of the cool earth, the air was mild, a soft dew had refreshed the trees and bushes, the wind was still, the sea calm, and the little wavelets flowed gently and murmuringly towards the shore ; stars glittered in the dark sky, and the moon shone crescent-like above the grey mountains of Cintra.

Luis wandered lonely along the beach ; he looked towards the city, the lights of whose palaces and splendid mansions were reflected in the watery mirror ; swarms of fire-flies hovered above, and fell in a thousand shining drops upon the bushes ; from time to time a fish sprang up from the sea, breaking the solemn stillness, and then came, as from a distance, a mournful sound across the river. Luis looked slowly around him : the breeze from the sea, the freshness of the air, the gleam of the lights, the splendour of the planets, the echo of the wind, which whisperingly announced its approach amidst the small leaves,—all these affected him, while the remembrance of the past floated before him. He loved to wander thus in the summer evenings ; the narrowness of his cell gave him pain, while converse with nature gave him comfort, and raised him above the pressure of existence.

A dark shadow quickly approached : as it came near, Luis said, “ Here already, Antonio ! I did not expect you so soon.”

“ Oh, happy day ! happy day ! ” exclaimed the negro, delightedly ; “ have got more to-day than for many month. Look, dear master, four large heavy gold pieces, and silver and copper.”

“ Faithful creature ! ” said Luis, “ fortune has indeed befriended you.” He felt the weight of the gold which Antonio had placed in his hand, and then said calmly, “ I can at last obtain a decent garment ; so that I shall not be looked upon, as I have been by so many, as an object of suspicion. Have you, friend, taken what you require of this ? ”

“ Dear, honoured, noble master,” replied the negro, “ no, indeed ; Antonio want nothing ; nothing go to black man ; to make master glad, to give him all he get, is his pleasure—make him happy. Here’s good wine, dear master ; here’s good meat and bread.”

“ This,” answered the other, “ is an unexpected feast to-night, one in which the best things of the earth meet together ; let us go to yonder little coppice, and take our late supper. What day of the month is this ? ”

“ Thursday, fourth of July.”

The slave spread a cloth upon the grass, and thereon placed

two cups and a wine-flask, which he took from his basket; he then laid upon some small plates fish, fowls, and baked meat, with wheaten bread and fruit. He then looked anxiously towards his master, who was walking backwards and forwards, sorrowfully turning away from the repast. "Can I weep once more?" said Luis to himself. "Whither have ye fled, ye hours of beauty, when by her side, in the light of her sunny smile, I used to keep this festal day? How many years lie between this day and that on which she gave me her last bright, though tearful, look! On this day was she born fifty years since; where, amidst these distant mountains, does her dust now repose? My form is bent, and like it, among men, is the remembrance of her beauty and her distinction forgotten. But I feel *her* and *her* brightness in the breath of night—I see them in the splendour of the stars; her recollection penetrates my whole existence, and it seems as it were no longer than yesterday since I spoke to her and loved her. But in reality what a gulf lies between! and in it what suffering, tears, and strife! This remembrance alone is the truth of my life; all else is but illusion and falsehood. Thou dream of existence, thou heart-piercing sorrow, shall there not come a time when the past shall be again the present? We pass by objects as in a fleeting dance, scarce touching them with our hands; and what we seek to embrace withers and fades as the flower of the field. Even while we gaze upon our treasure, it changes, as does the bright cloud which passes over the sea; and thus are we suddenly left alone, asking ourselves in dreamy sorrow, whether it was *ever* there, the thing we loved and wished for. But silence, thou impatient heart, my friend waits there, and is anxious for my presence; we two shall celebrate her remembrance in the enjoyment of the earthly."

He walked quickly towards the slave, and sat down beside him. The former pouring out wine into one of the cups, presented it to him, saying, "Good man of the inn yonder give me this wine."

"It is good," replied Luis, as he slowly drank of it; "it strengthens and unbinds the painful fetters of thought." He

then gazed upon the heavens, and then over the wide landscape.

"Ah! how happy I be," began again the slave, "that I be able once more, dear, noble master, to make you happy; where in all the world is a servant or slave who dare to eat, drink, and speak with his master? Stupid people call master proud, because he will not be a fool."

"Yes, Antonio," said Luis, while he gave his hand to him, "you *are* my friend, my support, my defender, the only being on earth I do not shun, the only one who is to me a brother, or whose benefits do not pain me."

"Great, noble man," answered Antonio, "do not speak this, or something will come in my throat and choke me that I can no swallow. Did you not buy me away from death and torture with all you had? Did you not quarrel with great governor till he wish to imprison you? Did no captain say you rebel, and deserve to die? Yes, great master, you stand by me as Christian, as brother, like Saviour; and what is Antonio? Like worm compared with master. You let me be beside you, you love the black man; you so wise, so learned—me stupid black beast beside you."

"Come, Antonio," said the noble Portuguese, "we must not be sad—we must be cheerful this lovely night; and while partaking of this unhopèd-for meal, I enjoy the most splendid remembrance of my life. Your faithfulness makes you worthy of the friendship of the noblest. I have been of benefit to you, and so have you to me."

"Could I make for master," said the negro, "riches, houses, palaces, I would make him great admiral—king—pope!"

Luis laughed heartily. "You do not understand," he continued, "how pleasing to me is this poverty, since it has been voluntary, and not compulsory. Ah, Antonio, since I have been able at last to know myself as well as the world around me, such poverty is at once my comfort and my consolation. Separated from all, I expect and hope for nothing more; with composure I see great and small step over me; at night my little cell receives me; and the few wants my

infirm frame requires you procure for me. You have yourself known how little is required to sustain life. Thus I exist in the remembrance of the past alone; for me there is no longer a future, except the invisible one of which faith and revelation tells us. As long as I hoped for earthly things, how did the silly expectations steal away the hours; in the silence of night how angry, discontented, and sorrowful was I that they were not fulfilled; how did my brilliant hopes become dimmer and dimmer, the dome first, then the cornice, next the high walls and windows of my edifice disappearing! Still did I fancy that the last small remnant must endure; and how near was I to despair when this too crumbled away! When I went to my patrons and self-styled friends, I instantly perceived an expression of embarrassment in their countenances, lest I should become importunate; they overwhelmed me with undeserved reproaches, only because I did not dare to do the like to them; while the great man abashed me by his frowns, in order to prevent my entreaties and petitions from finding utterance. If I wished to take a walk with a friend, merely to have friendly converse with him, he fled from me as from a leper, lest I should ask him for help, or, at least, destroy the pleasure of the walk through my complaints. Each minister, as I paid my respects to him, spoke to me of the wilfulness and faults of my youth. Stories of such follies, even long-refuted calumnies, had been learned by heart, in order to shew me how unworthy I was of all reward, just as if I had caused my own unhappiness. Now I am forgotten when I wander among them; they know me not; so much have years, sorrow, and sickness changed me. I am as happy now as ever I can be on earth; one day passes quietly after another, and each peaceful night succeeds the one before. I associate with reasonable beings, whose conversation I enjoy; they value me, they love me perhaps too much, for I cannot return their sympathy. I neither make confidants of them, nor seek their assistance, because I never wish to entangle myself again in the web of human relationship. Thus, I shall not be forced to withdraw myself from these good citizens, whose help now covertly offered to me, might, like every thing I

ever hoped for, dissolve into nothing, compelling me again to overcome sensibilities so acute as at one time to be nearly unendurable."

Antonio, while eating, had silently listened ; after a pause, he said, "It very bad, great master, of countrymen to forget you : so many rich people, so great things, but you best of all to be poor : who are good ? Poor people. That me learn when I beg. When I come to workman, poor low man, they look with pity on me, because I lame ; hand is put in pocket, and stretched out to me. Not great fine lord, him servant run behind dressed in gold ; he look at me contemptuously, and laugh : so do big proud priest ; he not laugh ; but when I ask little thing, he turn round fat face and eyes to heaven. But then, the Master of *all* grandees, priests, and beggars, was treat so, for which misery and famine came on the earth. Not for self, but for you, master, I could weep thousand salt tears that men have so hard heart ; the rich and grand be cruel as tigers and serpents. I know how angry men get sword and knife, knock people down that are not good, and set fire to house, and wife and child burn, because no pity, no compassion felt for you."

"Antonio !" cried Luis, angrily.

The slave instantly fell upon his knees, and kissed his master's hand. "I not wicked, not wicked, Don Luis ; I no wicked revengeful man ; I never all my life be wicked fire-murderer ; I your slave ; I learn to be good, because you are good ; I only say what other would do, who are more bold than me, when I furious for you. Yes, I am happy always beside you, most happy because you are my master. I know you never wish, and never can wish, to do these things."

"You likewise," said Luis, "because you are my friend, my only true friend, must never have such ideas. Let us empty this flask of good wine, then go home to your cell, and leave me here to my wandering and my thoughts."

When Luis was left alone, he continued to walk musingly on, farther and farther, until, in a short time, he stood again before the residence in which the Countess Catharina dwelt. Although it was rather dark, he looked through the railings

into the garden, repeating to himself, "What can it be which ever and again brings me to this place? Am I a child, for the first time gazing upon flowers and a fountain? The people who dwell here are unknown to me; they do not trouble themselves about me; and yet for many days past I have found myself standing on this spot, and before this building, as if a great joy or a great sorrow here awaited me."

He tried the lock of the door; it yielded; the door was open; he could not withstand the temptation to go in; the trees were around in deep shadow, and the fragrance of the flowers and the gentle murmur of the water refreshed him. He looked up towards the house; all was still there and dark. He sighed deeply, and was about to seat himself upon a bank, to indulge in his reverie, when he heard a noise. He went quickly away, listening to the sounds of his footsteps as he passed over the gravel, and stood once more on the highway, his heart beating as if he had committed a crime. The door of the house opened, and Domingo, the old servant, whose advanced years required little sleep, came into the garden, murmuring to himself, "It seemed to me as if I heard a noise." He then approached the garden-gate and tried the lock. "Holy saints, open!" exclaimed he, amazed. "What neglect! Some scoundrel might have slipped in here!" He firmly locked the large door of the garden, walked round the ground, as if spying about for intruders, and then entered the house again.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE house in which Ferdinand, the nephew of the Countess Catharina, dwelt, was full of activity and bustle, as his two young cousins were preparing to embark with King Sebastian for Africa. Arms were to be procured, servants were ordered hither and thither, people of all sorts went and came; and as only some of their equipments were yet on board the vessels,

commissions were still to be executed of various kinds ; while the zeal of the youths shewed itself in the vehemence and uproar with which their affairs were conducted. In the mean time Ferdinand was sitting in a remote apartment, occupied in reading some leaves, whose contents engrossed his whole attention ; but in the perusal of which he had been already somewhat disturbed by the noise, though yet at a distance. The turmoil, however, becoming greater, and appearing to approach nearer, he hastily rose up in order to inquire into the cause of it. The door of his apartment was now opened, and a man of noble bearing stood before him, followed by his two young cousins.

“ His Highness Don Antonio the prior wishes to pay you a visit,” exclaimed the younger of them.

Ferdinand drew modestly back, placing a chair for his distinguished visitor, while he remained respectfully standing near him. “ This honour is quite unexpected,” said he ; “ the day must be consecrated on which I have been so highly favoured.”

Don Antonio gave him his hand, and said, “ Your impetuous cousins complain because you will not accompany us to Africa ; the king, my nephew, would rejoice to see you, brave count, in his train ; the youth of the land are desirous of signalling themselves in this enterprise ; why will you, then, not share in their glory ?”

“ Gracious sir,” answered Ferdinand, with embarrassment, “ some weeks ago it was my earnest wish to follow my king and you to the field. My preparations were already made for that purpose, when my uncle, the Marquis de Castro, to whom I owe every thing in life, who, since the death of my parents, has been as a father to me, kept me back ; pointing out to me many obstacles, or, as he terms them, impossibilities. He is old, as you know ; and having lost his children, I am his heir ; the management of his property and other matters falls heavily upon him ; he fears illness, and considers me his only support. Besides his own affairs, he has for a year past—since the death of Don Rodrigo—undertaken the superintendence of those of Donna Catharina, in which I must

likewise lend him my assistance. The re-erection of her palace rests entirely with me. I see the marquis daily upon this subject; and he asserts, that without my help, since I have now become so well acquainted with the details of her affairs, he would find great difficulty in managing them. Although this kind friend of mine might have stretched his power over me very far, he has forbidden me from joining this enterprise only in the form of requests and representations; and I should indeed be most ungrateful were I now to be so obstinate as to pay no heed to his wishes or his advice."

"Your reasons," answered Don Antonio, "are good; and I value you for them, because you give way to nothing short of necessity." He then rose up, and said in a friendly manner, "I must, however, partake in the warlike pleasures of these wild youths, who rush to this war as if to a ball."

The cousins laughed aloud; and Don Antonio continued: "The battle will not end so lightly as it appears to you, young gentlemen, although we are certain of victory. The whole of Barbary is aroused in defence of the usurper, and will contend to the last against the rightful owner, who has sought our support."

Ferdinand kissed the extended hand of the prior, as the latter turned to go away, and said to him with hesitation and timidity, "I will venture, my gracious prince, to say a few words, if my boldness will not displease you."

"Speak, dear count," answered Don Antonio, with the greatest kindness.

"If," continued Ferdinand, "affairs of urgency be indeed, in your opinion, a sufficient excuse for withdrawing from this enterprise, then perhaps it is not your duty, my prince, to follow the king to Africa."

"What do you mean?" asked Don Antonio.

"Our young king," continued Ferdinand, "is still unmarried, and without heirs; should a hard fate overtake him, should sickness or war cut him off, the venerable Cardinal Henry would again become regent, as he was before. You, my prince, as one of the heirs, have a right to the throne; were you not present, your title might be disputed, especially

by Spain, whose partisans are already in Portugal, nay, even in Lisbon. But should such a misfortune befall this poor country, were you present, it would be otherwise. You would hold the reins of government with vigorous hands; every patriot would gladly join you;—a possessor has the advantage over a claimant; our country would become strong, and ——”

The prior interrupted the speaker. “Your intention is good; but I ought not to listen, and I will not do so, for—” here he looked towards the cousins of Ferdinand, who were examining some statuary in a gallery—“of such chances and possibilities I must not think, and still less should others do so. My claim to Portugal, after that of the cardinal, is the best and most valid, even should Philip dare to pretend to a nearer title. Our great King John was not the legitimate descendant of our ancestors, any more than I am, and I can appeal to that circumstance. But we need not trouble ourselves with these vain and premature reflections; our King Sebastian is an Alexander in heroism and power; his zeal for the Christian faith draws the flower of the land after him, and victory must follow his colours. All that was accomplished by our sovereigns, Duarto, John, Alphonso, and Manuel, shall be excelled by him, and the glory of Portugal shall finally outshine that of other lands, as well as that of glittering Spain. It is indeed from fear of this, that Philip so earnestly advises our noble prince to forego the enterprise; and this is the cause why he urges so many plausible arguments against it; on this account Alba too uses all his eloquence, joined to his experience, to terrify Sebastian by gloomy forebodings, and to keep him back. But you are yet too young to know, that we must always receive the advice of a cunning and skilful enemy in its opposite sense; it is envy which speaks in King Philip and his warriors.”

The prince then hastily went away. Ferdinand accompanied him, and his young cousins followed, gaily speaking and laughing. In the street Don Antonio met the Englishman Stukely, along with other officers of rank, who had come by his desire to accompany him. Meanwhile the whole of the commanders of the army, with their inferior officers, com-

posed of Germans, Italians, English, Irish, and a majority of Portuguese, were on their way to the palace of the king, as this was the day on which the time of the embarkation was to be at last decided.

Ferdinand returned to his apartment, where he walked up and down, saying thoughtfully to himself: "What is it which thus oppresses me? which makes it impossible for me to believe in the success of this enterprise? Dark clouds overshadow it, and exclude every prospect of joy or prosperity. I felt the same some months ago, though not within the last few weeks. Can the soul indeed penetrate into futurity? Or does our angel-guardian in this way whisper warning to us? Since the return of Donna Catharina I love my old uncle more affectionately; I attend to his affairs with greater diligence and care; it seems as if his society, the friendship of that noble woman, and the lively prattle of that beautiful child, must soon become indispensable to my happiness. My old relative in their presence is more amiable than ever; and all of them excite in me a thousand new thoughts: books, science, nature, every thing, seems nearer and more familiar to me. I feel, that confidence and friendship can bestow more than I ever met with before, or indeed ever expected to find. What can the society of headlong youth offer to us? That youth which, without experience, trusts in the present moment only, and seeks to enjoy that alone. Yes, it is no timid doubt, no indolent dislike, which keeps me back from the dangerous adventure; it is right to remain here beside my kind uncle, to share his fate, to help him and to enliven his old age; he may demand this and much more from me. Besides, there is no sacrifice on my part; it agrees with my own inclinations, especially as I feel that a new period of my existence is commencing, though I cannot tell by what revolution this has been effected. Is it a new vocation, a mighty powerful teacher, a religious ecstasy, a deep heart-penetrating softness, or that growing development of love which creates mankind anew? Within a short space of time, in the midst of undisturbed solitude, immersed in my usual occupations and amusements, without any extraordinary occurrence break-

ing in upon the common routine of my existence, another spirit has taken possession of me. It is the aspiration after truth and knowledge—the wish to know the condition of man, and of the world in which he lives. And thus I perceive on the earth and in the sea sounds which I seem to understand; books speak to me with other voices, and I often hear wisdom from the lips of men from whom formerly I heard only what was insipid or indifferent.”

He again seated himself at the table, and once more took up the loose sheets which, at the entrance of the prior of Crato, he had hurriedly thrown down among some books and papers which lay scattered around. These leaves were old and discoloured, the writing upon them was faint, some lines were distinct and firm, while others again were but slightly traced. It must have been long since the words were written; their contents might have embraced the period of a year, perhaps more. The little which the young man had deciphered made him only the more anxious to trace out the whole; the leaves had been lying within an old book of accounts connected with household affairs, which two years before he had saved from the fire which consumed the palace of Douña Catharina. He now read as follows.

Ideas for future Poems.

The opinion is not yet quite abandoned, that souls created from time immemorial wait in the invisible element for their period of earthly embodiment, so that when opportunity offers they may glide into material forms. One very old tale tells us, that at the commencement of creation, an innumerable host of spirits, in consequence of a great revolt, became lost and annihilated, but that the Creator had since repaired this loss in the souls of men. Others suppose that each lost spirit was not annihilated, but only cast out, and might therefore find its way back to God through entrance into a human body, and by means of a life of virtue. Is it not also said in like manner in other lands, that souls or spirits had once been in a state of

great blessedness, from whence they had been banished into our forms, in order to repent of an unknown apostacy ; and that the knowledge of the truth, the ecstasy of devotion, the perception of the beautiful, are no other than the recollections of their lost and early happiness ? In our hours of dreaminess may we not fancy that all so-called matter is no more than stunned spirit encircled by water, air, and light, working its way from earth into plants and flowers, thence to animal life ; or ascending upwards from lilies and roses, through the presence of the loved one, even to the summit of creation, the soul of man ? Spirits meet each other in love, and the feelings of husband, child, father, as well as of grief, gratitude, pleasure, devotion, heroism, the ecstasy of love and of delight in a thousand various forms, are the truth of the oft-repeated ancient fables, and of a happiness old as time itself.

For me, what I dream is dream ; but yet I have felt that many dreams and particular moments of my life I can as little erase from my memory as whole days of action and suffering ; and I would not have it otherwise.

I have made sonnets, canzonets, and madrigals ; but for the future I will write my thoughts as they arise in this little book, that afterwards they may receive embodiment,—words and rhyme. It is possible that many of my noblest feelings and best impressions may pass like summer clouds across my brain, and vanish into nothingness ; verse and poetry may restore and create them anew. It may also happen that these inspirations in the course of thought may become weak and earthly ; but brought back to memory in poetry, they will again unfold their heavenly wings. It is true that an ecstatic feeling, a divine image, fettered by words and speech, must move heavily in these earthly bands, and in rhyme repent that they have become mere human poetry, where, thus confined to language, it must often deny its heavenly origin. It may also be, that from the most distant and deepest recesses of our being, where consciousness and thought do not reach, mysterious and silent presentiments arise, and from this profound abyss there comes forth unobserved a shoot of life bearing many-coloured blos-

soms. Thus poetry animates and realises the most delicately invisible existence, veiling it in light material drapery.

I look from the mountain down upon the plain, the citron and olive groves, the valleys, and the far-distant beautiful ocean; I see the dark blue sky spread out so pure and bright, a trembling light floating over all, awakening colour and brilliancy; while through his appointed space the sun holds on from morn till eve his flaming path. Thus it seems as if my spirit were spread out before me, dissolved in love, caressing with its light, plants, mountains, and flood, the green of the meadow and the sea, penetrating the purple veil of evening. And I often say to myself, This art thou! And my delight is the joy of him to whom nature is no longer veiled!

The magnificence of the world varies every hour, the beauty of the elements meets me in new forms. I speak often and again with air, earth, and sea, and from all of them I ever receive fresh answers and unexpected knowledge.

When I consider the ways of the world, its manifold errors, its conflicting passions, the useless words and actions of its puerile vivacity, how each individual tries to outrun the other in order to gain the prize, how every one thinks himself wiser than his neighbour,—I then measure the ant-multitude by death and eternity, by the great deeds of the past, by the sufferings of those heroes who reached the superhuman. Then there comes over me, as if from heaven, such a mirthful feeling of pleasure and gaiety, that in the joy of the emotion I could laugh loudly and heartily. Strangers, and even those friends who ought to know me better, look upon this as an expression of arrogance, which scorns and despises men and the best that is in them. But I feel in this mirth only the gentle humility which becomes a noble heart, as, from human love, I laugh at human folly. It is neither a Juvenal nor a Persius that speaks in me, not even Horace; but a soothing gratification that my feeling of cheerfulness has of itself found the central point and harmony of the world.

Should I succeed in making poems from these sketches, I may also discover ideas from them, from whence happiness, riches, and possessions may arise to me. When I am in a sorrowful mood, I think upon the great combats which our Lusitanian heroes have encountered in India; were they great because they were rich? because they dwelt in large and splendid palaces?

Men say that the poet floats ever unfettered over the earth; I am considered such, but yet I can as little fly as I can free myself from this our planet. The more poetical I become, my feeling attaches itself only the more strongly to the world and to the things of earth. What are fruits and flowers, forest, rock and sea, men and animals, but distinct signs and ciphers in which the eternal creative Power has inscribed and shewn forth his thoughts? Therefore they all signify something. The spirit of nature descends into me, thence I touch, see, feel, and understand what they are; this is my inspiration: if this makes a poet, then am I one; penetrating into the earthly in order there to find the unearthly—this seems to me my destiny and occupation.

Time and eternity are placed by religion and theology always in opposition to each other; and yet time is nothing but articulated eternity, otherwise it has no meaning. And thus it must and shall remain for ever.

I cannot be the servant of the proud and great, to say no and yes as may be deemed fit, to act a part as I might be desired; so that in after years I might obtain, as a reward for such zeal and falsehood, a position of some kind or other. How different is it with the free soldier: from service—his school—he comes forth to the battle-field—his university. What happiness! what liberty! where warriors are his teachers, and where heroes are his brothers.

No one wills to see thy countenance, none wishes to know thee, thou deep, mysterious sorrow; thou who, like the old

giants, liest chained in obscurity. In grief, in weeping, in wretchedness and misery, the eyes of the spirit alone behold thee. But no one has the courage to approach thee near. Men deny thee in insipid joy, a distracted life employs them, and the waves of nothingness engulf them. But I have come near thee, and thou didst raise thyself up, a shining genius, and stood before me, giving the hand of brotherhood. Thou art life itself, that Eros of whom the ancients spoke, and whom Psyche received into the circle of the gods. Since I have recognised thee, even amidst sorrow serene peace smiles.

My heart bleeds when I see the deep stream of gore which flows, and has flowed, in order to bear across to both Indies the standard of the Cross ; borne to them by believers. Man becomes afraid amidst doubt and misery ; but can love, enkindled amidst zeal and anguish, ever die or be annihilated ? Man in his compassion disappears ; indeed, the follower of the faith, in his love, only offers more blood in indignation and defiance of this compassion. Does he not even sometimes, without indignation, injure his bride ? The precious must be dearly bought ; the wine-press crushes the rich and beautiful grapes, that the wine of life may flow. Ye hapless sacrifices ! ye have gloriously fallen to advance the triumph of faith. Does the warrior, in the flush of victory, ask after his dead ? And what is the most brilliant victory of the world's hero compared with such a spiritual conquest ?

Much can only happen and be comprehended in excitement and in passion ; away rolls the chariot of fate through blood over the dead, over trampled fruit and flowers ; the winds rave, and the sea lashes itself into fury, and the trees of the forest bend. It is, it must be ! is the fearful command of irresistible necessity ; trembling love is not consulted, and must act as a slave, when it may not guide the wheels of the chariot.

Yet the inspired prophets of God understood not the ineffable Jehovah in the earthquake and in the storm, but in

the soft and gentle whisper. Thus does silent devotion follow the fervour of these great conversions of nations; the waves are still; compassion, sadness, and blessedness come slowly over the silent flood.

Yes, my country, thou art the most glorious, the most splendid, and the most magnificent upon earth! What can compare with Lusitania? That which has borne our name to the distant ends of the world is a heroic power which no other greatness of man can equal. Oh! to whom shall it be permitted to express this feeling; who shall find sounds in song, sublimity in emotion; who shall shew to his countrymen such a feeling in all convincing clearness! Here a greater than Homer or Virgil is required, for the task is more sublime. We are still near the confines of that great age which passed in purple splendour across our land; we can still touch the hem of that king's garment who glorified our inheritance. I dream of you, ye heroes! who accompanied the noble Vasco de Gama. I see the ocean in tempest, storms threaten, the subtle net of treachery is wove, the spirits are aroused; but fair prosperity descends from the azure sky adorned with heavenly splendour. My brothers, my fathers, my Portuguese have returned, and have done that which the wisely-doubting regarded as impossible. Every thing wonderful, every thing great is called impossible; but for this very reason is the deed accomplished. My heart and my life's spirit rejoice that my blood belongs to such heroes; oh, that I could pour it out for my country! May the kind Muse unseal my lips, that I may at least sing these deeds, in which I was not allowed to share.

We feel undying strength in us when inspiration excites us and makes us mighty; in the full enjoyment of ourselves, in the harmony of all our powers, we feel almost as if divine. Then comes soft humility, the noblest feeling of dependence, in a lowly form, and strikes the *heaven-storming* giants to earth.

Shall these ideas, then, never become embodied,—never

become known in verse? My life lies nearer to me than my thoughts, and thus many of my plans can be matured by the future alone.

O ye gay and loving spirits, Joy and Pleasure; I have again beheld her, but she did not see me. As the ship sails in the night, there follows her keel a shining ray of light far behind upon the water. When she walks through the garden, the flowers become more beautiful, and a more fragrant odour floats softly in the air. The myrtles bend before her to inhale her breath, and the love-intoxicated nightingale forgets meanwhile her song. And I?—— I have nothing to forget, as for long I have thought of her alone.

As she stood by the sea-shore, I secretly followed her to behold her image in the mirror of the ocean, to impress it upon my vision; the form was still there, for I see it ever and every where.

She smiled upon me! I know men who are anxious to penetrate the phenomena of nature, who observe the growth of plants, the formation of animals and fishes; others who search into the depths of the earth for metals; and strive night and day to comprehend such mysteries, to elucidate the change of formation in all. And I!—— Upon this gentle expressive smile, the beauteous movement of these lips, I could think through long years, and still would there be much behind. When poets say that Cupid sports in these red blushing roses, or lays nets there to catch the eyes of mortals; if so pure a smile may be compared to rosy blossoms, which open when the morning light caresses them, all these are but tame and insipid images. This dazzling smile descends from the bright eyes, plays over the blooming countenance, and then comes full of love from the enticing lips, as did Venus from the serene ocean. Was not the red coral a couch on which new-born love lay lispings and smiling? Are there not lovers who could write ten or twenty chapters of poetry upon that motion of the lips alone which we call a smile? And what did hers indicate to

me? What has it spoken? It seemed as if she had understood the greeting of my soul, and a blessed remembrance came over me, as if our spirits had long since known each other. The light of that countenance from which the smile beamed forth in ecstasy was like a dove which, before preparing for flight, spreads out her snow-white wings.

Some descend into the sea to fish for costly pearls; others tell us of a fabulous well which renews age and cures disease; they seek and endeavour to find the wondrous spring. Others search for the philosophers' stone and the sublime tincture; others, absorbed in fervent prayer, would draw down miracles from heaven; others, again, make pilgrimages to Compostella or Jerusalem, to see that land of wonders. And I?—— In her bright eyes I find the most costly imperial pearl; in each kind look my soul comes gaily forth renewed by the spirit-fountain, and shakes its strong wings in delight, while every glittering drop that falls sounds joyously. In this fairy glance is the land of wonders, and the liberating from sin and sorrow. When she has looked upon me with that bright look, my soul becomes so pure that it might stand amidst the blest angelic host, and each seraph in his radiance might embrace me as a brother.

Her father blames her for what he calls her wilfulness; but she is no longer a child; and were his eyes not blinded by a worldly spirit, and distorted by anger, he would learn to see wisdom in this highmindedness, and in it acknowledge innocence. She was amusing herself with her young niece in the garden, and hid herself behind a pillar; the child wept and complained; then she appeared with a smiling countenance, and took the little creature in her arms, who clung round her neck in delight. May this not be perhaps an image of our life? Does not our highest happiness while we are men thus conceal itself behind a column, and laugh at our childish complaints, to spring only towards us at the hour of death and press us to its friendly bosom?—— Before me, at least till now, the dark stone pillar has ever stood; my life has hitherto been no

more than a sorrowful search. But I have found what I wanted: her look, her voice, is my blessedness; when conscious of her presence, no more is wanting. If I hear, though only at a distance, the rustling of her garments, I instantly know the sound; and not more transporting to the poor wretch condemned to die is the herald who tells him of life and liberty, than is that sound to me, when seated in the company of men, listening to idle speech.

She sat upon a turf-seat, and I stood before her; the turtle-doves were cooing; the water played into the marble fountain with a soft and soothing sound; a bird in the distance sang a song of love; and she looked down with so much thought and benignity, that the very flowers seemed as if they must spring up to greet her. I ventured not to speak, for her silence is to me as the most exquisite music; for ever could I thus gaze, and lose myself in the depths of her expression. She suddenly raised her large eyes, and looked into my innermost soul; I was overawed even to trembling: she smilingly gave me her hand.

"Of what are you afraid?" said she.

"I was not prepared for that glance," I replied—"its brightness came too suddenly upon me; I am like an unarmed peasant who falls before a steel-clad knight."

She laughed aloud, and we returned to the company. Did the sentence of my doom not knell in this laughter? was it not the battle-cry of many mighty sorrows which, in legion-like host, await me? Or may it not be the languishing song of the nightingale declaring the approach of day?

My life has been a soft dream, and still I slumber on in sweet illusion. Wake me not, friends or enemies, happiness or misery, duty or crime, lest I despair.—— My heart yet reposes in a holy and solemn silence. Angels kneel before the birth-place of our greatest happiness; and the night of my existence has been changed to day. Be still, ye withering doubts, and destroy not the hours of present joy.

Souls know each other sooner than our eyes can see each

other. She dwelt long in my heart ; but till spring comes, the flowers in the garden are invisible. My soul had long been filled with fervent wishes and burning thoughts, and wherever I looked, I read love alone. Spring came with light, and dew, and warmth, bringing song, fragrance, and colour ; wandering through the wood, crowned with wreaths, flowery bands waving around him ; in his hair were violets ; scarcely could his form be seen, thus veiled in verdant leaves of every hue. The earth, the forest, and the garden, felt his happy presence ; the spirits of nature came to meet him ; the swelling rose burst forth from every bush, and the garden was full of blushing incense. The lily revealed her silver splendour, the blossoms of the trees floated in the sunny air, and all nature rejoiced in a dream of wonder. The youth was oppressed with unconscious happiness, and tears of pleasure were in his eyes ; then she appeared, and his happiness had name and being. Do spirits step from mystery into existence only to live for death ? Since I met with her, our spirits have conversed with each other in looks, and from looks language comes.

The invisible strives ever towards light and existence ; this is the great pulse of universal nature ; and love is the most beautiful embodiment of the spirit : in love is essential power, and more than the remembrance of an earlier existence. To each of us is given the heavenly equipment, which enables us to reach a divine seat in that bright abode, where all our dreams are realised, where doubt and impossibility are annihilated, and every wish finds its fulfilment.

If I look towards the distant mountains, over the wide, the immeasurable ocean, and raise my eyes to the moon and stars ; throughout these far regions the sublime image of eternity seems to stand before me. I lose myself in the universe, and my soul becomes overwhelmed. But greater than the greatest, more holy and wonderful, is to me the kind soft glance of thine eye. Thee I feel, thine I am ; whereas eternity and distant space I dimly perceive, and sea and stars I recognise only by the outward eye.

Is she more beautiful when playful, or when silent? She loses herself in feeling, her tears are irresistible; but her arch smile triumphs still more surely. She was very earnest as we spoke of the transitory nature of life and beauty.

"Every thing," said she, with emotion, "serves only for death; and all that is beautiful comes smiling forth from darkness but to ripen for destruction."

A fine peach was glittering in its splendour on a branch close beside us, she pulled it and gave it to me.

"It seems rude and hateful," said I, examining the fruit, "to devour such a lovely child of summer in the fashion of an animal."

She laughed, and took the soft peach out of my hand, looking mischievously at me with her splendid eyes; then bit the downy skin with her small white teeth, till the sweet juice dropped out. "See," said she, "for this moment was this lovely peach formed and ripened by the sun; in this one mouthful it has given to me all that it knew of existence. Take it!"

With joy I took the fruit from her beautiful hand; I tasted, and it seemed as if I sipped the intoxicating wine of love. She suddenly seized the fruit again, tasted it once more, and then threw it away among the green bushes.

"There, it may now die and wither; you have received a kiss from me, and I one from you. Has its life not been a beautiful one?"

And such is the present fleeting moment; should we remember it years hence, then it is not fleeting. Why must pleasure recede even while we yet speak? Every tree and flower echoes her name; the glowing pomegranates call it aloud to me, the lilies softly whisper it; wherever I look, whatever I hear or think, all language is of her: whither shall I save myself?

The children were adorning her, they placed a wreath of small rosebuds in her brown shining hair, and two lilies bent themselves over her forehead, leaning on each other. She was

the image of Diana. A strange glance shot from beneath the mysterious flowers, as if the beautiful plumaged bird of India flew out from amidst the leafy trees, and raised its bewitching song; like that song was her glance. I knew her not again in this dress; she is to me ever new in each fresh garment—in her veil, when she walks or rests in the garden, or in the dazzling hall when she speaks or sings.

She sang an old song from Macias, our love-poet; then she read some Spanish verses from the Diana of Montemayer. To die for her at such moments would be easy; but do I not more? Do I not live many times over, days and hours of doubt and anguish, as she sometimes is kind to me, and at other times turns away?

It may be that this love, as I feel it, is not permitted to mortals; perhaps it is sinful to allow ourselves to be so penetrated by such a refined and heavenly feeling as in it alone to live. In every flower, in every rustling leaf, in the depths of the cool fountains, lurk perhaps those evil spirits who hate and punish the superhuman in man. Tantalus was hurled from the table of the gods into an abyss of darkness. I am too blest; such joy cannot last, and wherefore should it?

In maidenly modesty, blushing and timid, she sat beside me in the dim twilight, beneath the shady foliage; our hands rested in each other, and all was still. I embraced her, pressed her to my heart, a burning kiss sealed our bond of love. Warm tears of joy fell from my eyes, and how was I surprised when large drops also fell from hers! The spirit of love solemnised his triumph; a holy prayer, a thrill of devotion and delight, went through me.— Perhaps thus sighed my genius, “I have enjoyed the most exquisite moment of my existence, and those tears were the funeral knell of my happiness.”

“Why does sorrow ever weigh upon my spirit?” asked she

almost agonisingly; "if the present moment is every thing, then may this be right! Ah! thou holy one, if I only do not sin against thee!"

No; my happiness is hers; and if love be an intoxication, we ought to become sober as late as possible. Who sets bounds to joy and delight? Or who dare assume the power to limit love? Only Innocence and Mirth, these gentle children, are in the train of Eros, though they archly laugh and sport!

"My yielding to thy happiness," said she, "is my free will, if we may call such feeling will. I give thee nothing more than my own heart. The ancients sung of the compulsion of the goddess of Love; that I now understand, and while I am thine, I am also essentially and really my own." That sounded to me like a revelation and a holy sentence, the consecrated marriage of souls.

Why must our love be a mystery? That noblest feeling, that most happy occurrence, that necessary consequence? Heaven and nature, the spirits who float in the elements and the flowers, know it; and all rejoice that two creatures have natural, yet rare happiness in earthly existence.

When silence reigns at the banquet of the gods, and Apollo is wearied of striking the lyre, then the happy ones listen with delight to those earthly melodies which sound from the hearts of glad lovers, and enliven the halls of the immortals.

It is not true that a man can be unhappy while he loves; the sober and the doubtful, whom the celestial eye of Love has never greeted, feel themselves miserable. Can man ever be satiated with love? Far be ye from me, ye soulless spectres of the night, who wander with such mortals, dragging on a sorrowful, aimless existence, not knowing at morn or eve for what they ought to hope.

She shines upon me every night ; she illuminates each sunny morning ; ever like the evening and the morning star, it is the same loved one who proclaims to me morn and eve.

We argued vehemently which of us loved the other most ; then came the pleasure of reconciliation, the sweet kiss of peace. After this, love appeared to us all dazzling, more brilliant than ever, glancing in purple and gold ; joy was in each emotion ; the past and the future met in our embrace.

Do ye threaten our happiness, ye angry spirits ! then let it thunder, if thunder gives ye joy ;—mine she is in every drop of her blood, in every thought, in every feeling, mine ! Thus encompassed by bliss and delight, in this divine armour I defy men and demons ! Thus also does she feel and live ; who are ye who dare to threaten ?

Yes, there is unhappiness——

The young Count Ferdinand looked long upon these leaves after he had finished reading them. Many lines had become so very faint, that it was only through much exertion that he was enabled to decipher them. Every word had deeply interested him ; and now when this interest was at its height, the thread of the story, which, from these poetical indications, could only be guessed at, suddenly broke off, and ended abruptly. In vain he sought for the remainder of the tale among all the other manuscripts and books. "Who was it that wrote these pages?" he asked himself. "How came they into the demolished house?" That they could have related to the late husband of his aunt was impossible for him to suppose ; he then thought of some person who might elucidate the matter thus become so important. But on reflection it occurred to him that if a secret lay hidden here, he ought not to speak of these papers which he had thus read without permission.

"When I think over my past life," said he to himself, "as it has lately appeared to me, I do not comprehend my present

feelings, when I compare them with my former ones. The affairs of my worthy relative, Donna Catharina, so employ me that I desire no other occupation; I am never so happy as in her society; and were she younger, I might imagine that I loved her. It used to appear to me that I could be happy only as a soldier; I cannot understand what has wrought this change in me. My earnest desire for the extraordinary, my delight in the wonderful, might have been gratified in this enterprise of the king's, which I now (I confess it only to myself) give up with joy. It is not dread of danger; although my uncle and many persons of his years prophesy a fearful termination to this expedition. It seems to me as if my genius stood upon the threshold of my future life, beckoning me back, and promising both joy and happiness to me here. Do these papers owe their origin to a poet, or to any one else since known among us?"

He was interrupted in these reflections by a loud uproar in the court below; the door of the house was opened with force, and a crowd of people, shouting and crying, burst in, some of whom hastened up the staircase. When the young count went to the window, he perceived a wounded officer lying upon the ground, and a servant setting out in search of a surgeon for the sufferer, who was already in a fainting state from loss of blood.

Ferdinand hastened down to give orders, so that if hope was still entertained of the life of the wounded man, he might have every assistance that was necessary. All was confusion, every person calling out and speaking louder than another. The wounded officer, whom the count directed to be laid upon a bed in one of the under-apartments, came again to consciousness, and thanked the master of the house for his attention and friendship. The surgeon then came, and said that the wound, though serious, was not deadly.

Peace having been restored, Ferdinand dismissed the crowd of common people, and commanded that every thing possible should be done for the comfort of the invalid. He then returned to the upper apartments, some old servants following him, as well as a German officer, the friend of the

other, who wished to thank him for the care taken of his comrade.

"How is it possible," asked Ferdinand, "that in a quiet city, in open day and in the public street, such a violent deed could be perpetrated?"

"Before the house," answered a valet, "a great crowd of people suddenly met, raised a loud shouting, and paid no attention to either orders or persuasions. The huge fellow Minotti, whom the water-bearers and labourers call their captain or prince, was at their head, and the whole rabble were armed with thick sticks, old spears, and rusty swords."

"Yes," said the German captain, in broken Portuguese, "the giant rascal, like a Goliath, heaved about a large weaver's beam, and no one had the mettle to lay hold of him."

"But for what purpose had they met, or what caused the tumult?" asked Ferdinand.

"With your permission," continued the valet, "they had gone on an embassy to the palace of our gracious king, to lay a petition at his feet, beseeching him to give up this sad African undertaking, because he and his army are sure to be destroyed."

"Yes," interrupted the officer vehemently; "they had a long senseless story about a bell, about Capuchin monks and hermits, and said that the evil spirits would tear us in pieces."

"Allow me, noble sir," said the valet, striking in, "to tell my master the count the real story. The Capuchin Melchior, whom many of us take for a saint, was certainly in the midst of the crowd; he spoke, harangued, and prophesied till their faces became redder and redder. He told them again about the miraculous bell at Bikela, a story we had all heard already; how its warning tones had, without stopping, sounded for many days together. Some water-carriers and muleteers, too, spoke like prophets about the signs of the times; the mob grew larger; then these two gentlemen appeared, and this one became offended at the words and cries of the crowd."

"And rightly so," exclaimed the officer, "for the rabble spoke about the enterprise and the army with shameless stupidity."

"It was a pity," said the servant, "that the people did

not understand the worthy gentleman and his language better ; they supposed that he was despising them, scolding and swearing at them, as, to be sure, it did not seem much better. All was, or appeared to be, worse than he perhaps meant."

"I should like to have hewed them down," cried the German, "for the whole mob knew nothing of soldiers or of arms."

"Then all was confusion," said the servant ; "they roared at the utmost pitch of their voices ; this officer drew his sword, and wanted to push into the middle of them. The other officer below tried with gentleness to keep him back ; but in his heat this gentleman would not listen, and his shining sword was soon in the midst of the throng. The other officer could then no longer keep back ; he fought fairly, but his enemies were too many ; and so he now lies down stairs with three deep cuts upon him."

"Yes," exclaimed the German, "and the devil had almost got possession of me, so bent was the rabble upon my destruction. I had given myself up to the mercy of Heaven—for to run away was not to be thought of—and the great giant aimed at me with his weaver's shuttle, when a man of middle size, and tolerably well dressed, leapt with his drawn sword into the middle of the uproar, and gave Master Goliath such a blow upon the breast that the rascal tumbled down at once. They were all frightened then, and the little man spoke (though I did not understand a word he said) so reasonably and well that the whole of them became quiet, and for this time I was saved."

"Who was the man ?" asked Ferdinand.

"I did not know him," answered the servant ; "and as soon as the danger was over he went away."

"He is a quiet sort of fellow," said the German. "I saw him once before ; he has only one eye ; but he is an honest and polite man ; he told us that he had at one time been a soldier too ; indeed, that is easy to be seen, as he acted to-day in such a soldier-like manner."

Ferdinand now accompanied the German officer into the apartment of his wounded comrade, already known as the Florentine. They found the apartment filled with soldiers,

lamenting the fate of their captain. Stukely had likewise come to inquire into the circumstances attending the accident. He thanked the young count for the care he had taken of the Italian, and added, that he would immediately remove him to the hospital.

"Do me the kindness, general," said Ferdinand, "to permit your officer to be under my care till he is perfectly recovered; I assure you that in my house nothing shall be wanting to promote this."

Stukely thanked him heartily, and then said, "My friend Amerigo, we must be compelled to sail without you, as it is not to be expected that your wounds can be speedily healed; so I must lose for the present the services of one of my best and bravest companions; but follow us as soon as possible."

The German grasped the hand of the Italian, and said, "Cheer up, comrade; fight as long as you can against fever, and pain, and death; and so I hope to meet you in our next action, for certainly the matter will not be ended with a few blows only. Had you not come with me out of pure friendship, and had I not been such a blockhead, for which I always blame myself, this misfortune would not have happened. Is it not true, general? would it not have been much better that the mad mob should have killed me than that he should lie there like a poor sick dog? He would have been of more use to you with his advice than I can be, like a stupid fool as I am, who know nothing but how to handle my sword."

Stukely gave him his hand, and said, "You are a brave soldier; though I, as well as King Sebastian, must feel sorry for every skilful man we lose."

In the midst of repeated thanks and demonstrations of friendship, Stukely and his followers quitted the apartment; and Ferdinand endeavoured to soothe and comfort the wounded officer before leaving him to that repose of which he now stood so much in need.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

THE quiet which reigned in the country-house of Donna Catharina had in some degree been interrupted, through the busy preparations that had been making there for the reception of an old and distant relative of the family; one whose connexion that lady acknowledged the more readily as the individual was poor, and she knew that he would gladly accept and be grateful for the hospitality which would spare him outlay. This aged person had been a long time in the East Indies, in many different kinds of employment; he had also served as a soldier, but had not understood how to increase his fortune in any of these capacities, or, like many others there, how to amass wealth. Catharina had the greater pleasure in meeting this worthy man, as she had known him in her youth. Every thing was now ready for his reception, and she only awaited the receipt of a letter, in which the day of his arrival would be announced.

She was in the hall, whose high windows overlooked the garden and the road; beside her were the Marquis de Castro and the young Count Ferdinand. The latter had just related to her in how singular a manner he had obtained the guest of whom he was now taking care, when Catharina, who appeared absent, suddenly asked, "What is his name?"

"He is a refined and well-educated Florentine," answered Ferdinand, "called Amerigo Castelvatro; and I have already had some conversation with him on the literature of his country, with which I find he is perfectly acquainted."

"I do not mean the Italian," said she, somewhat disappointed, "but the other person who saved the German officer from the fury of the mob."

"None of my servants knew the man," replied Ferdinand.

"Shame!" exclaimed she; "because he ought to have received a reward, if he was poor."

"The stormy German seemed to know him," said Ferdinand, "according to whose description the brave man appeared to be in good circumstances, or at least was not poor."

"Would you like to know, dear mother," suddenly exclaimed the merry Maria, "who did the brave deed, and who gave the great huge Minotti the blow upon the breast?"

"Can you tell me?" asked Catharina.

"Yes," said the child, nodding her head significantly.

"Come to me, you mischievous one," said the old marquis; "do not run about the room in that way; be in earnest for once."

He took her upon his knee, and divided the long black ringlets on her forehead. "Now speak," said the marquis, assuming a grave tone.

"No, I will not," said the little creature, drawing the ringlets over her face again, and rocking herself backwards and forwards.

The marquis could not help laughing at the caprice of the child, while he continued, "Now, you look just like a lion."

"Are there any black lions?" asked she, poutingly. "I thought they were all yellow or brown."

Ferdinand rose up, and said, while he lifted her from off the knee of the marquis, and permitted her to run about, "Let my little bride alone, dear uncle; if she does what is right to me, no other person must chide her."

"Bride!" said Maria, archly; "have you got my consent yet? Do you know what I think? May I not like some one else better?"

"Child," remarked Catharina, "you seem quite strange to-day. What has come over you?"

"O mother!" said the little girl, coming close up to her, "whenever I am happy it seems strange to you. Must I, then, be as sad as you are, that you may love me? When I am older I shall have plenty of trouble and sorrow; now it seems to me as if young angels came down to give me pleasure, so that I am happy with the little animals, flowers, and every thing. Does not some poet say that 'the sun smiles,

and that the flowers smile?" Now let me live like a little violet, like the sun and the flowers, or like poets and such people, who never think of to-morrow."

Catharina looked at the child with a thoughtful, penetrating gaze, and then seated herself, saying with a sigh, "Well, whether you are a good child or not, tell me at least who the man was, and what you know of him."

The little girl came towards her, stretched out her hand, and said, "Yes; but you must first promise to forgive me for what I have done amiss this morning."

The noble lady laughed at the fancy of the child, her sad countenance brightened up, she took hold of the small outstretched hand, and said, "Yes, I promise to forgive every thing you have done."

"You are witnesses—you, marquis, and the count who calls himself my bridegroom," said Maria; "now I am much surprised at you all, that you did not make out from the account given you, that the kind man was the same who comes here so often. The man who was in the fray had only one eye; so has the other, who looks as if he were always doing what is right to every person."

"It is possible," answered Catharina. And Ferdinand said, "If he passes this way again, you must let the countess know, or tell me, should I be here."

"My mother cannot endure him," cried Maria. "She thinks (may the saints preserve us!) that he may be a robber or a murderer. If we think so of the best of men, what must become of the worst?"

Catharina still looked thoughtful, and the child came towards her and said seriously, "But you have not asked about my own fault."

"Well, then, speak, child."

"But you must not forget that we have already made peace about it. I was this morning in the garden again, although you had forbidden me to go there. My duenna had not been observing me, for she thought I was beside you, and so I just ran down. You are always thinking that I may fall into the fountain, or get sun-burnt, or that some accident will

befall me. But I do nothing but look at the little birds, the fishes, the trees, and the flowers, which I see much better there than from the house. In the open air I can speak to them all, and they seem to answer me; I can become better acquainted with them there, and look them in the face; at other times they seem only like pictures or tapestry, and this is why we have so little to do with the sun, and the moon, and the stars."

"Prattler," said Catharina.

"The old gentleman listened to me very pleased-like," continued the child. "He loves children; and if the count there wishes to be my bridegroom, I must know him quite well beforehand. When I was in the garden I saw the nice little one-eyed man coming from the town, but this time he was very smartly dressed; he had on a rich cloak, and wore a sword again, just as such a man should do."

"Again!" asked Ferdinand; "did you ever see him with a sword before?"

"No, certainly," Maria went on, "not here upon the earth; but because he pleases me so much, the angels have three times let me dream very beautiful things about him. I dreamt that I stood upon the sea-shore; far, far around was nothing but the sea and the sky—the sea was bright green and blue, very calm and still, not angry, as when its great waves storm and bluster. When I looked in the distance I saw something like a dove, but as it came nearer it was like a swan, with folded wings and curved neck, swimming, but as if it did not know that it moved. Then what I had taken for a swan was a ship with white sails; and as it came near me, beautiful music came also across the waves, like an obedient servant going with soft words before its master. The ship then appeared quite large in front of me; its deck was covered with cloth of purple and gold, as we see at the processions of the Host. Many richly-dressed people appeared in the ship, who with great reverence helped an old, fine-looking man to descend its sides, that he might reach me on the shore. Ah! I was obliged to cry when the dear old man turned round, and I saw he had only one eye; but how

grand he was! It was at that time that he wore a sword with a bright gold glittering hilt; a red mantle was over his shoulders, a silver cuirass upon his breast, a large jewel sparkled in his hair, in the centre of a beautiful green wreath, which was on his head, in which flowers were entwined. When he saw me, he saluted me kindly, and came smiling on shore. He had a lyre, too, in his hand, upon which he played so well that I was quite delighted; and when I looked around, the sea was full of swans and dolphins, who swam about and leaped up at his song. Upon the green grass many pure white little lambs skipped and played, and red and green parrots flew about in the air. The kind stranger then said to me, 'Welcome!' gave me his hand, and pressed my fingers so hard that I screamed out and awoke."

All looked at the child with astonishment as she spoke, and Catharina appeared affected. Ferdinand took the hand of the little girl and pressed it.

"Count," said she poutingly, "you give me pain too; but I must tell the rest of the story, that I may be quite certain that I am forgiven. To-day I saw the good one-eyed man come down the road again, and he stood still, as he had often done before, in front of the iron gate, silently looking into the garden. I was able to look well at him, for he was so near me; and as I looked at him, it seemed to me as if I had known him long ago, as if he had played with me yonder among the mountains; and as he was now very smartly dressed, I took courage and said to him, 'Good morning, senhor.' I could have said a great many kind things to him; but I know that now since I have grown so tall, it would not have been right. Then he said to me ——"

She stopped short; and Catharina said, "Well, why do you not go on?"

"I do not know," answered Maria, "whether it is right to do so; but I will venture. He then said to me, 'Ah, my sweet young lady, what a beautiful child you are!' 'Child!' I said, 'I am now out of the nursery, and I am pretty tall; my duenna says I shall soon not grow any more.' Then he laughed so heartily that he appeared to me finer-looking than ever.

‘What are you laughing at, sir?’ I asked; ‘have I said any thing foolish?’ ‘No, my sweet child,’ he replied; ‘we can only laugh this way when we are happy.’ Then I was obliged to laugh too, and clap my hands with delight; I ought not to have done so, certainly, when I am so tall. ‘Now see,’ I said, ‘I must laugh too, for I am quite happy;’ and so we stood, one on each side of the railing, looking and smiling at each other. ‘I have become quite young again,’ said the kind man; and after a while he said, ‘Reach me out your pretty little hand through the railing.’ I stretched out the right one, and he examined it attentively; then he grew very serious, and had a dark melancholy look; and then—will you believe it?—he gave my hand a long, long kiss: that has never happened to me before in all my life; that was the first kiss my hand ever got; and when he raised his head again, large tears fell from his eyes. I cried also; for in a moment it seemed as if all my pleasure had gone away; and I said, ‘Do you want any thing, good sir?’ But then I was frightened lest I should have spoken to him too familiarly; and I blushed, for I thought he might be angry. ‘No, my child,’ said he, smiling again: ‘in your presence,—I know not why,—I feel quite happy.’ Then I felt still more ashamed that he should have spoken so to me,—he who was neither my uncle, brother, nor cousin,—and which every body would say was wrong; though, in spite of this, it pleased me that he had not been ceremonious. The lame negro, his slave, came up now; and the good gentleman again saluted me very kindly, took off his hat, made a low bow, and went away with his black attendant. It was not quite right of him to bow so low to me. Now, then, my dear mother, this is my story, and the fault for which you have forgiven me.”

The countess answered, “You have done no wrong; but in future it will be better for you to avoid such conversations with strange and unknown persons.”

“But he is no stranger, no unknown person,” replied the child; “for he stands every day before our gate—indeed, many a day he has been twice there. I do not know who he is; but I am quite acquainted with him.”

"But to what may such a singular acquaintance lead?" asked Catharina.

"I have already thought of that," answered Maria, "as I walked alone up and down the garden, and as I stood in front of the wire house on the other side of this, where our beautiful birds are kept. My nurse once told me a story when I was a child, of a little bird that was in reality a great prince, who had been enchanted and changed into a bird; and how a beautiful lady, by her love for him, got him changed back again into a prince and a king. I thought about the story then, and it seemed to me that this good man might be some great hero, a conqueror renowned through the whole world, or some warlike prince, come from Brazil or India, or that he might even be some great king. Would it not be strange if he should by some wonderful fate have been brought into misfortune or poverty, or if he should not dare to make himself known to the people of Portugal? for such unhappy heroes and kings have been before; and it might be fated that he, only through me, little as I am, should again obtain all his dignity, rank, and magnificence. Then, were I older than I am, and might tell him of my love, some day we might ascend the throne, and all the knights and nobles would do him homage. But here the birds in their wire cages screamed so loudly, that I could think no more about my pretty story. To be sure, this fine man is much older than I am; but I know, in spite of this, how kind I could be to him. And if he were a hero in disguise, or an enchanted prince, that would be one wonder, and this would be another, that I could love such a husband and acquaintance in this extraordinary way. For when I think upon this life and this world, its common and every-day things that have nothing beautiful or astonishing in them, and are all so wearisome and disagreeable——"

"Whither are we wandering?" said Catharina suddenly, as if awakening from a dream. "How developed is the whole disposition of the woman in the child! Go, my love, go away for the present to your governess, and another time you will relate more to me." At a sign a servant came in.

Maria with a serious air approached Ferdinand, and said

very gravely, "You call me so often your bride, and laugh so much about it, that I wished to tell you this, that you may see what I am thinking, and what kind of difficulties and hindrances might happen."

When left alone the young count said, "I often think it is a pity that grown-up persons prevent children from relating their thoughts, and the dreamlike ideas that occur to them. When the mind remains innocent, and free from affectation and delusion, then the whole man speaks out in fable and phantasy. What beauty might be unfolded in this child! what rich poetical feeling seems to slumber in her gentle heart! I must confess my weakness, that she has already interested me so much about her unknown friend, that I mean to seek him out, and make his acquaintance."

Catharina said, "Does this stammering of the fancy not already foretell both good and evil for the future? May this innocence not in time become a pernicious desire to please? Did we not hear the lisping of passion, or the menace of an unhappy fate? Are the most exquisite of our feelings not sometimes united with delusion? That indifference, those every-day occurrences and wearinesses which exclude the marvellous, and of which even now that child has spoken with contempt, are yet our only certainty and safety. When the perception of the noble and the beautiful awakens in us, wicked and malicious spirits also stand near to give us up to misery and despair. But pardon me, the prattling of age wanders as well as that of youth. Tell me therefore, dear uncle, what you have to communicate; let me hear the wish which you say I must not oppose."

The marquis immediately answered, "Forgive me, my dear friend, if I entreat you to fulfil the desire which I now express. I know your preference for solitude; but at present there is an occasion which importunately demands you to forego this pleasure, though only for a few hours. Some days hence the embarkation of our king and his army will take place,—an event to which our nation, and especially our city, looks forward with the greatest interest. Your palace, which commands a view of the harbour, is nearly finished, the large

hall and apartment connected with the balcony have been adorned and hung with tapestry ; it will appear unseemly on such a day to the king, the nobles, and the people, should you absent yourself : when every house around will be crowded, and when on every side wishes for success will be heard, ought your palace alone to be deserted ? It would instantly be perceived, and even the king himself might misconstrue your absence. You must also invite the friends and acquaintances of your family ; and when the apartments and balcony of the building are thus crowded by visitors, ought the owner of them to be away ? Compel yourself, my dear lady, to grant the request of your friend."

"You know me too well," said Catharina, "to suppose that I could refuse so reasonable a request, though it will be a trial to me again to see those persons who maliciously wait for my death, and who impatiently number every minute of my infirm existence ; for it is the covetous relations of my husband who must more particularly be invited."

"It will indeed be a trial," replied the marquis ; "but with your permission, my nephew and I will provide all that may be wanted ; we will endeavour to give you as little trouble as possible ; be assured of our friendship and devotedness."

When they had taken leave, Catharina retired to her apartment, that she might be enabled to read and reflect for some hours without interruption. She could give herself up to the perfect enjoyment of any book she valued, only, when she conceived that her occupation would not be disturbed. From her youth upwards she had disliked what the majority of men called distraction or vacancy, and with zeal, and even passion, sought to prevent the absence of a better spirit. She used to say that this intrusion of death into life was both fearful and profane, since was it not enough that grief and sorrow should torment us ; was it not the pain of our existence that all which is noble and beautiful should fade away, greeting us only as transient guests ? Ought we, then, to invent likewise an artificial suicide, in order to engulf our souls in nothingness, or in what is despicable ? Should we not rather live that every day we may become more conscious of our powers ; that with

every knowledge of the true, we may strip off yet more and more those earthly fetters, against which though we struggle ever so strongly, still daily oppress and pain us. The noble mind has nothing more precious to lose than this very time, from which the insipid wish to fly.

When she once more opened the door of her apartment, the old Domingo entered, who had been waiting for such a signal to make his appearance. "Do you know," said he, "Donna Catharina (but indeed you could not know), that your cousin Don Christofero has arrived in the harbour some hours since, the tide was waited for, to bring him and his baggage on shore, and now he and the servants will be here directly."

Catharina gave orders to the steward; and after having walked a short time in the garden, her old friend appeared with his attendants before the door of the house. As he was infirm and suffered from the gout, he was carried in a chair to the garden-house. He ascended the staircase with much difficulty, tenderly greeted his relation, and was affected, when he entered his apartment, to perceive that every thing had been done which riches and kindness could effect for his accommodation. After he had rested a short time, at his request Donna Catharina came to him. The old man repeatedly kissed her hand, and said in a voice of emotion, "It is now forty years, dearest lady, since I took farewell of you to go to India. Then you were a beautiful young girl, and I was fresh and hearty. Now we are both old, and have experienced much of pain and sorrow; at least for my part, were I to complain, I could say much on this subject. O my kind friend, I cannot express to you what I felt when I once more beheld my native country, the city of my birth, these distant mountains, these temples and palaces. Poor I have come back, for fortune has never smiled upon me; or to speak more truly, I have scorned to seek it in the way it appears to me it can alone be obtained. I have preferred living like our great ancestors, whose virtue, self-renunciation, bravery, and contempt of riches are now only laughed at by the wealthy. Treasures are bought with shame, and better persons, too, kneel before the rich, and worship the glittering god of metal,

without asking how the favoured ones have come into the possession of the deity, with his jewels and his pearls. But I have no wish to lament, still less to find fault. There are men yet left among us who think as I do; it is natural that they should remain hidden, unknown to all. My small income, therefore, in place of being increased, is diminished: my career is nearly over, nothing remains to me but calmly to await my death. But, dear lady, I cannot tell you how much it touched me when I asked whether I could reside in any of the small houses upon your estate, that you offered to receive me into your own. Now I am here; but how have I deserved that you should give me a welcome like a prince? it is the first time in my life I have lived thus. Will the bad humour of a poor sick old man not annoy you? Will you, your friends, and servants, be able to have patience with me?"

"My dear old friend," said Catharina, "we are all desirous to make you comfortable and happy; I wish to cheer up the last years of your existence."

"Many thanks," replied the old man, "for your kind feeling; I long thought whither I might turn, when my life in India became unbearable, from a consuming desire to see my country again—a desire which left me no rest day or night. Repulsive answers had already reached me from those relations whom I will not name; they were all so busy, had all so much to do for themselves and their families; they feared the displeasure of the king and the court, or rather that of the father-confessor, should they receive the visit of an old man who was not too much in the good graces of either, since he had all his life long opposed oppression, plundering, and falsehood. Besides, the nobility, and indeed the whole country, are at present in a state of uproar, and can think of nothing but this unhappy enterprise to Africa. Heroes have it no longer in their power to perform good actions, and yet now it is that the most distant of my relations comes forth and offers me a happy home; you know, dear lady, that you and I cannot call ourselves even cousins."

Catharina was pleased at the honesty with which the old man spoke, and felt that the kindness she desired to shew to

days was it continued. All Napoule was feasted. Who shall describe Colin's rapture and extravagance?

The broken cup is preserved in the family to the present day, as a memorial and sacred relic.



CHAPTER SEVENTH.

EVERY thing was prepared for the embarkation of the king, whose impatience, if possible, increased with delay. The horses and artillery were on board the galleys, some of which lay in the Tagus, near the palace. The Germans sent by William of Orange and the Spaniards sent by Philip were all ready and impatient for action ; while the Italians, commanded by the English adventurer, Stukely, earnestly desired the termination of this campaign, that they might begin their attack upon Ireland.

The various embarkations, the arrivals and departures of the vessels and messengers of every description, the military parades, processions, and audiences of the king—all these for the last few days had converted the city into a scene of confusion, uproar, and noise.

Donna Catharina unwillingly yielded to the necessity imposed upon her of mixing in this tumultuous scene, and leaving the calmness of her solitude. From her new palace there was obtained a fine view of the harbour. The invited guests had assembled in the hall and upon the long-extending balcony, from thence to witness the departure of the king. She approached the busy city with her retinue, while Don Cristoforo, a martyr to gout, was the only one left behind in the silent garden. Maria, who looked upon such a scene for the first time, was alternately delighted with the spectacle and terrified by the noise and confusion. Catharina with much politeness saluted all her friends, who returned her greeting with more or less cordiality, as dislike or the contrary feeling predominated. The nearest relatives of the deceased count, his brother and nephew, were the most distant in paying their respects, and it was evident that the countess imposed restraint upon herself in order to avoid incivility towards them. The king and his followers assisted at mass, celebrated by the

Bishop of Coimbra, who, as well as the Bishop of Oporto, had joined the expedition; and the service being ended, the procession set out, after the king had taken an affecting leave of his venerable uncle, the Cardinal Henry.

In the square in front of the palace, from whence the harbour and river were well seen—the latter here so wide that it appeared like a sea—stood around the king the most distinguished persons in Portugal, some to bid him farewell, and others to accompany him, while he held by the hand a son of the Duke of Braganza, a child only eight years of age.

“Who is that pretty boy?” asked Maria of Count Ferdinand, who was standing near her.

“A very young hero,” answered he, “the son of the Duke of Braganza, who will not be kept back from sharing in this enterprise.”

“Ah!” said the young girl, “he will fight against the great wicked Mahometans and Turks with his little hands. You should beg of him rather to remain here beside us.”

“Even the king,” said Ferdinand, “has tried to persuade him against going; but with tears in his eyes he has besought him, and all his own relations, to be allowed to follow the army.”

“Very well,” answered Maria; “but of what use is courage, the utmost courage, if our strength is not great enough? Certainly God can do all things best; but we should not lead ourselves into temptation, when we at the same time pray to Him that we may not be tempted.”

Ferdinand looked earnestly at Maria as she uttered this apt observation; on which she exclaimed, “Pardon me, if I have said wrong; I did not mean to do so.”

The cannons now thundered, and the bells rang loudly. When the roar of the firing had ceased, the young monarch addressed the crowd, saying, “With the blessing of the Church bestowed upon us, we depart as soldiers of God for the country of the infidel, to hurl an usurper from the throne, and to reinstate our friend and ally. I feel power within me to walk in the paths of my heroic ancestors, who for Christ and His glory performed such deeds as were almost incredible. Shame be

to those who, from want of courage, tremblingly prophesy that from such inspiration as I now feel nothing can arise to our country but unhappiness and misfortune ! Upon what are we bent, my friends ? What is it we undertake ? Far less than that which the heathen Alexander achieved, that greatest of kings and conquerors, when he, with a small army of Macedonians and Greeks overcame the vast force of Persia, trampling thus upon the greatest throne on earth. We go against wild insignificant hordes, not far from our homes, to fight in those plains where for a hundred years all have trembled at the name of Lusitania. Our ally, although an infidel, promises us the powerful support of his countrymen and the Arabians. Our force is great, our cause the best, and God is with us ; the benediction of the Church accompanies us ; and thus our fear is not that we shall be subdued or vanquished ;—no ! we fear that the war will only be too quickly ended by the submission of our enemies, and that in the brief struggle the feebleness and cowardice of our adversaries will let us gain *too little honour.*”

“Yes, my king,” exclaimed a young duke, the confidante and favourite of Sebastian, “you think and speak like Alexander himself ! Your colours lead us on to triumph in Africa ; and where is the coward who from your eyes cannot draw both warlike courage and contempt of death ?”

The procession began to move, the people and the citizens pressed nearer ; many eyes, while looking upon the young fair king, were filled with tears, some uttered loud farewells, others blessed him ; but by far the greater number of the vast multitude who crowded the large space were still and silent, as if penetrated by a deep presentiment of coming evil.

“Ah, how beautiful the king is !” exclaimed Maria, joyfully ; “Heaven will, Heaven must, defend him. Could the infidels, could death itself, destroy such a man ?”

“The bells sound like funeral knells,” said Don Stefano, the brother of the late Count Rodrigo, to Donna Catharina, who was sitting near him.

“And see,” said Gabriel, his eldest son, “a dark cloud descends, covering the sea, the river, and the shipping, which

days was it continued. All Napoule was feasted. Who shall describe Colin's rapture and extravagance?

The broken cup is preserved in the family to the present day, as a memorial and sacred relic.



bishops and the Prior of Crato, his cousin, a warrior certainly, will share his dangers ; but then mere children go along with him as if to a festival, together with the wives of the soldiers, and other females who belong to nobody, who can only bring disgrace and impurity into the camp—a retinue surely very unbecoming a pious Christian army. Doubtless a few noble and devout Portuguese adorn his standard by their presence. Philip too, that wise monarch, has sent him some good Catholics ; but who are these Germans, sent by the arch-heretic William of Orange ? Are such as these a becoming addition to a Christian army representing itself as fighting for the cross ? Then there are these Italians, led by the adventurer Stukely—atheists, who will instil the poison of their opinions into our countrymen. King Philip indeed pays them from his own treasury ; but what a squandering of our extorted gold do we see in the glittering equipment of our king ! Then, again, there are all these beardless youths who shew themselves off in silk, satin, velvet, silver, and gold, to sow the African deserts with jewels and costly gems. And these battle-horses of our master and his favourites, with their green and purple velvet housings and their shining armour, weighty with silver and gold, as if they were about to perform a part in a grand masquerade. Then follows the extravagance, levity, luxury, and self-sufficiency of the army ; and history has never yet shewn that victory or success reached out their hands to such intoxication, which we can by no means call inspiration. Alexander the Great, that young hero, did not obtain his fame by such extravagance as this ; he united knowledge of the world to military ardour, he made himself acquainted with circumstances, and then made use of these circumstances. Young in years as he was, he entered Asia an experienced warrior, a formidable conqueror ; he honoured the counsel of the old, but could at the same time trust to his own judgment, being as he was the wisest at once as well as the bravest of his army. But why am I so anxious ? The result will only too well confirm my words and my fears, and shew the truth of my evil forebodings.”

"And if we should lose this army," continued Gabriel, "for whose outfit the riches of the kingdom have been drained, where shall we find other golden treasures to equip another, in order to resist the mighty Philip and his soldiers, the best troops in the world? And yet is Philip not the nearest claimant to the throne, if Sebastian were dead?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Catharina, with astonishment, "you repeat these dreadful things as if they were not only possible but likely; indeed, as if your minds were quite prepared for such a horrible fate."

"Even so," continued Don Stefano, with great composure. "Our king Sebastian ought not to have undertaken this useless war, at least at present; had he been married and left sons behind him, whose right to the throne was indisputable, then he might have ventured his life in pursuit of such a phantom. But at present he not only trifles with himself, but with his country and her independence."

"See," said Catharina, "here comes the rightful heir of Portugal, should the cardinal or our brave king die."

Prince Antonio, the prior of Crato, now entered the hall equipped in armour, to take leave of the lady of the house and of the Marquis de Castro. This attention affected the countess as well as the old marquis; Ferdinand too approached him to thank him devotedly, and to wish him success and prosperity.

"We shall soon return," said the prince, "to our dear country crowned with victory; this war will soon be over; and we shall put to shame those lukewarm hearts who dare to doubt of the success of our master and of our arms. We will restore past times once more, renew the deeds of our ancestors in Africa, and prove to the world and to posterity that the Portuguese have not degenerated."

The most distinguished of the guests crowded round the prior to do him homage, as he now with polite greeting took leave of all and went away.

When the guests had once more placed themselves at the window, Stefano said, "Our master, as well as most of his knights, takes this matter too lightly. This confidence is per-

haps their most dangerous enemy ; we ought never to estimate our adversaries lightly, even when insignificant ; although their foe is not so, but, on the contrary, is a skilful as well as a formidable antagonist, one who will certainly avoid any middle course, aware as he is that his all is at stake. Another misfortune is, that this Prince of Crato, although not a lineal descendant, claims a right to the throne of Portugal ; and thus we shall see that if this campaign should consume the strength of our land and swallow up the flower of our knight-hood, a civil war will ensue, to reduce us yet further, until, quite annihilated, we shall be inevitably delivered over to Spain. It would be better if there existed neither near nor distant, real or apparent, heirs to the throne ; because in that case there could be neither strife, war, persecution, nor civil hatred to desolate the kingdom. The true patriot ought not to shun any sacrifice which might prevent civil war."

"Likewise neither treachery nor dishonour," said Catharina in a bitter tone, while she rose to join Maria, who was holding a lively conversation with Count Ferdinand.

"There, there ! he kneels," cried the little girl, with the greatest delight ; "there upon the shore he stretches out his arms towards the king, who stands upon the deck of his ship in a scarlet mantle."

Ferdinand turned his eyes in the direction to which she pointed, and observed the kneeling form, which, apart from the crowd, leaned against a rock, and seemed to be praying fervently for the departing king.

"Of whom are you speaking, Maria ?" said Catharina.

"I have again seen," said Maria, "my dear strange friend. Ever since the king went past I have watched how anxiously he went nearer and nearer to see the beautiful king ; but Don Sebastian did not see him. And now the king is away, and the stranger stands up and dries his tears. Is it not true, dear count, that this man must be a real patriot, since you call all those so who think as we do ?"

Catharina had silently listened to this conversation.

The count said, "At last I think I know the man, and will seek him out."

Nearly every one had now left the hall. Ferdinand and the marquis went to Donna Catharina, whom they found with marks of great vexation upon her countenance. Don Stefano stood near her; and she appeared as if desirous of avoiding this conversation, without having power to do so.

"I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you, noble Donna Catharina," said Don Stefano, "for the beautiful style in which you have rebuilt this edifice of a hundred years; it is so estimable of you, since you can have little use for it yourself; and it is thus reared for my family and for their posterity."

"You know," replied Catharina, "that it was the palace of my husband, and that with his means, which exceeded mine, the new building has been chiefly erected. I say chiefly, because in the haste with which it has been raised, I am not certain but that my own funds have been entrenched upon."

"You think nobly in every thing," answered Stefano; "to whom is this not known? Therefore may I ask you a question, which, put to another lady, might be unbecoming? You had by my late brother, the count, no children, no heirs; therefore may I ask whether you have yet thought of your will? If not, I would beg of you to make it soon; and as you, so far as I know, have no near relatives of your own, remember us in it, that the magnificence of the family and the name of your sainted husband may be kept up."

"Count, sir—brother-in-law," said Catharina, stammeringly, and deeply wounded, "I cannot answer these questions, or attend to this importunity at present. I will do nothing, be assured, without the advice and counsel of my honoured uncle, the marquis; in the mean time I keep myself free, and request that my repose may not be disturbed, and that my future resolutions be waited for."

She now arose and took hold of the arm of the old marquis, in order to go away; while the marquis, looking angrily at his relative Stefano, with a silent bow was about likewise to leave the hall.

Don Stefano continued: "Only one word more, honoured

lady. You like solitude, as my brother did, who resembled you in many things ; you have shewn this preference by living so long with him in retirement among the Estrella mountains. During that time you must have accumulated money ; you remained there even after his death ; and you now reside in a quiet house in the country. Surely, then, you will not take up your residence here, where the near neighbourhood of the king's palace, the tumult of the streets, the arrival and departure of the numerous vessels, the noise of the sailors and boatmen, the view of the huge wide river, which here seems no better than a sea, and the unceasing bustle of the city, would make you quite uncomfortable. I am now obliged to give my eldest son his allowance ; I would likewise willingly give him a share of my palace, but I fear that two large establishments in one house would intrude upon each other, and create confusion. Might I therefore beg that this house, which would accommodate his family and his numerous servants very conveniently, might be finished quickly, and that you would permit him to take possession of it during your life-time ?”

“Count,” interrupted the marquis, “such matters as these cannot be arranged at an accidental meeting. About every thing concerning the family, I beg that you will speak to me or my nephew Ferdinand. Owing to the delicate state of the health of our honoured friend, she requires repose and tranquillity ; and has, as you are already aware, given over the management of her affairs unconditionally to us. But I must confess that I do not see how such an accommodation as you want can be granted to you, neither can I perceive that it is necessary or even desirable. Circumstances such as those of to-day might induce my relative again to occupy the house, which in that case could be to you only a temporary possession. Your son can reside with you for the present, or in some other dwelling.”

After these words they left the hall, the marquis conducting Catharina to her carriage, which she entered together with him ; while Ferdinand and Maria, with two duennas, followed in another.

When Catharina found herself in the closed carriage alone with her faithful friend, and away from every one else, she could restrain her feelings no longer, and her grief burst forth in a flood of scalding tears, while she leant sobbing and almost fainting upon the shoulder of her old uncle. He endeavoured to soothe and comfort her, but she shook her head at his kind words. When she became more composed, she said with an expression of the deepest sorrow, "Dearest friend, you misunderstand my feelings. Do you think I am grieved because these rude men have shewn me their covetousness thus openly? That they have this day so undisguisedly confessed that I live too long, and that they can scarcely wait for my death? Ah, how indifferent to me are these piles of stone, these halls and apartments! what matters it to me who inhabits them? But that at this time, to-day when my feelings were already excited, and my heart filled with the departure of the vessels which bore away all that constitutes our country,—that when my mind and soul were thus absorbed, they should shew themselves to be so mean and ignoble, this has indeed shocked me. O my friend, my dear uncle, should they be right,—should misery, ruin, and destruction follow our king! If the hopes of our nation, our name, our all are confided to these floating planks, and they should not return again! The king without heirs, the kingdom without strength; the cardinal, an old man, would then reign, and how long could he wear a tottering crown? Then the wild and heartless Spaniards would break in upon us, by whose side no true Portuguese could exist; our glorious, our beautiful country would then become a province of the foreign tyrant! Our kingdom, which was once so flourishing, so mighty and renowned, which was known in the most distant lands, and which had become so famous through its heroes and its rulers, while that very Spain was rent in twain, while it trembled before the Moors, its strength spent by internal strife!"

"Providence," answered the old marquis, "directs every thing better than our fears allow us to suppose."

"And yet these persons," continued Catharina, "and

many others like them, rejoice in the fearful prospect of such a miserable fortune ! They are already, it is said, in communication with the court of Spain, and are paid beforehand for their country's shame, with gold and places of honour. Is it to be wondered at, if princes, through the force of circumstances, become tyrants ? I at least, were I a queen, would condemn these enemies of the people to a lingering death, despicable wretches as they are, who thus tear in pieces their parent, the land of their birth !"

The old man took her hand and said, smiling, " But you are not a queen ! Compose yourself, my dear friend ; do not drive all consolation from you ; be not thus in love with despair and grief ; we friends will still be united, even should God permit the worst to happen."

" That I am aware of," replied Catharina ; " were it not so, it would not be worth while to live another day ; and since you are my friend in the noblest sense of the word, you must become further acquainted with me and with my history, after which you will judge whether I deserve your love, and whether you will continue to preserve it for me."

The marquis uttered many kind assurances in reply to these singular words ; but Catharina seemed to heed them little, answering him with a coldness and restraint which, compared with the former passionate warmth of her manner, rather bewildered her companion.

It was arranged that the marquis should visit his niece some morning, when, in private, she would relate to him those circumstances of her life of which he as yet knew little, and that unconnectedly.

She descended from the carriage ; and her old friend, after taking a kindly leave, returned home by the same conveyance. Catharina then went immediately to the apartment of her aged invalid, who saluted her with much affection, thanking her once more for all her kindness. She told him in a few words what she had just witnessed of the departure of the king, the nobles, and the army ; while he replied, with a good deal of humour, " You have then seen a something,

cousin, which was highly melancholy. I, however, remained here in your house both happy and cheerful."

"What have you been doing?" asked Catharina.

"I have been reading, as usual," replied he, pointing to a book, "from the divine poem of my great friend, the incomparable Camoens. Do I err, or is it true, that after repeated readings I understand it always better and better? Surely the divine work stands out more clearly in the lapse of years, like the spring-time of the year, ever more fresh and blooming. I blame myself for being so stupid as long since not to have perceived the entire beauty which runs throughout the whole."

Catharina said a few kind words to him, and then went away to meet Maria and Count Ferdinand.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

THE Marquis de Castro and his nephew had left the city for a few weeks in order to arrange some matters connected with the estates of the countess, and to give instructions to a new steward, who had now received the management of those which were situated near Lisbon. Catharina was therefore certain that she would not be interrupted, and had given orders to her servants to deny admission to strangers, being inclined to enjoy the society of her old relative, the worthy Christofero, alone, in order that he might relate to her his own history, as well as that of his friend.

The intelligent old man was delighted to communicate to her all he knew of the life of his beloved and honoured Camoens, since he remarked how well acquainted his younger friend was with the events portrayed in the *Lusiad*; a poem which, in his passionate admiration of it, he considered to be the greatest in the world.

One morning when they were alone (Maria walking with her duennas in the garden), Don Christofero commenced his narrative :

“ You will hardly be able to remember, dear cousin, where and when I last saw you, as you were only a child about ten years of age when I took leave of you before sailing to India. I was a soldier, and served as an officer there as long as my health enabled me to bear arms. But I was attacked with gout, the consequence of cold and severe nights at sea as well as on shore, and obliged therefore to abandon my youthful dreams, and to seek for employment in the civil service. Now I was in one place, now in another, and for a length of time could not control my melancholy; for with the dismissed sword all my happiness seemed to have fled. O my friend, you a woman can have no idea how bitter the feeling is to a man when he must say to himself, ‘ Now I give up the vocation of my life.’ It is worse than being stranded upon a desert rock, there to stand alone after shipwreck the only one saved, while companions and friends are swallowed up by the wild ocean. This I had also experienced; but there then remained to me the hope that some passing ship might save me, as was the case, and another regiment and a new commander received me. But now I was obliged to lay aside every hope of again serving my country as a soldier, or that my name would, like that of other brave Portuguese, be known in India. I was now forced to bend and receive orders about things I did not understand. I entered upon the management of affairs where I was necessitated to be first instructed myself; to be exercised in a business which until then, as a bold youth and a man of strength, I had despised; I was obliged to model myself according to the dispositions of my superiors, and to study their humours. It was expected that I should flatter, admire what they did, and even call their misdeeds goodness, or, at all events, take no notice of them. Ah, my dear friend, it was then I felt in every faculty of my soul, in my whole being, the curse of poverty. At this I had often laughed when my companions maintained it to be a truth. This state of dependence into which necessity forces us I know to be worse than that of a slave. It is that which makes many men, originally well-disposed by nature, and who at one

time loved both truth and honesty, become bad and mean. He who is born to be a soldier (and there are many such) is in any other occupation but a sorrowful being. I had become thoroughly miserable, but at no period of my life wicked; and I must say, that many and unending were my temptations. I beheld the path in which hundreds of my companions were walking; I observed how the ladder was placed, up which they gradually ascended, and where from above they looked down upon their comrade with contempt. Many made terms with religion and virtue, as the bankrupt does with his creditor, who is often obliged to be contented with the fiftieth part of his due. They said to themselves, 'We will flatter, deceive, and lie; we will become mean with perfect consciousness, till we no longer need the support of a superior, till we ourselves become rich and powerful; then we will shew the world that we are made of other stuff, cut from other wood, and then we will be virtuous, and make all right again.' But gain, extortion, oppression of their fellow-creatures, bribery, the sale of their favour, all these tasted so sweetly to them, that in their higher position they became ten times worse than they were in their low one. For through the power thus lent to them, they could more easily put the disgraceful actions into execution, which to do before gave them much trouble, in which they needed the assistance of others. Alas, Donna Catharina, man is wicked. When all is smooth in his path, he knows, in his elevated position, at once how to sway for his advantage customs, forms, and laws; he knows exactly what he may dare to demand from his dependents; he trusts for the most part to self-interest; and thus he can with all ease, even with seeming friendship, perpetrate the most atrocious crimes; while, on the other hand, the poor, oppressed multitude, the misguided people, are not aware that their oppression springs from those richly-adorned lords, to whom they in their bitterest trouble still wish every thing that is good, because they consider them to be truly virtuous. In this manner have Asia and India become theatres where the most shameless deeds are performed that man can see or endure Plunder,

torture, and death, are the fruit of the seed that was sown there by the high-hearted, the immortal Lusitanians. Woe to the poor, though honest, man who, in the imbecility of virtue, in the folly of religious feeling, cannot compel his heart to refrain from speaking out against this fearful amount of tyranny, or, who may fancy that he ought to act in opposition to it! All the thousand members of the world-destroying giant rise up against that poor man, and he is as lost; happy indeed if he be not given over to that inquisition which murders in the name of God, or tormented as the vilest of traitors, and delivered over to an insulting death. Yes, he may consider himself happy if, languishing in the silence of a dungeon, he should become forgotten; and he is one distinguished among millions who can thus, amidst poverty and misery, drag out existence, shunned, despised, and branded with calumny. Such has been the fate of my noble, upright Camoens, the greatest of men: he could not keep silence, and urged by such a wish, he desired to strike down these plunderers, and he had cause to be grateful that they permitted him to live!"

"I knew not, and could not have fancied," said Catharina, "that that portion of the world and its governors, of which you speak, presented such a fearful picture. I cannot, however, doubt it now, and must believe your long experience and love of truth; but, indeed, the whole history of the human race is highly melancholy."

"Certainly it is so," continued Christofero, "when we see both people and deeds thus so immeasurably increasing the misery; when those barriers are broken down within which it is easy for man to remain virtuous. That brief though beautiful period when Portugal first began to reflect, was the hour of strength and sacrifice. Heroes whose names are immortal, inspiredly opened the great book of the world, of which till then, like children, we had been able only to peruse the few first leaves; but along with efforts of the highest and most heroic kind, the irrepressible and immeasurable wickedness of man and his new maxims of domination flowed in upon these far-distant regions. Thus has the dis-

covery of a new world changed us as well as Spain; our former strength and virtue appeared too insignificant, our previous life too insipid, and our past riches and acquisitions mere poverty. Life has become like a lottery, and large sums are hazarded to gain still larger ones. Thus riches are now the standard by which not only happiness but even virtue is measured; and those who do not permit themselves to be seized by this intoxicating whirlpool are blamed as fools, for all faith in the nobility of man has become extinct."

"Stop," said Catharina. "If this be true, it is better not to live. To what, were this gone, can our weakness or our doubt tremblingly cling?"

"My worthy friend," continued the old man, "God permits such confusions at times, that the race of man may be purified. The star of virtue shines most brightly amidst darkness, and the greater is he in this universal turmoil who does not partake of this bewilderment of the senses. In such as are laughed at and despised, in such as languish amidst poverty and solitude, who, without friends, admirers, or flatterers, hide themselves and believe in God in the depths of their soul—in such condemned and forgotten ones, the heavenly nature of man becomes more splendid. But silence! I am myself one of the neglected, and it might appear, if so kind a friend were not listening to me, as if I praised my own virtue. No; I was thinking of him—my enlightened friend—the highly-gifted Camoens, he, who is withdrawn from us, forgotten by all, supported by none, uncheered by the great, he, the most virtuous of men, the true friend of his country, whose ardent love for it was such as almost to seem fabulous or romantic, but which was in reality the brightest truth; yes, he belonged to the greatest of Portuguese heroes, though to perform such deeds as a Pacheco or an Albuquerque was denied him. He endured privations of every sort, and spurned those riches which were only to be procured by contemptible means. But posterity will yet acknowledge the great man whom his age denied."

Catharina was much affected by these words of Christoforo. "We can honour him, however, in our thoughts; we at least

who do not live for the present and its stormy movements. Every noble heart should guard a silent spot within itself where the image of this great one may rest as in a shrine. He has taught us the sweetness of our language, while love and ardour, the sense of the heroic, the glory of our history, and of its noble spirits, speak in it to all future Portuguese; nay, more, they speak to the whole human race, if a returning barbarism does not give place to the dominion of forgetfulness and ignorance."

"We understand each other, dear lady," answered the old man, pressing her hand; "as the power of Greece and Rome still touches us, so shall the words of our friend sound in the distant future; and when the Italian names his Ariosto, Rome her Virgil, and Athens her immortal poet, then shall Portugal add the name of her Camoens. Can France, or Spain, or even vast Germany, place such another beside it? Ronsard is celebrated; but I know him not."

"Let us live, then, in this belief, and forsake such thoughts as lead to melancholy," said Catharina. "Life does not permit every blossom to ripen into fruit, therefore it is only a delusion if we are grieved, for all living are born but to die."

"There is no death!" exclaimed Christofero; "the transition so named by mortals is only a change of garment, a passing away into another melody, the tuning of the instrument. From the barren rock upon the high mountain we see moss and small flowers spring forth; insects and butterflies swarm near the little plants of these high regions, those plants which, though scarce above the earth, must nourish them. The waters seek their path, bearing soil and the seeds of plants and vegetables to the bare clefts. In the depths of the ocean abide the dumb creatures of many forms; they dwell beneath the earth in unvisited abysses; wherever thought reaches, it can think of and find life alone. And then the wonder of the world and of creation, man, appears, gifted with sense and reason, the commander and king of all which walk and creep, fowls, fishes, and flowers, water, air, and silent earth; he through whose existence every created thing is a holy mystery, which reveals itself through the conscious-

ness of that mystery alone; he, the representative of God, from whose eyes blessings flowed down upon the creature, and through whose look inanimate creation first became significant. How happy is mere existence when man perceives his union with eternity and universal nature! What is unhappiness, suffering, sickness, or death, if he thus fulfil his destiny?"——

"Let us return," said Catharina, "to history and to Camoens; here I feel myself more at ease in your society."

"In early life," continued Don Christofero, "I went to India, then under the sway of the grandfather of our present king. I have already told you how ill health prevented me from continuing in this service, and compelled me to seek a more humble occupation. I was sent to several places, and as I was quiet and orderly, I seldom met with enemies or adversaries; but as I could neither flatter nor allow myself to become accustomed to dealings of a base nature, I gained neither powerful patrons nor supporters. I devoted my days to contemplation as well as to business, and appeared to myself to be a sort of worldly monk, as I endeavoured always to amend what was wrong, as far as I could in my obscure position. There is a peculiarly calm enjoyment in retirement when we are known to few, valued by none, and still less envied; when we intrude upon no path which another has opened up for his own use, we are held to be blameless and innocent. I had reached the middle of life, and thought of youth no longer, when I became acquainted with a person in Goa, who was then in the summer of existence. I had been in India at this period ten years. His mere presence renewed to me my earliest days, though I was then a man of forty years of age. I wept nightly because I could no longer wield the much-loved sword; for according to this man's words every other calling seemed base and ignoble. In comparison with the fire of his soul, the feeling of my earlier years appeared weak and cold, and I then experienced how leaders and heroes could exercise such power over other men. This was the soldier and poet Camoens, who had just left his native country in bitterness of heart; a country, how-

ever, which he still dearly loved. I was again altogether a Portuguese, and would have fought under the banners of my native land, had the pain and lameness of my arm permitted me. I became a pupil of this inspired being, though I was much older than he.

“ A Portuguese officer had already spoken to me of him before his arrival, but only in a slight manner, and to which communication I paid little attention. He related to me something of a love-affair which had made Camoens unhappy, and on account of which he had left his country. Though we became very intimate and disclosed our most secret thoughts to each other, my noble friend never spoke of this matter ; and as I thus saw that he held this occurrence of his youth as sacred, I never asked him any intrusive questions about it. But how much he worshipped female beauty, how deeply he had been penetrated by the feeling of love, was easily known from his magnificent poems, which he permitted me to read. With the same glow of enthusiasm he sang of war, arms, and heroic greatness. Ah, my good lady, how joyous it is amidst the paths of life to find such a friend ! I became as it were born again through this man ; powers before unknown to me were awakened in my soul, growing up, as if miraculously, in his presence. I scarcely knew myself, and was amazed at the discovered riches of my mind. For the first time I now led with him a real life, one divided between mirth and seriousness ; we journeyed together by sea and land, we dwelt in the same house ; whole nights passed like hours in thoughtful conversation, or in listening to his ideas. And yet it seems to me, since we have been separated, as if I had not sufficiently enjoyed his society, and as if I had learned far too little from him, as if I had often trifled away time beside him, had not valued him enough, or that, from an indolent stupidity, I had not met his spirit as I ought to have done. How often since have I blamed myself that this great mind was frequently to me as if dead or misunderstood, because I slumbered and my spiritual ear was closed ! How I hastened my journey home ; and when upon the sea, how did the thoughts delight me of once more seeing my native shore, and of embracing him,

the one I had not seen for sixteen long years! And now—he is dead, forgotten by every one; none can even point out his grave!”

He stopped in emotion, while Catharina looked down. After a pause he continued :

“ If we knew (as we are accustomed to say) that we should ever lose such a friend, then how eagerly would we seize upon every moment of his presence; but this would become wearisome to him, because it would put an end to all freedom of intercourse. We regard the most precious gifts of fortune lightly, while we stupidly grasp the most insignificant and unimportant ones, frequently indeed even those which torment us, and we call it virtue when we have not the courage to free ourselves from such trumpery. But so it must be, for it ever was so, and never will be otherwise. Camoens told me in confidence that he had been wrongfully banished for a time from Lisbon to Santarem; when his banishment was at an end, he wished to serve Portugal and distinguish himself in her service, in which hope he became a soldier. On board of her fleet he fought against Morocco; and said that when a youth he desired nothing so earnestly as to experience great dangers, and to make himself famous; that consequently, he sought adventures with a daring which his companions envied, but did not copy. He ever spoke as if a divinity existed who saved warriors from danger; and he added, that this divinity had often brought him back an unharmed victor. This trifling with death, with the most appalling wounds, with powerful enemies, this rushing into the midst of danger, where destruction seemed certain and safety impossible, was, according to his ideas, the greatest happiness, the highest delight of a true soldier. ‘The danger was little indeed; for,’ said he, ‘when I feared it not, I defied its power, and it vanished. To stand at such moments upon the threshold which separates life from death is the most exciting part of war; though in the strife destruction hovers from a thousand channels, I was sure that it would be harmless to me if I only valued the fiery shower as nothing, and looked with equal firmness upon life and death. As grief and joy meet together in the embrace of the one we

love, and as amidst the greatest joy a shiver runs through our veins, so is it,' said he, 'with death in the field of battle,—he who cannot rejoice amidst the gloomy waves of war, and regard himself as nothing, is no soldier!' In this way had he played with life and death; thus did he forget his safety, and the battle as a whole, as a living being, was alone present to him, a huge fierce apparition, of which he formed only a single member. But in the very heart of the combat he had been stricken down apparently dead by a ball hitting his forehead; when he recovered, he found himself at a distance from the strife, in the hold of the ship; the squadron had triumphed, but he had lost his right eye. He suffered intolerable pain, to say nothing of the feeling of a handsome youth at beholding himself thus mutilated. A soldier who in his early days loses a leg or an arm finds but little comfort in the thought that such injuries are honourable tokens of his courage; for to others who had kept back from mere cowardice the same accident might have happened. But to lose the power, the spirit of the eye, is far worse; for through it not only the body, but the soul is injured. Before Ceuta, the town made memorable by Portuguese valour, he lost the half of his sight. His heart, however, was entire; and after some months of suffering, he returned back to Lisbon, in the hope that his courage would be acknowledged and his deeds not despised. Instead of this, the brave soldier met only with contempt and scorn; he was not listened to; what he asked was shamefully refused; while many a son of fortune, who had never even seen a battle, was loaded with riches, honour, and dignity. Such things, though of daily occurrence, he had not believed to be possible. He spoke out, and indeed too loudly and boldly. It now became of no consequence though his life had flowed out from a hundred wounds. He would not be silent, and he was threatened in consequence with a court-martial as a rebel. 'Why not?' said he. 'Does the bold soldier not always stand upon his trial when in battle? It is not the balls, but such words as these, that have torn my heart.' Thus scorned, hurt, wounded, every hope of happiness extinct, he left his country, and in proud despair

sought in the East Indies the acknowledgment of his worth, or—a glorious grave.—He found neither.”

After a pause, the old man, who had once more been forced to stop from deep emotion, continued: “The composure of mind which I had already attained, my friend could not find—at least not during the first years I lived with him. He could not convince himself that unrighteousness and cruelty are as deeply rooted in the nature of man as virtue and generosity. He did not understand the world as it exists, and grievously lamented that the mighty deeds of the former heroic Portuguese should end thus in robbery, plunder, and oppression of the poor, as well as in the enrichment of the oppressors. He comprehended not how the priests connived, though silently, at this destruction of all that was right, this disgraceful revelry. It was his opinion that such as he were called upon by Heaven to repress these wrongs, to speak against them, to protect virtue, and to make it famous once more. ‘I left the *Tagus*,’ said he, ‘in the company of different vessels, storms followed us, we were often in danger of life; in these tempests the other vessels were wrecked and lost, but the one which bore me was preserved as if by miracle, so much had it suffered, so often had it threatened to sink. Thus do storms ever surround me, but I must neither be silent nor indolent; I must use both the sword and the pen; I must speak out boldly, whenever opportunity offers or inspiration visits me.’ Yes; he was right, had he only found a higher position, had he lived in other times, when powerful friends and magnanimous patrons would have stood by his side. But, alas! his hopes were overthrown. He might have relied almost with certainty upon receiving an honourable and lucrative situation beneath the government, or upon employment as a soldier, having many excellent recommendations from worthy men; though he could not fail to observe that without such, men quite undistinguished had been pushed forward into good places, even though young, inexperienced, and without having seen any service whatever. He was not unknown as a poet; he was of a noble family; had given proofs of his courage; and there were not wanting persons who knew all this. But

though his manner was gentle, there was a species of *hauteur* in him, and which, though he was unconscious of it, wounded many, particularly the unworthy. He could not restrain himself, he confided in his own powers; his spirit, ever seeking after high thoughts, was in common conversation often absent. Persons accustomed to slavish homage considered this an unbecoming impertinence, while such was indeed quite foreign to his frank and gentle heart. But the letters of his enemies, which had now come thither, were the most injurious to him, representing him as a dangerous character, who despised and scorned his superiors, watched their weaknesses, and then satirised them in verse as wicked and full of crime. Thus before he had done any thing deserving condemnation, he was already condemned; those who made application for him were refused; and when he became importunate, he was met with scorn. But his high spirit was not humbled; and in order to shew that he was deserving of advancement, after a time he once more entered the service as a soldier. He was given the post of ensign in the troops sent by Portugal to the king of Cochin-China. He went thither indeed as a volunteer; many such had joined these troops; but before he left on this expedition he was unfortunate enough to place his life in the greatest danger at Goa. He had made choice of a young negro in the slave-market there, one who seemed suitable for a servant; having been pleased with his appearance, he soon agreed about the price. The slave so hired was delighted at being freed from his former master, who had treated him ill, being in the practice, like many bad men, of torturing his slaves with the most malicious pleasure. It is the custom at Goa for slaves to give up to their masters whatever money they earn, unless permitted by them to retain it; and many rich people, who have crowds of slaves, are not ashamed to take the little portion which is gained with much trouble by the hard hands of these poor black creatures. When the negro, who was named Iago, or Antonio, became acquainted with the kind disposition of his new master, he related to him the injustice of his former owner; and in the joy of his heart, fashioned a little bird-cage, which the fol-

lowing morning he offered for sale. This ornamented cage was bought by a child, who was passing with her duenna, and the negro had received more from the rich little girl than he had ventured to ask. What was his astonishment when our friend Camoens would not take the small sum, but gave it back to him whole and entire! He spoke every where of the generosity of his new, though far from affluent master; the people praised the action, and wished every happiness to his kind owner. When his former master passed through the market, he was much surprised at finding that the people dared to scoff at him, and greet him with loud laughter. The stately judge, who held a distinguished office, took this unusual treatment very ill; he discovered the origin of the affair, and his first feeling was to reclaim the slave Antonio, that he might vent his vengeance upon him. The negro, who well knew, although he was innocent, that ill treatment and the torture now awaited him, with tears and sobs embraced the knees of Camoens, whom he besought to protect him from torment, or perhaps from death itself. This appeared to our friend a case in which he was imperatively called upon to defend the innocent. I warned him well; but he could not repress his vehemence when he met the worthless Don Alonso for the purpose of coming to an understanding about the slave. I was present; and at first the conversation was tolerably smooth, until Don Alonso asserted that in the sale of the slave, although the money had been paid, yet as all the forms necessary had not been completed, the negro was still his property. The principal judge present, who was a relation of this Don Alonso, maintained, of course, that his nephew was in the right, and opened up different books of reference to prove it. He then urged Camoens to return the negro, for whom the money would be repaid, according to law. 'Noble sir,' answered Camoens, 'I am not acquainted with the laws of this place; but if any form has been forgotten, I am ready to pay an additional sum, so that I may retain the slave I have bargained for in my service.' 'I am rich enough,' answered the great man, 'not to require any such additional payment; I must have the negro himself, who is thus illegally

kept from me.' 'If you cannot come to an amicable agreement,' interrupted the judge, 'then you, Senhor Camoens, are bound to deliver up the servant, as it has been shewn to you that the bargain is invalid.' I who for many years had been accustomed to all the harshness and unfair transactions of the persons in power here, was nevertheless astonished at such effrontery; for the slave had been bought according to the form in daily use, and the case of a similar bargain having been broken had till then never been heard of. When I modestly asserted this, and gave my testimony as having been present at the sale, my words were drowned by the opposing voices of all present; and these purse-proud people, moreover, made me feel my poverty to the quick, as well as the insignificance of my position. I was forced to be silent, unless I had wished to make the affairs of my friend worse, who now asked, with apparent composure, why Don Alonso so earnestly desired to have the slave back, when he had sold him with his own free will. 'For what else,' answered that shameless man, 'but to teach him, to punish him, and to put him to death? Are matters come to this, that our own bought slaves, the very refuse of mankind, may instigate the people against us, their lords and masters, that we are not even sure of our lives from such canaille?' Here Camoens lost all control over himself, and said many severe words to his pretended judges. I endeavoured to smooth matters, related that the slave was quite innocent, and that he meant nothing evil in what he had been telling; but all was in vain. My interference was indeed too late; for our friend, excited to anger, treated these wretches with all the contempt they deserved, which consequently drew upon himself a stern revenge. 'You are all witnesses,' exclaimed Don Alonso, in fury, 'how this insolent soldier, himself a rebel and a traitor, has doubtless instigated the slave to stir up the people.' It was of no use that Camoens referred to his nobility and to the long standing of his family; that I, as a citizen, bound myself to answer for him. Like a criminal, he was thrown into the common prison, and put in irons.

"You may think, dear lady, how great was my sorrow,

my agony, about this precious friend ; I could not even get a sight of him ; and I learned that the court, upon the testimony of the judge and his clerk, would condemn him to death. I was horrified, and endeavoured to interest every friend I had in his behalf ; and we at length brought the affair to this, that the whole process would be stopped, and every thing forgotten, if Camoens would deliver up the slave, and disclose where he was concealed. To this our friend would not agree ; he demanded death, and despised to live in a country where the viceroy and other rulers could permit such things to go on. The rumours in the city, and the excitement caused by this affair, took the judge and his nephew somewhat by surprise ; however, they again endeavoured to terrify the poet by the threat of a disgraceful death ; but as they found him firm, and that he still considered the slave as his property, and his alone ; that he never would give him up, or reveal his place of concealment, these wretches yielded in some degree, as all such persons generally do. Don Alonso then allowed himself to receive the double of the first sum contracted for—an amount so large that it swallowed up all that the poor Camoens had brought with him from Lisbon, as well as what he required for his intended equipment ; so that it needed my small means, and the help of my few wealthy friends, to make his departure for this campaign possible. The slave was, however, safe, and became devotedly attached to our friend, who had now saved his life oftener than once.

“ From that unfortunate expedition, where, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, privations and sickness had destroyed nearly the whole of the troops sent thither, Camoens was among the few who returned to Goa. We and our companions had prospered, but for Camoens there was still no reward ; he returned as poor as he went away—indeed poorer, for the debt pressed upon him which he was unable to repay to his friends. We set him at rest, however, upon this point ; and it was fortunate that none of us were so destitute as to be obliged to harass him. Camoens now felt how obnoxious he was to the ruling party,

and, through the judge, to the majority of the principal inhabitants of the town. He anxiously wished to be away, and sighed for activity, warfare, and glory. He had some time before begun his great poem, and the idea of it as a whole had become clearer and clearer to him by degrees. It so happened that a better situation was just then offered to me at Ormuz, which I accepted the more readily as my friend was at liberty to accompany me. We were to fight against the pirates who disturbed the traffic upon the Red Sea; and Camoens once more entered service for that purpose. He was much occupied in these adventures both by sea and land, experienced many strange chances, and always distinguished himself as a soldier of the greatest bravery and courage. His dearly-bought negro accompanied him in every danger, and shared his fate, such as it was. The most singular connexion existed between these two men; the fidelity and gratitude of the slave and the kindness of the master had enkindled such a feeling in the breast of Camoens that he could associate with this humble uneducated man as with a brother, and shewed such confidence in him that I often felt almost jealous, imagining myself to be thereby somewhat set aside. I saw well enough, however, when my sensitiveness permitted me, that I had done my friend wrong; for we can have neither absolute friendship nor love. There are many different degrees of confidence and ways of liking. What did this black slave comprehend of his beautiful poetry? But as a servant who assisted him daily, who shared his discomforts in the field, often lightened his privations, and lessened his disgust, he was dear to him in a different and in a peculiar manner. He could relate things to him which he never related to me; and as the poet saw that this poor unlettered man remained true and faithful to him, that he could even sacrifice himself for him, loving him as he did with his whole heart, the great Camoens cast aside every difference of rank that divided them, and demanded of me and the few friends who were then with us, that we should treat Antonio in the same manner, and forget in him the slave. We lived most happily with each other. After the war with the pirates had terminated,

we sailed to different places, and wandered about observing and examining the wonders of nature, which existed here on a most magnificent scale. We reflected upon the ancient history of this part of the world, and what our forefathers had done there. As we saw each other daily, he repeated to me every verse of his poetry again and again, spoke to me of the changes he made in it; and in this way it seemed to me as if I had written the splendid work myself. What blessed and sublime emotions may find a place in the human breast! What a divine spirit floats throughout real poetry, revealing every mystery within us, changing our fear into courage, and illuminating all that is obscure! I frequently felt myself so happy that tears alone could relieve me. How natural was it for the ancients to suppose that the Muse descended in a visible form to man, drawing aside the veil from futurity, and whispering to him golden, heaven-winged words!

"Camoens was often, indeed, so supremely happy that he might have thought himself the first of men; and justly so, for these magnificent ideas and images had never before been conceived by any one else. When, in the excitement of playful intervals, he traced out the plan to us by which he meant to live and act, the few confidential members of our small circle were charmed by the generosity of his nature. He used to represent to us in the most humorous manner the errors of the world and the misery of our race; of those who, though they ought to have understood and swayed the great affairs of nations and the events of the world at large, yet almost never brought to the duty either sufficient acquirements, reason, or capability. It was very amusing the manner in which he described it to be necessary that the weighty task should be accommodated to the littleness of the performer; and how from the turning-lathe of the pretended artist, wishful of producing a masterpiece, a common pot comes forth. His humour, however, was noble and harmless, with all his sarcasm; and his descriptions were, alas, only too true. The vices of the men who ruled, or of those who misused the influence of the rulers, were so great that no poet was required to invent fictions in order to describe the madness and folly

of that perverseness which desired to pass for wisdom and excellence. When this spirit seized him, though fools were present, he did not restrain himself sufficiently; and their folly bore his discourse and his sallies of wit into the broad every-day world; in which cold element the refined spirit was chilled to ice, and the gaiety of the innocent speaker was there turned to gloom and to bitterness; for the most of men can comprehend only what is malicious and bad, and envenomed injury alone appears to them witty or spirited. Thus, from a few sparks arose a fire, and from one fire were many others kindled.

“At this period I obtained a higher situation, though I had given myself little trouble about it. It was one where my duties required me to take care of the soldiers in that part of the country; I used my influence to pay off the debt of my friend, who willingly received this sum from me. I soon discovered that my advancement would bring me greater emolument only if, like the most of the other persons there, I became avaricious, and did not determine by any definite line to separate right from wrong. I remained poor; and the viceroy, as well as some other great people, when I afterwards complained, overwhelmed me with reproaches; they asserted that they had already opened up every path they could to me, and put every means within my reach by which I might have enriched myself. They therefore all agreed that no more could be done for me than what had been done already; he who cannot make use of the instrument put into his hand to cut the golden fruit from the tree, must only blame his own stupidity; and my compassion for my fellow-creatures they declared to be womanly.

“At this juncture my friend committed an action for which I must certainly blame him—I even, who knew the circumstances well. Under the impulse of the moment, he wrote a satirical poem, in which he depicted, in strong and glowing colours, all the evil deeds which were then of daily occurrence in India; in every verse the pure and noble feelings of the poet spoke out. He lived in such retirement that he knew little of men or of their affairs, and on that account was not

involved in their cabals; but scarcely was the poem known than it created the greatest excitement in every town and in every province. On all sides men appeared who declared that they were marked out by some one or other of the descriptions therein; of the majority of these individuals Camoens knew nothing—indeed, was not aware of their existence. His assertions to this effect, however, were not listened to; they were, on the contrary, declared to be false; and the viceroy himself, who imagined that he too was described, did not hesitate to shew his displeasure towards the inconsiderate, though kind-hearted, poet. His few friends were at this moment in the deepest anxiety about him; and especially was I, loving him as I did like a son or a brother. In our hours of merriment we indeed laughed heartily at the absurdity of these perverse and foolish men, who, through a species of pride or vanity, imagined themselves to be portrayed under these general poetical images, and who, moreover, were, in their ignorance and vanity, distressed when others undertook to undeceive them. Camoens, when cheerfully disposed, maintained that a true poet was nothing less than a prophet, and that were he to describe any thing, let it be ever so singular or unheard of, such an original might be living, though to him unknown. Should that, however, not be the case, still some fanciful youth, enamoured of the model, might in a few years appear before the world such as the poet, in his intoxicated fancy, had created—such a being as sober men not only held to be an exaggeration, but an impossibility. He thought that the same might be the case with conceptions, tales, and opinions; the future ever fulfilling what the imagination of the true poet might invent or prophesy. How attractive was my friend in these hours of gaiety and humour!

“But we trembled for his safety; for the great are never inclined to forgive, or even to forget, the keen satire which has touched them, even although they become voluntary commentaries of the text themselves. In the lull of the storm, an unlooked-for piece of good fortune offered itself to Camoens, to reward his talents with the riches of this world at

last. He could no longer be called handsome, neither could he be called young; but he might still have been considered well made, and in society no one was more agreeable or pleasing. The higher kinds of mind could not fail to perceive his divine gifts, and he to whom the Muses had not denied themselves was ever happy in his presence. He visited a few families occasionally, particularly those of the rich and independent merchants who had little communication with our rulers. A wealthy young lady, who was entire mistress of her own fortune in consequence of the death of her parents, and whose guardian was a real friend, took a deep interest in the noble poet, which soon ripened into an ardent attachment. He was complaisant and cheerful in her presence, and seemed to meet the wishes of the lady. She believed that the understanding was mutual, and made me her confidant. When I saw these two amiable persons in the company of each other,—Camœns so kind and attentive, the lady so animated and beautiful,—it seemed to me as if Heaven intended them for each other, and that, by this event, the dreary fate of my friend would be brightened. She now only awaited his declaration, and her guardian was already prepared to agree in every arrangement. His delay appeared to me incomprehensible; and in consequence of a hint from the lady, I took an opportunity, one evening when we were alone, of speaking to him on the subject. ‘I a married man!’ exclaimed he, smiling. ‘I bound by such fetters! I surrounded by children and relatives! Faithless to the Muses, the old prosing father of a family! No, my friend, spare me such miseries as these.’ I could not comprehend his gaiety, which appeared to me unnatural; and since I had thrust myself into his confidence on this occasion, I earnestly besought him to give me a serious answer. He suddenly became grave, and said solemnly, ‘So let it be, then; it is the first time in my life, but let it also be the last, if you indeed love me and comprehend me. The lady who has favoured me with her kindness, through the nobleness of her character, deserves to be happy; this happiness I can in no way promote. Had I ever imagined that so young and beautiful a creature could

have really become attached to me, I would long since have avoided her society. Know, then, my friend, that I am not free; the noblest, the most loving of hearts once gave itself to me, and raised my youth to the most blessed state of happiness. Do not ask her name; with me it shall die. When I returned from exile, I found that her relations had forced her to marry a distinguished noble, and thereby broken her heart. I never saw her again. Since I came to India, I heard that she was dead; but whether she lives married, or is dead, I am and ever will remain hers unchangeably and eternally. I am her husband, and I will have no other spouse. How shameful would it be if, blinded by riches and destitute of love, I could make that young creature miserable! I had never seen my friend so deeply affected. After these words he wept bitterly, and it was long before he became composed. He once more besought me never to repeat the subject."

Catharina suddenly rose and went to the window. There was a noise in the garden below, and the voice of the child was heard gaily calling to the countess. Catharina sent down the old servant Domingo to the garden to tell her to be quiet, as at that moment she must not be disturbed. She remained for some time standing at the window, with her eyes averted, and Christofero fancied that he saw her weeping; she then returned to her seat, and in a faint voice requested the old man to go on with his tale.

"That period of my life at length arrived," he continued, "when I was to be rewarded. I obtained a situation which the majority of men in my circumstances would have looked upon as a punishment. I became governor of Macao, that rocky town lying beyond the most remote bounds of India, upon a small island close to China. In this dreary and distant spot nearly every thing had yet to be done. Dwellings, churches, and storehouses were only building, and few would have called my residence an agreeable one. But to me it was peculiarly so, because I was now beyond the reach of those who hated me, as well as those I could not esteem; and my happiness was complete when, at the same time, Ca-

moens was banished thither by order of the viceroy. This was the punishment inflicted upon him for the publication of his satirical poem, of which I have already spoken. We travelled thither together, and I consoled him in the best way I could for this new misfortune. As he was now quite unemployed, he devoted his time and thoughts to his great national poem. Upon a high rock, from which we could overlook the narrow piece of land and survey the wide sea, we often sat in friendly conversation. On this spot he composed much, and often remained there whole nights in meditation. In such places inspiration descends even upon unconsecrated men—how much more upon the highly gifted!

“After a short residence here, we went to the Molucca Islands; and on our return to Macao, I gave him, unknown to my superiors, an humble office, which certainly brought him little salary, but which was sufficient for him, as his wants were few. He now lived wholly in his poem, and often dreamed, when he had succeeded in some fine passage, of the glory which this work would create for him in his native country, and of the enthusiasm it would enkindle there. When it was finished, he meant to return to Lisbon to make it known through the press. Ah! these were pleasant hours, when I assisted in rearing the structure of his future fame, when I dared to shew him my love and my admiration openly. He willingly endured from me what from a stranger would have offended him, because he knew my disposition perfectly. He would even sometimes draw my attention to his finest stanzas, and challenge my praise; for the real poet ever feels that it is a higher being than himself who intones each magic word.

“After several years had fled, a new viceroy was sent to India, who recalled the poet to Goa. He, kinder than his predecessor, recalled me too; for he thought that in that distant corner of the world I would not be happy without my friend. I received another appointment at Goa, and travelled back in company with Camoens; but again misfortune followed him, and I was a fellow-sufferer. Our vessel was wrecked, and all that for years I had gathered together was

lost by this disaster ; neither money nor effects remained to us ; and Camoens, while swimming for his life, was barely able to save the manuscript of his poem. Some planks bore us to the shore ; we went along as beggars ; and without the help of the negro, who was unwearied in his endeavours to obtain food for us, we must have perished. At length we met with some friends, and were able, through their assistance, to proceed wearily to Goa.

“The few acquaintances we found there received us most kindly, and relieved our poverty. That Alonso, of whom I have spoken to you before as a bitter enemy of Camoens, had in the mean while married the rich young lady whom the latter had rejected, and was now the master of her wealth. She had died a few years after her marriage. What chance had led her into the arms of this worthless man, she who had once been attached to the noblest, I know not ; whether beguiled by her own vanity, or won over by his cunning eloquence and hypocrisy ; but rumour said that she had been most unhappy. It might be that she could not help praising Camoens and his poetry, some of which she possessed ; or perhaps she had, in her matrimonial quarrels, made an invidious comparison between him and her husband ; or it was possible that this wicked man needed no reason to hate and persecute the virtuous. Be this as it may, immediately on our arrival, Alonso shewed himself to be our most bitter, our most cruel, enemy ; and as he could fasten nothing upon me, he turned his whole revenge once more upon the unfortunate Camoens. It is likely that malicious slanderers had excited this vain and miserable man by representing the friendly intercourse of Camoens with his wife in a different light to the true one.

“This individual being in the confidence of the viceroy, was on that account the more dangerous. Of what consequence in this world is it to the honest man that he is conscious of his innocence, when the bold accusations of the powerful are arrayed to crush him ? We had scarcely been able to arrange any thing, and I had been again obliged to borrow money, when my friend was once more thrown into prison. Macao is the latest-established place of Portuguese

traffic, on which account many persons trade thither ; and in cases of sudden death, which in such a climate are not unusual, there is a person appointed to take charge of the effects of the deceased, in order to reckon with his heirs, should they apply for them either there or in Europe. The employment was one which required much time to be devoted to it, was attended with a great deal of trouble, and the salary attached to it was small ; but the situation demanded a conscientious man to fill it. This situation was the one I had given to my friend ; and the accusation now laid against him was, that he had made away with both money and property, and thus was condemned, until restitution was made, to remain a prisoner at Goa. I had never before seen my friend so utterly depressed as when I now visited him in the prison ; he who had never valued gold, he who had even scorned to gain it by ordinary means, he who had given up his small property, nay, his life itself, to the service of the state, was thus suddenly in the decline of life made to stand before his countrymen as a thief and a deceiver, accused of mean crimes by those who in their high position scorned no means, however dishonourable, by which they could amass treasures through an avarice and oppression which caused thousands to suffer ! I now felt that there were sorrows beyond the reach of consolation ; grief was seated too deep for it in the heart of the innocent man, just because he was innocent ; those who are less innocent, even though they may not have committed crime, cannot be so terribly injured by such accusations. I wished to become security for him, but my offers were rejected ; my long conversation with the viceroy, my description and my praise of the persecuted, were all to no purpose, for he was already prejudiced against the sufferer. He had heard before of his thoughtlessness, and from wicked tongues had been informed of that unlucky poem, which, now interpreted in the worst sense, was once more brought forward in accusation against him.

“ As my friend, in deep disgust and anger at his country, had formerly forsaken it to endeavour to distinguish himself in India, and to find there that acknowledgment of his ser-

vices denied to him in Portugal, so now his heart burned within him to return to his native home. He believed that treachery and deceit, selfishness and every species of dishonour, took root and grew only in Asia, where bad passions of every sort were let loose upon the natives, oppressing and injuring them to the utmost. As in the bright glance of childhood and youth, his country once more appeared before him; he hoped to find there both innocence and respect for virtue and talent; in this agony of feeling he even renewed his youth, and my warning admonitions were unheeded by his impetuous spirit.

“Orders had been sent out to Macao, and it happened that an answer was received in a shorter time than could have been expected. This reply fully proved the innocence of Camoens, who had left all the documents connected with his office in the greatest order with the magistrates at Macao. The receipts, as well as an exact register of all the money and property that had passed through his hands, the quittances of the heirs to whom they had been restored, were all there; the smallest scrap was not wanting to make the uprightness of the persecuted man clear as day. Indeed, these papers proved even more than this—they shewed that at different times he had refused the presents offered to him by the grateful survivors, so as to avoid even the appearance of corruptibility. What helped him but this virtue? He was set at liberty; but could obtain no further satisfaction. Even his friends were afraid to blame the shameful proceedings too loudly, since the viceroy himself had exhibited his hatred, and all were obliged to dread the arm of power.

“He now thought only of his voyage to Portugal, and, winged with youthful hope, made every preparation for it. He was convinced that his poem would bring him both honour and fame, as well as an assured provision, which would enable him to live at ease, without care, in his native land, during the remainder of his life. But a fresh and unexpected blow threw him again into that prison from which he had just been released. The envious Don Alonso, who grudged him the smallest happiness, bought up from the creditors of the poet

all the debts he had been obliged to contract. He had never been able, before his banishment to Macao, to pay up the small sums he had borrowed from some of the merchants; the shipwreck, and consequent loss of his whole means, had again obliged him to seek help from strangers; his frequent arrests had made men suspicious, and many indeed believed him to be truly wicked, as the words of the powerful and distinguished always find a way for themselves to be heard. Some good-hearted but weak persons had thus been won over, by having more offered to them than the debts were actually worth; and suddenly several persons appeared in possession of the entire claims, demanding instant payment.

“I was myself in debt, speedy help could not be obtained; for it was soon known that the powerful Alonso was the instigator of the affair, and no rich man, even had he been otherwise inclined, would venture openly to oppose this wicked person, and save my friend. I have often felt that gold is indeed a demon that chills and extinguishes friendship, freezes kind and affectionate words upon the very lips about to utter them; the hard, dead metal exercises a magic power, and he who possesses the most of it is the most submissive to its influence. Thus again did the poor man languish in a dungeon, and he felt his sorrow the more bitterly as he conceived himself to be forsaken by all the world. I was obliged to allow the first storm of hate to pass over, unless I had been willing to be destroyed likewise by our powerful enemy. But when Alonso was travelling, and the viceroy absent also, I made use of the little influence I had, as well as the means of my remaining friends, to make up the sum required to set Camoens at liberty, and place him in a condition to sail for Europe. I hastened the preparations as much as possible, wishing to see him on board of the vessel before the return of Alonso took place, in case of some other unforeseen misfortune coming unawares upon him. I succeeded (although I was then in bad health and very weak, indeed likely enough to die before I could repay my creditors) in obtaining, partly upon credit, and partly by getting an advance of my income,

such a sum as enabled my friend to proceed upon his voyage under tolerably comfortable circumstances; leaving to him, moreover, a small remainder, thus precluding the necessity of landing upon his native shore in perfect poverty. But I was forced to abandon the hope of accompanying him; for I was ill, and so deeply involved in debt that it would require some years of service before I could be again in possession of money. Some friends who admired the poem of Camoens had helped me frankly; but they were not wealthy, and their good wishes exceeded their means.

“We took farewell of each other with many tears; we never thought but that we should meet again, and upon this we reckoned with the greatest joy, though it could take place only after the lapse of several years. ‘O my beloved friend,’ exclaimed Camoens, ‘had I not found you, long since I must have perished and been forgotten. You will still remember the time when, fresh, full of hope, and with unbroken strength, I first stepped upon the shore of this land—a land which gave birth to the histories, miracles, and culture of the world; at a later period to be discovered by us Portuguese, created, as it were, anew, and pointed out as the stage whereon the most heroic deeds have been performed that time has ever seen. Then I imagined that I too might become a hero: I believed myself to be a poet—I have sung the great actions of my countrymen, and as a minstrel posterity will honour me. But the fame of a hero stern fate has denied me, and it has denied me every thing besides which men call happiness—honour, riches, wife, child, and home. He who met you in the hope of here obtaining both means and influence, through virtue and warfare, now leaves you a despised, a scorned beggar; for me, the poorest of the poor, you have indeed been obliged to beg. Known and esteemed by none, scorned and ridiculed by enemies, pitied by the weak, you the loving and faithful companion of my dark fate, you alone have stood firmly by me, immovable as yon rock in the ocean. Did I not believe that, in spite of fate, my country will at last caressingly embrace me, like a lost, but now reconciled, son; did I not trust that, through the favour of the Muses, my poem

will warm and delight the hearts of all true Portuguese, and inspire them to tread in the paths of their great ancestors; that something will at length be done to free from poverty the poet who has thus loved and honoured his native land; that his countrymen will value him as a precious stone which had been lost, and lift him from the dust, that he may no longer be trodden upon by the foot of ignorance,—did I not believe all this with the utmost certainty, then would I leave to the only one who has appreciated me that poem as a remembrance, as a small reward for all his love; and I would pray to God and to all the saints, that the ship which bore me back might be sunk in the deepest abyss of the ocean. Have not the most violent storms ever followed me, and sought my annihilation?

“I was grieved to see my friend so deeply agitated, and tried to comfort him as well as I could in such words as these: ‘He is not the only hero who struggles with, or triumphs over the enemy. You have, with the most noble indifference, withstood the fate which has so often threatened to overwhelm you. From all these whirlpools you have come forth a purer and a greater man: you have never dipt your pen in gall, neither have you made use of your talents to injure your enemies, not even the most infamous of them. Your disposition has never been embittered by a hatred of man; you have always remained the kindest of beings, ever friendly, and ready to serve even those who offended you. Filled only with great thoughts, inspired by great ideas alone, you neither heard nor observed when others sought to insult you; thus devoted as you were to heaven, earthly things forsook you, because you despised them. Now you stand untouched by misfortune, in all the might of your power, in sublime calmness and repose of soul; while your enemies and persecutors appear contemptible and wretched. You have been a real hero, one of the greatest the world ever saw. Why, then, do you permit yourself to be depressed or cast down?—you who possess yourself; you who as a poet, a man, a sufferer, a sacrifice—you who in humility, in self-denial, and love towards man—remain in undisturbed peace of mind; you who

are a model and a type for that posterity who must hear of you with admiration !”

“At the conclusion of these words, he gave me such a blessed look, full of the deepest expression, as I never can forget.” Here Christoforo was forced to stop, as his voice had become choked with emotion. After a pause he went on: “Thus he left me, and I saw him no more; I had no doubt but that immediately on his arrival at Lisbon he would find a patron who, through admiration of his poem, would do every thing for him that was wanting; who would make him known at court and to the king, when, in his glory and happiness, he would then be as much an object of envy as he was now one of compassion. How was I disappointed when his first letter announced to me the very reverse of all this, and thus at one blow all my hopes were annihilated! He had found the city, indeed the whole country, in the greatest grief and despair; for a plague, to which thousands were falling victims, raged in every province of Portugal. King Sebastian was still a child, and entirely ruled by his father-confessor, a Jesuit, a man who knew nothing of art or poetry. The whole court was bigoted, and, pious as the poet was, he yet blamed that narrowness of mind which had such dominion over the thoughts and feelings. He had not been able to gain the friendship of any one in power, as no one troubled themselves about poetry, or spoke of books; theology alone was listened to, theological disputations alone were heard; a passion without fervour or love had bent all beneath its yoke. The young king, who was not yet of age, however, permitted the poem to be dedicated to him; a yearly pension was also promised to the poet, perhaps through the intercession of some spiritual adviser. Such a pension as (if it had not come from a king) might have been deemed contemptible. The royal gift had, indeed, been abused and misappropriated, Camoens receiving no more of it than would barely suffice to purchase an ordinary garment. The lowly situation which he had held in Macao brought him more in a week than he now received in a year; received too from a state which was so much indebted to him! Shame be to thee, Portugal; woe to ye, rich

and powerful ones, who thus allowed your greatest genius to perish; that genius who surpassed the brightest spirits of France and Italy!

"I now began to despair of myself, of fate, and of the times; my life had been a reflection of his, and now its splendour, the light of the poet, was for ever obscured; the sadness of his letters had deprived me of all spirit—it now seemed to me better to die, and to close my account.

"How could I comfort him, when the last anchor upon which our happiness depended slipped from us? I wrote to him; but my letter must have been very bitter, for in his answer he endeavoured to soothe me. He told me that he had given his work to a printer, and that perhaps, through the influence it might have upon the people, as well as among strangers, it might yet awake the Portuguese from their slumbers. With me time passed away in grief and disgust; in his letters there were no complaints, sadness was more visible in them; and I perceived too well that he was now perfectly resigned, and his silence affected me more than if he had uttered the loudest reproaches. He had been separated from me two years, when he sent me his printed poem; he also wrote to me that this was the second edition, as the bookseller had quickly sold off the first impression; but he added that he had derived no advantage from this rapid sale; nevertheless he managed to live; and he commanded me to discontinue sending money to him, as he could not forget how much I had already lost, which it might never be in his power to repay. He advised me that if I would not become selfish, to cease at least from being generous, and to think of my years and my bad health. Moreover, that my gifts and letters would not reach him, as he had determined to retire to the mountains of Coimbra, there to live in solitude during the remainder of his days, forgotten by all!

"Ah! my dear friend, how delighted I was with the splendid book he had sent! but this last letter threw me into despair—his last indeed, for I never afterwards received a line from him. In it I too distinctly read that he had renounced me and all the world; that he would receive nothing more from

me ; and that as on his account I had become involved in debt, he was to live henceforward upon the little he possessed ! I knew well that he had nothing, having spent his small fortune as a volunteer in the war ; of the trifle he had gained in Macao the shipwreck deprived him ; and he had now denied me his friendship, or rather he had, alas ! for ever withdrawn himself from me. I could no longer help him, no longer comfort him ; of what use, then, was my life ? Had my ill health permitted me, had my creditors (whom I was obliged to satisfy in the first place), not made it impossible, I would immediately have followed him to Europe, and there sought out this most beloved of men. This, dear lady, is the history of his fate, and of our friendship ; and thus passed away the beautiful from earth, leaving not a trace behind. Yet with him, the great poet, it cannot be so, his fame will yet resound throughout the world. We Portuguese, without his poem, would have little ; and should we now, as many fear, lose our independence, and become a province of Spain, then is this poem of the *Lusiad* the only thing in which a true Portuguese may once more recognise himself."

"How much have you related to me," answered Catharina, "and how greatly am I indebted to you ! You have by this recital become indeed dearer to me ; you, and you alone, have repaid some part of the great amount of gratitude which is due to Camoens from his country. Impelled by the most generous friendship, you exceeded your means ; Portugal and all good men are your debtors ; and if I, your relation, enliven your old age by kindness, as it is easy for the rich to do, I repay to you little indeed of what you did for us all, by assisting Camoens. For it is most probable that without your friendship and help, without your comforting encouragement, the great work of our poet might never have been completed, or that without you the flight of his fancy might not have soared so high. Such a friend as you have been is seldom met with ; and though Camoens was otherwise unhappy, yet, through your unchanging affection, he enjoyed a great blessing."

"I am afraid," answered the old man, "that I have unin-

tentionally praised myself, even at the expense of my friend, who through his love and his talent first made my life, life ; so that he had nothing to thank me for, but I him for every thing."

"No, dear friend," replied she, "few men are capable of real friendship ; many may feel good-will, and many also esteem ; joyousness and spirited intercourse unite others ; but to live altogether in a friend, never to wander from him, to bear with unvarying affection his weakness and humours (as such may often accompany his virtue) ; to remain true to him when calumniated, never to misapprehend him even when appearances are against him, never to lose faith and respect ; such a trial of friendship as this, is not withstood once in a million of times. But then among a million, it is true, not one may deserve such love as our Camoens ; since therefore a portion of his soul has passed into you, you are to me as his heir, and if I am able to shew you any love, it is as if it were shewn to him. When we think how a great or wealthy man, by sacrificing only the humour of a day, the purchase of a jewel, or a useless movable, the foolish building of a superfluous house, or an insipid feast bestowed on parasites and hypocritical flatterers, whom he knows and despises, could make a genius like Camoens happy and free from care, are we not horrified when we think this is so rarely done?—And yet is it not true, my friend, that this poverty and apprehension which the rich permitted him to feel, became around his head as a halo and a glory ? Is our love not ever deepest when mingled with heavenly compassion ?"—

At this moment the noise below became greater, and the voice of Domingo was heard united with those of the other servants ; Catharina stood up, opened the window, and looked down into the garden, from whence the noise arose. When the lady was observed, every thing became still ; she beckoned to Maria, who looked up to her with laughing eyes, to come in.

"What is the matter ?" said she to the child, who threw herself into her arms with the greatest expression of joy.

"You might have known sooner," answered the little girl,

“but you would not hear me ; my dear stranger went by the garden again, and told me, Theresa, and Marguerita, that our beautiful king Sebastian had fought against the wild heathens, and obtained a great victory. Ah ! if you had only seen with what gladness he spoke to me of this ! the sad expression usually upon his face was quite away to-day ; it was as bright as the setting sun when it shines upon the high tops of the mountains. His words were sweet and lively, just like the hymn sung in the churches at Easter. He lifted up his hands towards the clear blue sky, and thanked God and all the saints. Oh ! he was in such joy at the good fortune of the king, that he looked himself like a hero, or indeed like a saint. He had no time to-day to say any thing to me or to praise me ; but when he was so filled with great thoughts I cannot take that amiss. I wished to have told you before, that you might have heard all this yourself ; but as you forbade us to speak, we kept silence ; it was difficult, but we were obliged to do so, and the good man is away now. Then Martin came from the city, and told us the same news, only very stupidly and confusedly, how the men that were in the great battle became quite mad, that millions were killed, the whole of Africa conquered, and the heathen kings put into cages ; then we could keep down our merriment no longer. This is the story and the cause of the noise.”

The tramp of a horse was heard, and in a few minutes afterwards the young Count Ferdinand entered the house, his countenance flushed and his eyes sparkling with joy :

“Have you yet heard the news ?” he gaily asked. “Two important engagements have taken place, and we have gained rapid and decisive victories. Now, wherever the Portuguese colours are seen, the enemy flies ; old times return, and the prophecies of those who doubted are put to shame.”

All were delighted, and went in the highest spirits to meet the Marquis de Castro, who at this moment entered the apartment.

“I am aware,” said he, “of the happy intelligence which has been announced ; but who has brought the news ? From whence is it come ?”

When they had become more composed, Ferdinand said, "A frigate which has returned has made known the joyful events; though the enemy did not oppose the landing of the Portuguese, an innumerable host of light troops soon flew to meet our cavalry, which is not strong. It was supposed that the latter, surrounded by the multitude; was lost; but after a short combat, the enormous masses were scattered, though one of our cohorts was completely destroyed. Thus the land appears nearly free, and no great force to contend against."

The marquis walked uneasily up and down, and Christofero looked anxiously at him; but Ferdinand was so overjoyed, that he did not observe the symptoms of doubt expressed by his uncle; he had turned towards Catharina, that he might have his delight increased by witnessing hers. Maria was holding the hand of Christofero, and looking smilingly into his face; but he did not return her kindness, for he was anxious about the evident discomposure of the marquis.

"I must," said the latter, "at last, my friends, give you my opinion, and the reason why I am apprehensive; the fleet has landed at a place where the enemy was not sufficiently powerful to prevent their doing so. They depended more upon their well-arranged forces for a battle elsewhere; these light troops of the Moors are not unknown to me; they are seldom in earnest in these sudden assaults—they fly backwards and forwards, as much to take a survey of their enemies as to fight with them, then return swiftly back to the main body in different directions. So far as I can judge, these victories of our countrymen are of a dubious description; and whether the artful enemy may not prevent the troops of the mountain Arabs, upon whom our king so confidently reckons, from joining us, is a serious question. But the most melancholy thing, and which I have heard is undoubtedly certain, is, that our young war-loving king has taken the entire command of the army into his own hands. It is he who made choice of the place of landing, rejecting the advice and opinions of the more experienced men, who wished to keep nearer the shore, and to take possession of some fastnesses; so that, in the event of reverses, they might have a place of refuge, and

one to which our army could retreat for safety, if necessary. Strangely enough—indeed, infatuatedly so—the king commanded all communication between the fleet and the sea to be cut off, ordering the whole army to advance at once into the interior of the country. These apparent victories will only increase his rashness: he will proceed into the heart of the deserts, and, without the possession of a single place of defence, he may perhaps find a return to the fleet impossible. Therefore I cannot share in your joy and that of the people; for it often enough happens that apparent prosperity precedes the greatest adversity.”

Ferdinand had approached nearer to his uncle, and had listened to him with much attention. As he had spoken calmly and reasonably, the joy expressed in the countenance of the young man sensibly diminished, and the looks of the others became overcast by doubt and anxiety. Maria said softly to Christofero, “It is always this way in the world; when we are very glad about any thing, then some wise man comes and shews us that the thing is nothing, and that we are very foolish to rejoice about it.”

“Who was it,” now asked Ferdinand of the marquis, “that was speaking to you so vehemently, and expressing himself in such peremptory terms a short time since?”

“A rich, disputatious, and litigious man, with whom I am involved in a law-suit,” answered his uncle. “He had advanced money, was deeply engaged in this enterprise, and went to Africa with the fleet in order to look after his property. It was that rich East Indian Alonso, who boasts of being related to us, although his counterfeit genealogical tree can by no means prove this. He is quite disgusting to me, on account of his injustice and pettifoggery; for, next to avarice, litigiousness is his greatest passion: he is never so happy as when he can protract or delay a process, without disadvantage to himself.”

“I saw him,” answered Ferdinand, “last year at your estate, when he likewise made demands upon you.”

“Our suit and cause of quarrel is about his father-in-law, who has been long dead, and who for thirty years was our

banker and agent. He brought claims forward against me, and I have never been able to find the deeds and receipts which would put an end to his demands; they are perhaps lost. I am to-day quite out of humour, partly because I cannot participate in the delusion of the good city of Lisbon, and partly at my own vehemence and passion, which at my years ought not to be so irrestrainable. Only think, my friends, of the people led away by that gigantic good-for-nothing fellow—those who lately intruded into the palace of the king, advising him with the most outrageous oratory against this expedition—being now suddenly changed into a host of unconquerable heroes by the late news. They ask for equipments, ammunition, and ships, in order, like warriors, to share in the great enterprise of our king: the regent will have trouble enough before he frees himself of such canaille!”

“Has the whole city,” asked Christofero, “received the news of the victory with joy?”

“It certainly has,” answered the marquis. “Foreboding as was the disposition of the people at the embarkation of our royal master, and indifferent as they then appeared, their joy is now wild and unbounded; Lisbon is changed into a place of tumult and happy confusion, while business is either at a stand, or despatched in haste. Thus we see that it was not want of love for king or country which produced the former silence, but anxiety for the result; doubt was, in fact, the cause of that sullen depression which even the king must have remarked with concern, unless he was completely intoxicated by his dream of approaching victory. The greatest noise is heard from that useless class of people, who are neither soldiers nor citizens, but a gang of pretended beggars, who rather prefer gaining a livelihood by roguery and knavery, lying and deception, than by begging. They swing about rusty swords, and threaten insurrection and robbery if the means are not granted them to carry their warlike ardour into Africa. They already steal and plunder in their hearts, and would like to appropriate the silk stuffs in the shops, and the riches in the warehouses of our goldsmiths,

or the full coffers of our merchants, to the war in Africa. The prophet among them is that gigantic Minotti, to whom they swear obedience, and to no other."

"But there is something else hangs upon your mind, dear uncle," continued Ferdinand in a kind tone, "which, as you say, has changed your good humour; if it be no secret, perhaps you will tell us what it is."

"The most of men would say it was a mere trifle, not worth speaking about," answered the marquis; "but to me it is of importance, especially at present. Disgusted by my interview with Alonso, melancholy at the delusion of the city, angry at the rising of the mob, I found myself in the midst of a crowd in the market-place. Every trade profits in its turn by the spirit of the times as they change, and the prudent meditate thereon, so as to draw advantage either from prosperity or adversity. I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of beggars, who were demanding something more than usual from the passers-by on account of the great victory. I have already reproached myself with the weakness—which, however, I cannot overcome—of sometimes giving a trifle in person to some of them; and as, in consequence of this, the whole of these beggars know me, they frequently follow me with much perseverance. They were to-day very importunate, one with complaints, another through impudence; this one whining, that one rejoicing. I gave money to some of them, and to a negro whom I knew likewise. He was just going away, when a singular-looking being, in an affected attitude, asked me to throw him a large silver piece. Upon this the lame negro returned, and with great vehemence besought me very earnestly not to put him away, but on this happy day, which was to make the great and the rich of the land rejoice, to give him likewise a large silver piece. My servant was not beside me, and I had already given away all the coins I had in my pocket except some gold. I hastened on; the lame negro followed me unabashed, with in-exhaustible prayers and entreaties uttered in a vile tongue. 'This shameless greedy devil!' exclaimed an old man; 'this black fellow never has enough, though you were to give him

all you had.' 'Yes,' cried another, 'the rascal destroys the beggars of the city; wherever he goes with his impudence, nothing is left for others.' My steps were arrested; the black fellow kept close at my elbow, and continued begging for gold in a hundred new turns and modes of speech; and I in the midst of the people, like a new miracle for them to gape at——" The marquis stopped here, and walked up and down with a very sorrowful air. Catharina looked earnestly at him, and after a while he said laughing, though with embarrassment, and in anger—"No, my loved friend, I did not kill the rascal; but passion got so suddenly the better of me, that I gave him a hasty blow upon the back with my stick, and a second over the head. All drew back. I thought they would maliciously have laughed; but instead of this, they turned their countenances on me, and by their looks shewed that they thought I had gone too far. I once more looked at the negro; he gazed at me calmly and mildly, though neither slavishly nor meanly, kissed the little piece of silver which I had given him at first, and then went away. Since I left the city, in the silence here, the expression of the man's face haunts me continually. He may be very poor; he may be in great need; perhaps he has children. Were he now present, I would give him three or four gold pieces; nay, I would make an apology to him. We remain bad for ever, even in old age!" He took the stick which he held in his hand, and with an expression of anger broke it in several pieces, then opened the window and threw them into the garden.

They were all looking at him with astonishment, when a wild tumult arrested their attention. They went into the hall, whose windows overlooked the high road; an immense procession of persons was approaching from the city, shouting and singing. They bore a banner in the midst of them, and the huge Minotti stepped proudly on before them. It was now apparent that the regent had been weak enough to present this mob with the gift of a considerable sum of money. They called themselves the soldiers of their country, warriors for religion and Christianity, and were then upon their

march to a celebrated church about a mile distant—a place of pilgrimage—there to have their colours consecrated by the priest.

CHAPTER NINTH.

THE wounded Italian officer, of whom care had been taken at the house of the Count Ferdinand, was now, by the aid of a skilful surgeon, almost cured; the young count had become quite attached to the refined and well-educated Florentine: thus an accident had contributed to form a friendship between these two men, till then unknown to each other. As their conversation had often turned upon literature and poetry, they were mutually pleased with each other's knowledge and the agreement of their opinions; for the young Portuguese was well acquainted with Italian poetry. The Florentine, on the other hand, was delighted at being made conversant, through his new friend, with the beautiful language and poetry of Portugal; and Ferdinand, with a feeling of pride, put into his hands the great poem of Camoens. He read it aloud to him, explained its most difficult passages, made him fully acquainted with those occurrences in history to which the poet had only slightly alluded, and thus made him worthily appreciate the rich and ingenious inventions of the composition. During these pleasant hours, when both felt happy, the sick man forgot his pain; and the youth, though at present the teacher, was yet obliged to honour his elder companion, who, while learning from him, amply repaid the trouble by offering remarks full of intelligence upon the beauties of the poem, and its splendid adaptations; so that none could say who was the master, or who the scholar.

“How seldom,” said Ferdinand one evening, “are such acquaintances formed as ours, a species of intimacy which I consider to be the most delightful a man can have or desire! To communicate in this manner what we have learned, or known through intuition, is such an union of spirit as produces the most refined pleasure of which the mind is capable.”

"Explain to me, however," said the Florentine, "the wonder, or how it is possible, that you Portuguese are not more penetrated by this truly sublime work of your poet than you appear to be; that you do not always admire and speak of it on every occasion. Where is there another national memorial that can be compared with this? can your country be so obtuse as not to be aware of what it possesses in this work, in which the most magnificent thoughts and the noblest of feelings speak out in every verse? Or is your nation lost to itself, even more than is our Italy; so that love of country finds no echo in any breast?"

"Neither is the case," answered Ferdinand, with some hesitation. "Two editions of the work prove that it has been read and admired, for they have quickly followed each other; but, indeed, nations often seem as if buried in slumber, and do not perceive for a length of time the whole greatness or importance of a philosopher or a poet. Perhaps it is necessary that we should first become wretched, bowed down beneath a foreign yoke, before we can be rightly conscious of the sublimity, consolation, and incitement to great deeds, which stream from the sweet rhymes of Camoens. Plague, oppression, suffering, a weak government, bigotry, insolence of wealth, all these and many minor causes combined to prevent this great genius from being able to unite the feelings of his countrymen in a magic bond, by means of his eloquence. It is also possible that the greatness even of your mighty Dante was not known in all parts of Italy while he lived, or even for some time after his death."

"Granted," replied the Italian: "but I must add, that the circumstances were different at that period, owing to the want of printing; a work, even though it might interest every one, could not be spread abroad so quickly as now. Italy is, and ever was, divided in opinion throughout its provinces, existing as they did in different states of progress; while there were many parts of it inhabited almost exclusively by intelligent, learned, and talented men, there were others where barbarism prevailed. And this is still the case. Yet how rapidly did the fame of that poet fill the whole land, till his name

became revered ; while our ablest men regarded his work as one of the most wonderful and profound, and as such endeavoured to explain it ! But although Dante was perfectly national, a powerful party existed against him in each province ; even the pope and the hierarchy were inimical to the Ghibelines. Different political interests reigned in every district ; and thus the love of the persecuted banished poet for his country, was rather shewn in deep sorrow or sublime anger than in love or admiration. The greatness of true patriotism and virtue was thrown into the shade by these contending factions. Crimes, sedition, and tyranny of every kind, sprung up ; and in consequence his country and its greatness was not the peculiar centre of his poem ; but the mystical teaching of love, of divinity, and the contemplation of the mystery of Christianity. All is vision, dream, revelation, as of one entranced ; and this world itself finally disappears in a prophetic declaration of the mystery.—But you Portuguese stand altogether in a different position ; you happiest of the happy, early united in sentiments, manners, language, and religion, victorious over the Moors, and even the Spaniards, governed by a line of great rulers, powerful and renowned, while your efforts become the more splendid and astonishing in consequence of the smallness of your territory. In the first place, you sailed round Africa, then discovered the way to distant India ; those heroes who undertook and succeeded in what the world called impossible, are the heroes of your poet. In these great events the past and the future were united ; no occurrence important to Portugal is omitted in this beautiful mirror ; no man who is dear to her, or has acted nobly, is here unnamed, or unglorified.

“ When I consider what such a work indicates, it is evident that all these favourable circumstances experienced by you must have met together, and approached the time when the poet lived, before such rare visions were possible. The gentle Virgil was a patriot ; the most beautiful parts of his works are connected with this feeling : how, indeed, could the Roman, born in that eternal city which the world obeyed, be otherwise than proud of his birthplace ? The

greatness, however, of the decaying republic was not heard in his strains; the elegant author had become a court-poet, and worthless flatteries cramped his power of deifying. How insipid does our sleepy Fricino appear! he knew of the invasion and dominion of the Goths, and grieved thereat; but the image which was pictured to his imagination the feeble inventor did not dare to represent in poetry; the learned man knew no hate against the enemies of the true Italian Rome, whether strangers or natives.

“Italy has lain under a curse ever since the time of the Emperors Manfred and Ezzelin; indeed, even before then,—and cannot be awakened to unity, freedom, or brightness. By this was our Petrarch disgusted; his hatred blazed out against the defamers of liberty, but the flashes were few and transient; his strains were of love and of religion. We indeed possessed some great men under the reigning princes, and isolated great actions; but without connexion or result; no great history. But in poetry and art we have reason to be proud of peculiar and immortal talent; in this we may call other nations barbarians, or our scholars; a spiritual country has arisen of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and poetry; while philosophy and science have also accomplished much from the researches of their disciples. But though we may be valued for such gifts as these, yet none of them have taken root in a true paternal soil. Strangers, owing to this, have received more benefit from such productions than we have ourselves. For it cannot be denied, that along with the great and the magnificent there is also developed a mean spirit of envy, persecution, a littleness and vanity, which even now operates oppressively and miserably. And unless new and great minds arise, this sort of greatness and magnificence, in the future will become pitiful and insignificant. There has likewise arisen amongst us that singular chivalric poetry, so full of wild and impossible adventure; a perfectly fanciful poetry, yet giving birth to much wit and humour. The first poet of this description is our immortal Ariosto: who, indeed, can be compared with him in humour, wit, serenity, feeling, and freshness of imagery? But, on the other hand, how poor

and cramped does his great spirit become, when he would equally elevate Ferrara, the land of his birth, and the house of D'Este! All inspiration and invention forsake him when he attempts this; and there remains nothing behind but flattery and meagreness. Thus for centuries have we Italians been as aliens, banished to the regions of science, art, mind, or poetry; living only in these feelings and efforts; flattering the great and powerful, made a prey to the ambitious, to cabal, and foreign powers. Single families being alternately slaves and tyrants; and thus, like the scattered Jews, we are driven to pen and pencil, to money-making and cunning; and we are thus often forced to hear and read much; we are in talent the first among nations, only to be the last of all in strength, deeds, and truth!"

"I have not thus known you," said Ferdinand, looking at him with kindness.

"And in this way too are we soldiers," continued the Florentine, in his bitter complaint. "What do I care about Ireland and its rebellion against the English queen? That Englishman Stukely, who looks upon life as no more than an adventure, gained me over, as he has likewise done many of my countrymen, because we found nothing to do at home, and no motives for action. We landed here, and allowed ourselves to be prevailed upon to follow your youthful king to Africa; again I say, O ye happy ones, worthy of envy, ye who have a fair and happy land, ye whose chronicles are filled with the recital of your noble deeds, defensive wars and triumphs over powerful neighbours; of wondrous journeys, combats in distant regions, and the actions of wise princes and legislators; you are firmly united by language, manners, and interest; and you can surely never misapprehend such advantages. The luminous point and shining wreath of Ariosto is formed of those airy fables which exist in the imagination alone, and never find a dwelling-place on earth; while the charming wreath of Camoens and his immortal poem, radiant in every colour, gleams with the utmost brilliancy, redundant with the feelings of country, fame, heroism, and sacrifice. Each Portuguese finds himself with his ardent wishes and

noblest thoughts in every verse, where all is truth, not fable ; history, not invention ; real experience throughout. Like as the sea and the hills glitter in the red light of morning, and are withdrawn from the dominion of night, they come forth more beautiful than a dream in the new-born radiance of nature. Oh ! how much are you to be envied !”

A servant now came in, saying that the wood-carver, Enriquez, had for some time been in the antechamber waiting the commands of the count ; and Ferdinand sent a message to say that he would shortly permit the artist to be called. He then continued : “ These workmen drive us nearly to despair, when we wish any thing done quickly. Our artisans complain that they have too little employment, that their profits are too small ; and yet they can never remain steadily or regularly at work.”

“ I suppose,” said the Florentine, “ that the connexion of Spain and Portugal with the Indies has not operated advantageously for the lower classes ; profit and gain have become so much of a lottery, that the lives of many men have been changed into adventures. The obtainment of a sufficiency by labour, a daily small but certain earning, is accounted nothing by many ; when they see the masses of silver which stream yearly towards Europe, which appear to be so easily acquired, the coin of their own realm seems to be of less value than formerly ; and a fluctuation is the result, which will take time to right itself.”

“ But,” exclaimed Ferdinand, “ let us return to our poem, which has been neglected through this interruption :—many perhaps will find fault with it on account of the mixture of the old Grecian mythology with Christianity ; where Bacchus and Venus appear in person, a council of the gods assembled ; and yet Christianity as such, with its miracles and true devotion, is likewise taught and revered. To me this is not offensive ; and yet I know not how to answer those who may find it so.”

“ For my part,” said the Italian, “ this mingling of Christianity and heathenism appears to me one of the greatest beauties in this wonderful work. Since the time of our great

Dante, no one has succeeded in distinctly representing allegory, or treating it in a manner sufficiently profound to make us believe in it, or to consider it as truth and reality. The Portuguese Camoens can in this respect alone be placed beside our sublime Florentine. Though remote from the times of the Greeks, we are accustomed to ascribe to Venus a sway over the feelings, the power of perceiving beauty, and the wish for its possession, the domination of the soft passion, the ardour united with it, the intoxication it produces ; all these effects are shadowed out to us in the lovely representation of Venus. The expression of power which Venus, Amor, and Cupid exercise have long been proverbial with us of Europe ; with Bacchus in jest and earnest it is the same : here, through a sort of jealousy, he wishes to keep the Portuguese back from India, and to destroy them ; he appears in different forms, and therefore does not need to appear as a wicked spirit or fallen rebellious angel ; the space within which he moves and acts is poetical and undetermined. Venus defends and loves the Lusitanian heroes—they are generous, noble, handsome, and nearly related to her ; the gods take either side, the vast kingdom of the waters becomes alive ; here, as in the air and upon the earth, the supernatural powers declare their presence, representing or producing misfortune or success. The most southern promontory of Africa, that rampart from whence storm and shipwreck might turn back the boldest in terror, or even horror, appears to us as a warning, wrathful, and prophetic giant form. The terrific and the miraculous of nature are united, and presented with such true creative power as to make a poem, which I can compare to nothing but all that is most sublime in poetry. The poet wishes these representations to be regarded as at once phantasy and reality, allegorical conception and truth, personality and thought, one and the same. He shews this to us in the landing upon the island, which is reached by the Portuguese in returning, after their trouble is past and their end attained, where beauty and pleasure, in the form of nymphs, wait upon the heroes and reward them. These luxuriant images perhaps surpass those of the ancient poets ; but while our fancy revels at the

feast, in a moment all vanishes, and the poet tells us that it is no more than an allegory—the figure of the glory of the inward satisfaction and delight of having attained a great and apparently impossible aim. How true and poetical is all this! Glory, honour, heroism,—are they tangible, real, earthly existences? Ecstatic thoughts they are, spirits bodily represented to the inspired alone, and again vanishing from before them. And yet these invisible thoughts and feelings are to him of noble mind the most sublime, precious, near, and convincing in their invisibility; they are goddesses for whose favour he ventures, acts, suffers, and dies. It was a happy chance, my friend, which detained me here, where I have been enabled to become acquainted with a work so full of genuine poetry and divine power. It is the second *divine comedy*, but a heroic one of which the kingdom of Portugal, its glory, and the great deeds of its heroes, form the groundwork upon which all the other ornaments are lavished. Therefore is the relation of the past so necessary; and why should I annoy myself because Vasco details to his Indian what the latter cannot altogether understand? As a stranger I have thus received it from the mouth of the poet. Again, how beautiful is the prophecy which announces to us the future deeds of a Pachecho or an Albuquerque! I see contained within the comparatively limited circle of this poem, these ten songs, the history of the past and the future, a description of enterprise, the influence of the gods and the powers of nature. The work appears to me the more wonderful since there is space left for episodes, such as that affecting love-tragedy of Inez de Castro; the true poet of Olympus can indeed raise us to the company of the gods!”

Ferdinand was delighted to hear the work of his beloved countryman thus praised by an accomplished man. The captain went on: “The idea is singular, that spirits, without knowing one another, are able to meet each other. Some years ago I became acquainted in Florence with a young man, a true poet, one who in hours of confidence communicated to me the contents of his work, which was then almost completed. He is called Torquato Tasso, and is the son of a

poet called Bernardo Tasso. So far as I am able to judge, although it has a wider range, although it possesses many great beauties, it stands much beneath this divine heroic poem of Camoens. Tasso has likewise sought a graver subject than Ariosto — he sings the conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon and his companions; he makes the holy powers war with those of the lower regions, and he exhibits to us the envy and hatred of those wicked fallen spirits of whom our Christian legends speak. In consequence of the presence of such determined elements, and which are, besides, so opposed to each other, the work wants that heroic serenity which delights me so much in that of your Camoens. Jerusalem stands with Tasso in the place of country, because, indeed, poor Torquato has no country. Thus faith and Christianity, the remembrance of places held holy, miracles, the great actions of heroes performed for a distant land and in a strange country, become the less living and affecting foundation of the poem. The weakest part of the work, however, is that in which allusions are made in the form of Rinaldo, and praise bestowed on Ferrara, whose duke rewards and supports the author. Love of country and enthusiasm must be compensated by these small relationships of a court-poet. Yet many passages have delighted me, sometimes by their sweetness and beauty, sometimes by their grandeur; and he has peculiarly succeeded in portraying some lovely feminine characters, so that when the poem appears there will be great excitement in Italy about it."

"Is not his father," said the count, "that Bernardo Tasso who has related the many adventures, in a thousand songs, of our Amadis, as he is called?"

"The same," answered the Italian; "and Torquato has already produced a little work called *Rinaldo*, which has made his name known. But all Italy anxiously awaits the appearance of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, the publication of which he perhaps delays too long, as many persons know the poem already. I saw this Torquato lately in Ferrara, where I was visiting a relation, in order to take leave of him, and I found him much changed — melancholy, excited, and eccentric. He

had many enemies about the court, and being both ambitious and suspicious, he annoyed himself about them in several ways. Talent is sometimes given to man only to destroy his life and to make him unhappy, when character and genius have not become fully matured. The true and great poet must ever be a thoroughly happy man, let his earthly fate be what it may; and thus I think your Camoens must have been happy. How delighted I should be, were he still alive, to become personally intimate with him; but he died, as you told me, forgotten by all; that is a stain which must ever rest upon your country, and that country, too, which, with all his power, he has made shine so gloriously."

"That which is nearly incredible happens sometimes," answered Ferdinand, "to highly-gifted men; but it certainly is a thing to be wondered at, that this great man, after he had made his poem known, should have been thus lost to us. However, as you say, he must nevertheless have been happy, since no poverty could demean him. Now many wish, like me, that he were still amongst us; we would offer him gifts, if he would not scorn them; he would be enriched and honoured, and sit by the side of the noblest and highest; my aunt and uncle, besides many of the most distinguished individuals in the country, honour and revere his memory as much as I do."

The count, with the permission of his friend, desired the wood-carver, who had been so long in waiting, now to come in. The artisan bowed politely, and then said with some vexation, "It is not possible to live, your excellency; the times get worse and worse; there is no order in the land. I have again been obliged to break my promise to you, to the excellent countess, and to his grace the marquis; for the carved work which was to have ornamented the apartments is not yet ready, because I am obliged to depend upon a pack of rascals who of late have become quite mad."

"What do you mean?" asked the count in surprise.

"I must," said the other, "accuse my assistants, as well as our rulers and chief council of state, although it may not become me to do so. That great huge fellow Minotti has made his companions rebellious; they wish to go to Africa;

and the regent, as you know, having lately given them a present of a considerable sum, they now want to have as much every day, and to work no more, but to parade the streets, shouting with their consecrated colours. One of them, Bernardes, is along with me, whom your excellency shall see yourself, if you will allow me to bring him in."

He went out, and returned accompanied by a broad-shouldered man. "He appears quite intractable," said Enriquez, "ever since he has been seized with his fit of patriotism; he has bid farewell to his own good name, and wishes to convert the heathens."

"Yes, my noble lord," said the journeyman in a hoarse voice, "you who are a friend of humanity will surely not stand in the way of my happiness; the principal half of rich Africa is now conquered; and the brave Minotti will lead us there to make the other half submit, which is the richest half of the two; then, every conqueror will receive as much gold and precious stones as he likes; the priests who lately consecrated our standard say that we may be sure of victory. Why then should I work here for a pitiful day's hire, when I may become rich there at once, and moreover do my religion a great service? We now only wait for the ships to carry us there; till they come the regent is to pay us for our service, which he has already begun to do."

Ferdinand laughed; but the carver said with warmth—

"Yes, yes, your excellency may laugh at our trouble, but we poor citizens and artists cannot. This man will no longer cut the wood from the block as he ought to do, so that I may chisel my ornaments from it; and the others have set off altogether, although I promised them fair wages. All this our kind and clever friend Luis told us, and explained to us quite distinctly; the stupid mob should listen to sensible men like him, who understand the matter thoroughly."

"Who is this Luis?" asked Ferdinand.

"A few rational men among us," replied the citizen, "sometimes meet together in a garden to converse about art and science, religion or politics, as may happen; a spiritual

father and many other good heads belong to our number ; but the noblest, best, and wisest of all is a man for whom we have the highest esteem, and whom from politeness we call Don Luis, but of whose family, rank, or circumstances, we know nothing. He spoke beautifully to us lately as he explained the poem of Ariosto, and about the uproar of the people ; he told, all that would arise from the weakness of the regency, and we listened to him with astonishment and admiration."

"He explained Ariosto to you?" inquired the captain.

"He often reads something aloud to us," said the citizen ; "and understands the Italian language perfectly."

"Bring the man," said the count, "whom you praise so highly to visit me."

"It would be difficult to do that," replied Enriquez ; "for he lives retired and avoids society ; not one of us can boast that he ever crossed the threshold of our doors, although before we were aware of his notions, we invited him pressinglly. I fear he will still less go to persons of distinction, although he himself may be of high rank."

"A singular man!" exclaimed the young count ; "it would almost be worth while to go among you and see him."

"Then," said the citizen, "you must come privately, and not as a count, and this perhaps you would not like to do ; he is nowise singular, but kind and good, though he shuns men, especially such as he has not known for some time : perhaps he has experienced a hard and melancholy fate."

"But to speak again of our work," replied the count ; "what is to be done with that?"

"Until the ships come to take us away," said Bernardez coolly, "to conquer Africa, I must have double wages, if I agree to work at all ; and even this I do with hesitation."

Enriquez stared at the speaker and shook his head ; but Ferdinand said, "I agree, since the works at the palace must proceed quickly and be finished. It is unfortunate for us that we are obliged to engage such great heroes for workmen ; for we are naturally obliged to pay more for a Roland or an Oliver than a common journeyman."

"Yet we must still proceed but slowly," said the citizen; "for the hands are so few."

"I will persuade Philip and Valentine to return," said Bernardez, "who have also left the workshop; they are good-natured and obliging; and if I speak to them, they will let themselves be talked over to work for double wages and a small addition."

The count agreed to this likewise, although the citizen looked any thing but well pleased at the bargain; as he was afraid that if so encouraged, the demands of the common people would increase every day.

The workmen left; and Ferdinand went to the hall alone, to receive a troublesome visitor who had been announced.

A tall meagre form entered, with a cadaverous countenance, black hair thinly scattered around his forehead, with moustaches and beard of the same colour, and a sharp projecting chin, standing out from his pale face. It was that Alonso of whom the marquis had already spoken; and he now came to the nephew of his adversary to make a proposal, which perhaps might only be the preliminary to another quarrel.

Ferdinand permitted himself to take the papers in order to deliver them to his uncle, and after some insignificant conversation, left the spectral figure, the very image of avarice and greed. He then hastened to the palace, where the workmen were waiting for him, that he might urge them on.

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE Countess Catharina had shut herself up with her uncle, in order to have a confidential conversation, free from interruption, on a subject of the utmost importance to her.

The marquis was also inclined to be serious; for he was anxious about the next news which might arrive from Africa. The tumult in the city, caused by the first intelligence of victory, was now almost over; and a sort of sullen and watch-

ful expectation appeared to possess the minds of the majority. The mob alone were still uproarious ; shouting and crying in wild excitement, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and when met together before the palaces of the nobles, asking loudly to be shipped off to Africa.

“Speak to me freely,” said the old man ; “confide every thing to me, my beloved friend, which oppresses you ; you know how much I love you, and you may expect from me all the assistance which it is in my power to bestow.”

“You are aware,” began Catharina, “that my life, or my marriage rather, was not a happy one ; the character of my husband was not in harmony with mine ; indeed, our minds were so dissimilar, that I could not even be just to him. And thus we represented a life which the world exhibits only too often ; a picture of mere existence without enjoyment or hope, plan or strength, happiness or misery ; stealing almost unconsciously on from day to day, week to week, year to year ; silent as if chained to the chariot of death.

“But the period of my youth, of which you can know little except by common report, was very different. My mother died while I was yet a child, my father loved me much ; I grew up rapidly, and all my friends were surprised at my height and strength when scarcely past the threshold of childhood.

“How beautiful, how enchanting, how full of anticipation is the time of early youth ! I think children seldom meet together to think or to observe ; they dream rather, and in their hours of slumber, spirits and angels often arise in their childish fancies, opening up to them the kingdom of wonders and of heaven. At least this was the case with me ; what I learned and comprehended became my own, though I could not tell how. In yonder suburb stood the palace of my father, behind which there was a large garden ; and like the flowers springing forth through the strength of spring, I rapidly approached womanhood. Childhood had become youth ; and every one treated me, young though I was, on account of my appearance, as an educated and accomplished girl. Neither were there awaiting so-called lovers, whose

follies, as well as those of the silly world, now gave a highly pleasing occupation to my eager spirit.

“My father, who was rather a weak man, was delighted with my spirit, laughed at my follies, and permitted me entire freedom. I assure you that the world, at this early age, with all its inhabitants, men and their different dispositions, appeared to me only as a great play, a silly confused farce; and I could laugh at that which appeared so serious to the most of people, as well as to my father. There were hours, too, when the attempted separation of jest from earnest seemed to me in the highest degree ridiculous. The man of sound health and virtue, during the phases of his life, exists in reality in many a paradise; we are thoughtless enough too soon to forget such situations—situations which we may even call blessed—like that of unconscious childhood with its dreams of wonder. I trod gaily over the earth in the feeling of health, youth, and beauty; sometimes I ran along with my companions, rejoicing in being the most active and the foremost among them; sometimes we sung lively and amusing songs together, and my clear voice was heard above the others. Sometimes we dressed ourselves in masquerade, and thus surprised my father, as well as other honoured old friends. But my greatest delight was in tormenting those who called themselves my lovers, by a thousand mischievous pranks; they did not observe that all the child, with its caprice, yet appeared in me, or that from the seemingly rational girl came all sorts of mischief: could I only bring one of these youths to weep, or make him say what was absurd, through his disappointment or despair, then I was happy. My companions often brought him who was most deeply in love to make some confession, so as to increase his passion; they then would listen secretly, when kneeling he confessed to me his wishes and his unhappiness, while I replied with scorn and laughter. Thus did my childish spirit play with the arrows of love; here and there I tried their sharpness, but allowed them not to come too near, lest I might be wounded.

“Yes, my friend, willingly would I again dream over these days of innocence. I then believed that all I wished

would be fulfilled. Every night I lay down in expectation of coming pleasure on the morrow—retirement and society, the city and my garden, visits from friends of both sexes, my companions or distinguished ladies who were unknown to me, my teachers and duennas—every thing which came in my way afforded me pleasure and amusement. Thus several years passed away, and my father wondered that my high spirit still remained the same. We were now delighted beyond all things with a sort of hunting play which we had invented, and which we performed in the walks of the large garden; I took the part of Diana, the other girls were my nymphs, and young men and lovers ran before us as animals of the chase and dogs. The captive was bound, or obliged to submit to wear the mask of a wolf, or that of some other wild beast, for a short time; or we made war as Amazons, and were quite delighted when victorious. It often happened that in these exercises I became so excited as to make my father fear for my health. In hours when I fancied I was in earnest, I wished to live as a huntress or an Amazon, quite apart from men, or striving against them if I could not provoke them in their folly. Then, indeed, my father began to reproach me in earnest; he could not comprehend how such a life could satisfy me for so long a time. Yes, my friend, I enjoyed a truly happy youth; and that not every one—perhaps, indeed, few of us can say.

“But the hour approached, the day and moment were no longer distant, when my heart was to become sad; love had hitherto appeared to me only as a serene and friendly deity; he had so long hidden his mischief under a childish, glad appearance, that I confided in him perfectly.

“My father had already said that some day I must marry: I gave no heed to this; but as he was not rich, he wished before my marriage, that for some time I should take the situation of a maid of honour at the palace. I neither assented nor declined, because I thought of nothing but my amusement; and ideas of marriage, or life at court, went quickly out of my head.

“A young man, noble indeed, but not related to a family

of the highest rank, had returned a short time before this from the university of Coimbra. One of my companions brought him to see us, and my father received the handsome and talented youth in a very friendly manner. There was a something about this young man which invited confidence, and made every feeling incline towards him; and this— But why should I describe him? He soon became intimate with us—he whom you know and love—he whose spirit ever accompanies us— Yes, my uncle, he, our great poet Camoens, that pleasing form, now stepped into our girlish circle.

“ I felt that this person was one very different indeed from all with whom we had hitherto been familiar, but I knew not yet how to appreciate him; there were moments even in which he appeared tiresome to me; because I only made use of animate and inanimate existences as they best conduced to pass time away. At this period he was much engaged with my father, who was a great admirer of poetry, and Camoens had already written some verses at Coimbra, which had been praised by all who saw them. When I first became worthy of sitting at these learned dissertations, the old as well as the young man appeared to me rather ridiculous; for they used to contend whether a word was a happy one, or a comparison suitable. It occurred to me, however, that the youth had always the victory over my father, even in controversies where he never had before been accustomed to yield; through this the young man gained my esteem, and by degrees his poetry, as well as the harmony of his rhyme, seemed to me of higher value. I read attentively; his beautiful language pleased me, while his lovely verses and smoothly flowing words affected me.

“ A new occupation arose, which cast into the shade all that till then had employed me. Camoens pointed out to me how a sonnet, a madrigal, a canzonet, or a sextain, were formed; he read some Italian poems with me, explaining the difficult passages as he proceeded; and I did not refuse even to make some attempts at poetry myself, though with a silly design in which I delighted, beginning a sonnet in great splendour, and when Camoens praised both thoughts and

language, horrifying him by terminating the last verse in perfect absurdity.

"But I soon gave up this amusement; for it was nothing else but amusement. I also remarked that it hurt Camoens, to see poetry, to which he had even then dedicated himself, converted into folly. Every thing in life began to appear to me more serious, more distinct; which so surprised me, that I often feared some severe illness was impending. I now thought of the wishes of my father; and believed that thoughtless youth was passing, of whose vanishing he had so often spoken. During this transition in my existence, I was sometimes seized by a sudden oppression; it was a presentiment of all the misery which was to poison my existence, and that of the most beloved of beings.

"Why, my friend, am I so circumstantial in describing to you the events of my early youth, now so long passed away? It is because the brightest period of my life then dawned upon me, like a magic spring-time; that love which subdued me, although at first I strove against its sweet influence. I had been already happy at heart, before I confessed to myself this softness—indeed, before I was conscious of it; but what pleased me most was, that every day I discovered some fresh trait in my friend, which shewed me a new and beautiful point in his character; unfolding, even more distinctly, the riches of his mind. I knew beforehand what other people would say; I was acquainted with all their thoughts; but with each succeeding day Camoens shewed something new: and yet I was quite intimate with him; his inmost soul was as my own mind; though I was sometimes suddenly astonished when a flood of noble thoughts and feelings shewed me that I valued and knew him even yet too little. But all was soon strengthened by the consciousness of our love and its confession: these days of bliss were bestowed upon me by some kindly fate; this was the brightest, but the last, paradise of my existence.

"He spoke glowingly of the plan of his great poem; he wrote songs, which I sung to him; we lived almost wholly in that garden which now belongs to the family of Susa, who afterwards bought it from my father. The latter appeared

to be satisfied with our intimacy. I did not conceal my love from him, and he gave a conditional assent. He thought that, as he was not rich himself, his son-in-law might, through his talents and connexion, obtain an official situation without difficulty; especially if supported by the influence of his family and relatives. My father was at this period so good and kind, I was so secure and tranquil in my happiness, that I fancied with each succeeding week that it would become greater and greater. Camoens was intoxicated with joy: to become a soldier, and to fight as a hero for his country, was, next to my love, his highest wish; he never doubted but that fortune would favour him, and that he would meet with opportunities to distinguish himself. My father too, in his hours of kindness, entered into our dreams; and when fears at times oppressed him lest they might not succeed—when it occurred to his pride that Camoens, although noble, was not descended from one of the greatest or most distinguished families, was poor moreover—when he was doubtful whether the pride of the youth would condescend by ordinary means to seek the support of the powerful,—then it became my task to chase away, by my caresses, these ill humours (as I used to call them) from the brow of my anxious parent.

“But other times soon came; and it was reserved for us to be made perfectly acquainted with the weakness of my father. I was now appointed maid of honour at the palace, and I was obliged to spend many of my days at court: though I was very unhappy at this, my father rejoiced at it; for his pride was gratified. It was at court that Rodrigo, one of the richest and most powerful of our nobles, became acquainted with me. Trusting to his wealth, proud of his name, he hesitated not, with stately demeanour, to make his wishes known to me. Grieved and embarrassed, I shunned him; upon which he had recourse to my father, who, blinded by the magnificence which such a union would confer upon his house, and this unexpected good fortune of his only daughter, forgot all the hopes he had confirmed, all the promises he had given us. A son-in-law without rank or fortune now appeared dishonourable to him; he was now ashamed of the youth whom

he had before received into his family with much affection, and had preferred to the rich and noble.

"We had till this period enjoyed only the delight and happiness of love; its evils and its horrors were now to open upon us. The jealousy of Camoens was fearful; his wrath was as unmeasurable as his love; I trembled before the man who till then had appeared at my side like a spirit of the blessed. My life was full of confusion, anguish, and despair; death seemed desirable. Yet when I saw my lover in happier hours, and embraced him, the misery of our situation was forgotten.

"Our prospect after this was that of perpetual fearful misery wherever we turned; but still the blissful hours I then experienced are to me eternal; my memory ever returns to them as to the sabbath of my heart. There is no annihilation, no death, for remembrances like these: such ecstacy reaches to heaven, and there awaits us till we find it again, wreathed round with every vanished joy and feeling. The transition of death is the initiation to this mystery."

She again sat down, and continued: "You regard me with so much affection, that I am able to relate to you with confidence the termination of my melancholy history, the expected conclusion of which has led me to request this conversation. I was oppressed when I saw my otherwise weak and irresolute father excited even to wrath and cruelty: in the extremity of my grief, in danger of death, in despair, I confessed that Camoens was my husband; that our union could not be loosened by the power of man, that it would endure to all eternity. Exhausted with anger and horror, my father became speechless; he went away in silence, and I thought that the bitterest hour of my life was past. It seemed to me that he would now be forced to yield to necessity. A few days after this I saw him again; but anger had changed him so much that I scarcely knew him; he was cold and composed; but this coldness was more terrible to me than his former fury. With the greatest sternness he declared that this moment must decide whether I would remain his child or not; if after a lapse of time I would agree to renounce

Camoens, and give my hand to Count Rodrigo, he would forgive me all. If I refused, he swore that he would openly drive me from him, and acknowledge me no longer as his daughter; that he would make a will which would annihilate the smallest claim I might have upon any part of his property; thus I might languish and beg, but certainly not in the society of my pretended husband, whom he would arraign before the high criminal court, as the wicked deceiver of the daughter of a distinguished race. If I consented, I was to receive the life of my lover as a present, who would then be left free and safe from persecution. This was the fearful choice afforded me; and thus I promised, after some years should elapse, to marry Count Rodrigo."

The old servant Domingo now asked from without if Donna Maria might be permitted to come in; Catharina told him that she must have patience. "This child," she began again, "reminds me that it is time to conclude my melancholy tale. My father travelled with me to a small and lonely estate among the mountains, where I lived surrounded by a few confidential persons, under a strange name. In the course of time a daughter was born, whom you have seen, as she afterwards lived in my house. When I returned to the city, I perceived nothing but gloom: Camoens had quarrelled with my future husband; in blind fury had drawn his dagger upon him: for this he was reprimanded and banished, and afterwards entered the army as a volunteer. I had been deprived of my former attendants in whom I could confide, and I was also obliged to resume my appointment in the palace. Then I married the man whom I could not make happy, but who, however, neither demanded nor expected such happiness. My father took care that I should never again hear the name of the unhappy Camoens; I did not dare to ask after him, and I knew none who could tell me any thing about him; Domingo, in whom I had trusted, had been sent away to the most distant of our estates, on the borders of Galicia.

"My father died some time after this; since that outburst

of rage, he had once more become kind and affectionate ; his last years were passed in melancholy, when he saw that my grief was incurable. His pride had been only partially satisfied, as there were no heirs to inherit the title and riches of my husband. The latter, to whom the world was far from agreeable, not having been gifted with talents to make himself distinguished, desired solitude ; and we went to our estates among the Estrella mountains, where books, nature, and the society of my beloved daughter, gave me some comfort.

“ When my child grew up, a young man in the neighbourhood became attached to her ; he was a soldier, and had become acquainted with us when visiting his parents among these high mountains ; they belonged to that class of nobles who, having but small means, are obliged to live very sparingly. I portioned her from my own fortune ; and as my husband had seen my love for the child during so many years, he was generous enough to add a considerable sum. They then went to Coimbra, the head-quarters of the young soldier. I was now quite solitary, I had lost every thing I loved, and my heart had been obliged to wean itself for years from love and truth. I had brought up my child, and yet never dared to own her as my daughter, or say how I was related to her ; and yet this determined deception was the happiness of my life. Now it was that I first felt of how much I had been deprived. To my husband, who was chiefly occupied in hunting, I could scarce be a companion, or even a mistress of the house ; the friends, whom he often saw, I avoided as much as circumstances permitted ; they cramped his already limited mind within still narrower bounds. In conversation I did not dare to touch upon what I considered goodness and truth ; I had only a few books ; I met no one who seemed to understand me ; I could not comprehend why I did not die, though it is possible that a life so inactive and indolent might have been the cause of what many call health.

“ But a great trial awaited me while I indulged in such ideas : some years afterwards my son-in-law perished in battle, and, almost about the same time, my daughter died in giving birth to an infant. As a child while learning to

read, with much labour and trouble, goes through whole pages, without in the least thinking of what they contain, yet is not absent in thought, though that thought is wholly absorbed by the letters ; in this very way I existed throughout many years of my life, and I often asked myself whether the soul, thus gliding away, might not thereby become annihilated, and lose its original immortality, or that vegetating thus, one might not become wholly and entirely vacant in mind.

“ My grandchild, a daughter, was taken away to the mountains by the relations of my son-in-law ; it was long before I resolved on seeing her, as I wished no feeling whatever again to take possession of me. It seemed, indeed, sometimes as if my stricken heart was no longer capable of affection ; the continual solitude in which I lived made me so confused and unhappy, that I sometimes fancied every sensation was wrong, and every thought presumption.

“ At that time, my beloved uncle, you paid us a visit, and were much grieved to find me in such a state : my husband, greatly to your astonishment, never observed that a change had passed over me. You brought me books, instruments, and music ; you made some short excursions with me ; and among the cold mountains we visited the relations of my son-in-law. Thought, grief, suffering, again awoke in me, and in great sadness I once more shed those tears which soothed me. I saw the child, the little Maria ; you must well remember how she came upon us, like a bright vision ; it appeared to me as if a heavy veil fell from my inmost soul, when for the first time I looked at the beautiful eyes of the child ; you did not understand my astonishment, my grief, my joy ; and I remarked that you then thought my reason must have suffered ; you were not far wrong, for, indeed, my mind was stupified.

“ I seemed to see myself again in the child, such as I was in the early dreamy years of my existence, when the high spirit knows not whither life tends ; the clear expressive look, which gazes at all and wonders at nothing, the joy of childhood, affected me and made me as it were once more happy.

You helped me to persuade the aged parents to agree to entrust me with the bringing up of their child, when I insured to it a portion of my income; as they were poor, they consented the more willingly to the proposal, and received assistance afterwards, besides visiting us, as long as they lived, every summer.

“My husband was also delighted with the child when we brought her to him. The more she grew up, the more distinctly did I see the loved one of my youth, such was *his* look, his bright and sudden smile; and when he was serious; so did he take my hand, and look with the same soft and expressive glance,—a look which cannot be described, but in which beamed forth eternal faith, truth, and innocence. Gaze but once fixedly upon the eyes of this child, when she steps confidently towards you to make a request, then you will perceive that glance, which so many, many years since sunk deep into my heart.

“When you again left the mountains, the care of this child was my only occupation; Rodrigo was not surprised that in this care I seemed to have begun life anew; I was also bolder, and less fearful of shewing her my love than I had been towards my daughter: in this child I indeed renewed my youth.

“Six years after all this, among some other books you sent me the newly printed poem of Camoens; you had not yet read it, as you wrote to me that an affair of importance had that year called you away from home. You cannot understand what grief, what delight, what sweet illusion, you had sent into my lonely castle with this magnificent book; it was like an Easter festival, a resurrection from the grave. I read this work by day, and again returned to it during the silent night; the tears I shed, the feelings, the melancholy delight, the ecstasy that I experienced in every fibre of my frame, no words can ever express. He had then remained such as I loved him, indeed greater; he was above humanity; and the feeling was right which induced him to forsake us, and to leave us with the sorrowful smile of death—we who acknowledged him not.

"From my old cousin I have learned how my love caused him much unhappiness in India ; for his enemies and my relations never wearied of persecuting him. Through what troubles and embarrassments was this great man obliged to pass, before he was permitted to languish, or to suffer unmolested ! This will ever be an indelible mark of disgrace upon us Portuguese, who were so happy as to call him ours.

"You now know who that Maria is, to whom you have already shewn so much affection. Since the death of Rodrigo, when I returned here to the city, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that I will venture to prove it still further than I have yet done. Take the poor dear child, my friend, under your protection, and defend her by your influence and station ; she shall inherit nothing from the estate of my husband—far be from me such a thought ; but my own property, and that which, contrary to my expectation, has fallen to me by inheritance from some relations of my mother, I will leave to her, that she may be rich, and thus be saved from much unhappiness in life, at least that which arises from poverty. She is beautiful and amiable ; the spirit of her grandfather is in her, and she will deserve your fatherly affection. This is the request which I wished to make, and to which my many and perhaps too sorrowful words have led."

The old man rose up, embraced Catharina, who was much affected, and said to her solemnly : "As I now know from whom this fair child is descended, from you whom I revere, and from him, the man whom I love beyond expression, indeed whom I may say I worship, the young Maria shall henceforth be my child ; I will adopt her ; and no man shall dare to strive about the property which will be bestowed upon her. The regent and the king I am certain will both confirm my adoption ; I also will set aside part of my fortune for your granddaughter, that she may be nothing less than a rich heiress ; upon this point, dear niece, make yourself perfectly at rest."

Catharina expressed her thanks ; and the marquis continued : "I regard the Count Ferdinand as my son ; and as I

have no heirs, Heaven having lent me no children, I will put him in possession of my many estates, as his ancestors were deprived of the greater part of theirs. But now, since you have confided every thing to me, hear also my thoughts. Already the young count shews a predilection for the young child; I can easily see that love must soon arise from this feeling; in a few years hence she will be able to perceive the worth of this handsome youth; and thus they will form and find such a happiness as you also might have found. These marriages are generally fortunate; I myself became acquainted with my wife while she was yet a child; with your permission, therefore,—and you must not refuse it,—I will communicate what you have this day confided to me to my adopted son. You value him I know; but you are still too little acquainted with him to understand how much he deserves your love; henceforward pray look upon this excellent youth as your son. Nothing can surpass the enthusiastic affection with which he has ever regarded our great poet. When he hears what I have to say, a ray of glory will in his eyes appear to surround the beautiful girl, and he will greet the thoughts which are perhaps as yet only in the bud, as messengers from heaven.”

Catharina, who allowed herself to be entirely guided by the marquis, after some reflection, consented, and said: “Now my most earnest wish is fulfilled, and I will be cheerful; but, after our conversation, I am in a somewhat serious and solemn frame of mind; the burden of life lies heavier upon me to-day than usual, and I can only thank you, best of men, with silent gratitude, for your love of me and mine; it is possible that all of us may yet experience such joy as is permitted to man.”

Catharina now opened the door to send for Maria. When she appeared, her grandmother asked her: “What did you want, child, that Domingo was obliged to introduce you?”

“Nothing,” said Maria; “but, dearest mother, when I was in the garden below, I felt so very unhappy, so very sad, I felt I cannot tell you how. Once I was so, when we were

yonder in the mountains, when we were walking in the green and narrow valley. The sun appeared so beautiful, and every thing shone so with joy and pleasure, a thousand little birds were singing; but in a moment the sky became clouded and black, and the valley was as dark as a vault: we could not see from between the high narrow walls, from whence the clouds and the tempest were coming. It was the same with me to-day: I thought you were dying, and I was obliged to weep; but dear Count Ferdinand came and comforted me so well, that I laughed at last. Is it not true that children and other people may be quite foolish?"

Ferdinand, who had accompanied her into the house, said: "Yes, my little bride was quite lost in unaccountable grief; she would neither hear nor see, and threatened indeed to love me no more; but afterwards this wickedness was atoned for by a kiss."

The marquis and Catharina were in no humour to enter into this childish prattle; but the latter took the child in her arms, pressed her to her heart, and wept bitterly. "O my dear, dearest child," said she then with sobs, "how infinitely I love you!" The old man could repress his tears no longer; he embraced the little girl, who looked at him with astonishment. "Yes," exclaimed he, in deep emotion, "my child also, my daughter, you shall be; I too shall have a part in you, and I will claim your thanks."

Ferdinand gazed at both with modesty certainly, but nevertheless with amazement. He saw that something of importance had happened, but he ventured not to ask what that was.

Maria turned round with an expression of the greatest wonder, exclaiming, "It is delightful that you both love me so much; but to-day I have done nothing so good as to deserve it; I was unhappy and sad, which my duennas know, and I was also rather rude to Count Ferdinand, my bridegroom, as he calls himself. Mother, this often happens to people, and they do not know why; bad humour must sometimes have its way as well as good humour."

"My beloved child," said the marquis, "you shall become

my daughter, as Ferdinand has become my son ; and I will explain to him what I mean, if he will now follow me."

Both friends took leave ; and Catharina remained with her child, in the happy feeling that she was not misunderstood by those whose minds were so truly noble.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

THE city of Lisbon had been for some days in a state of the greatest excitement, in consequence of an extraordinary and surprising phenomenon ; a fearful comet, whose aspect became more threatening every night, had been seen in the sky. People went in boats upon the river, wandered to the hills, and into the fields, to look at it ; every open space was filled with persons whose gaze was turned towards the stars, and who spoke of the prosperity or misfortune which this wonderful appearance betokened.

It was the first of August, when, after a day of great heat, the people had assembled in the evening in the grand square, from whence they had a view of the river, and a great way beyond it, as well as of the open sky. They waved backwards and forwards in dark masses, and the murmuring of voices was heard in contention and argument ; acquaintances met and separated, while the voices of individuals, and the cry of the many, mingled strangely with the sullen noise of the river, stirred by the cool breeze of evening.

A tall form pressed through the crowd, calling out, "Follow me, my friends ; is it not high time now loudly to demand these ships which have been promised us ?"

"No, Minotti," said a muleteer, "it is a mercy, good friend, that we are not already shipped off ; for this frightful comet threatens the greatest misfortune to us and to our kingdom. By its long horrible tail, pointing to Africa, it shews that our king and our whole army have already perished ; yesterday our friend the holy Melchior explained this to us."

"Away with your Melchior!" exclaimed Bernardez the wood-carver, in opposition to this speech; "he says one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; and where your eyes are, I cannot understand. Africa, my friend, if you stand so opposite the Tagus, lies to the left, a little behind us—there just over in that corner; while the long, long finger of the lucky or unlucky star points straight to us here, exactly to the pinnacle of the king's palace."

"No," exclaimed another, "you do not know what you are saying, and do not understand the figure of the comet. Africa lies straight out behind us, if you will only think of the regions of the world, for the south remains always the south, and we stand here with our noses turned rather to the north; while the horrible fiery tail of the comet points certainly to Africa; but it threatens the Moors, and not us, which is clear and distinct to every reasonable man. Why would the comet come exactly just now, if it did not signify the destruction of the African kingdom? Our king, our generals, and the great bishops who have gone with him, and all the other clever men, with the luggage and provisions and stores, and the priests and the cavalry,—these I rather think will not be so easily blown away, or hewn into pieces, or cracked like nuts!"

"Be it as it may," cried Minotti, "we will go to Africa; we will have our share of the victory and the plunder!"

"To Africa!" shouted the crowd, who surrounded him, many screaming in concert, who comprehended nothing of what had been said.

The people hastened hither from all quarters, they blustered, asked questions, spoke among each other, one calling here, another answering there, and no one well understanding what had been really said; while the more distant spectators could in no way comprehend what had happened. Meantime those who were near the shore heard the strokes of a boat's oars; and upon turning their eyes in that direction, they saw a tall lean man come on shore, who inquired into the cause of the tumult.

"It is only the comet," said a citizen, "which makes them

all mad ; when they shall have had a good sleep, they will find their morsel of reason again, which they have lost, it seems, for the present."

"I come from the regent," said the stranger, "who is at present inspecting the ships of war ; he expects a vessel from the African coast, which will be here in a few days, to take our honoured patriots to the heroic army of the king."

At these words the confusion became greater. "Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the regent," cried a number. "Africa !" shouted others ; and the old haggard Alonso, who had brought this news about the vessels, was seized upon by the people in their patriotic tumult, and forcibly placed on the shoulders of some of them, while others supported him to prevent him from falling. In the mean time the still increasing crowd, screaming and yelling, bore him across the great square ; while he endeavoured, both by words and gestures, to calm their excitement, and begged that they would permit him to go to his residence.

In the twilight it was scarcely possible to recognise any one ; and when the uproarious mob stopped in front of a large palace, the weary Alonso made use of a moment's quietness to call for help to the servants there, who from curiosity had come out, and were standing before the doors of it.

"I know your gracious master," he cried tremulously, "the Marquis de Castro ; take me, I pray you, into the house, that I may speak with him."

"Will it please Don Alonso," said the steward, "first to descend from the shoulders of these honourable gentlemen, then we will immediately open the door of the house."

"Hurrah ! Don Alonso !" cried the noisy mob as they now heard his name : "Long live Alonso, the patriot ! we will not part with the great man ; so long live Don Alonso !"

As the shouting became still louder, the old marquis himself appeared upon the balcony of his house, to see what was going on. "What is the matter with you, my good people ?" asked he.

"To Africa, to Africa !" they all shouted ; "give us ships ! ships !"

"O holy Saint Andrew, stand by me!" exclaimed Don Alonso, in a melancholy voice. "The regent has indeed promised them ships; and when I first told them so, they seized me, and carried me about in this way. Let me into your palace, honoured sir; I have something to say to you."

"I pray you," said the marquis from above, "my dear friends and countrymen, permit the old man to descend from your shoulders, and to come to me; every Portuguese and patriot ought to respect old age and weakness."

"Yes, most noble marquis," exclaimed the mob, "we are true Portuguese, and will deliver up the mannikin to you, since he is so afraid of us."

He soon stood upon the ground, the door was opened, and he quickly glided into the house, while the people went away laughing loudly.

"I know not," said Alonso to the marquis, "what wicked spirit tempted me to tell that rude multitude, that I had come from the regent, who was down yonder inspecting the ships of war, and that he had really promised them a passage. I must hasten home; I have large sums of money lying there; and I was just now with the regent, in order to make my claims clear to him, which are still due. As the square appears to be quieter, I pray you allow some of your people to accompany me, that I may reach my house in safety."

The marquis ordered six of his servants to follow Don Alonso. "And that you may be still more secure," said he, "I will accompany you myself; the people know and respect me; therefore you need fear nothing, even in case of the worst."

"It is robbery," answered Alonso, "of which I am afraid: for these patriots easily find out ways to pay themselves before-hand, and to obtain plunder where they think they will most readily meet with it."

Thus accompanied, Alonso made his way through the masses of the people. Some knew him again, and greeted him as their supporter, the one who would accomplish their passage by means of the regent; others laughed at him, remembering his fright: but the presence of the old and highly

honoured marquis hindered them from venting their humour farther. When Alonso had reached his house in safety, and thanked his conductor, the latter dismissed his servants; as nothing pleased him more than to walk alone through the streets and squares, listening to the different conversations of the people.

The night was sultry; and when he again entered the large open square beside the river, he was surprised even to awe at the singular light of the comet, which shone with a red glare in the sky.

"How fearfully that angry fiery creature looks down like a large worn-out star!" said a citizen; "it is possible that some time or other all our stars will break up, and run mad and confused through the sky."

"It is no star," exclaimed another, "and least of all an extinguished one; ghosts come upon earth and frighten us, so does this comet come among the other ordinary right stars, and therefore comets always come before misfortune."

"It is so, and cannot be any other way," said an old labourer; "for you see, good people, in heaven, as on earth, every thing is quite orderly; the laws of nature and creation stand by that; but this comet-star is the spirit of disorder itself. Confusion and old Chaos run about now as they did before God divided the elements properly; the sky above is involved in uproar, one thing seeks another; fire wishes to become water, and air wishes to become earth. Then this disorder descends to our world and to our land; and as we are accustomed to say, in a true and deep proverb, 'the devil is let loose,' so is he here the principal cause, the root of all misfortune, confusion, rebellion, stupidity, the political misery of the world, this old satanic spirit, the adversary, the abominable one, who is capable of no right reason, and who has been once more freed from his chains for a short time. He has certainly never been able to endure our pious king Sebastian; and now he places the silly comet there, like a shaggy wreath of ivy, like an old good-for-nothing branch, dangling in the sky, like a bush before a bad inn, to tell that nothing is to be had there but sour, miserable wine; and, countrymen,

believe me, we shall be obliged to swallow the abominable stuff."

"Do not speak so disrespectfully of Satan," exclaimed another, "whom we all must and ought to fear; it is going too far, when we make things ridiculous of which we should be afraid."

As they were thus arguing, a screeching voice was heard, "Generous Portugee, see most honoured men, how the pretty little comet from above, so admires, and looks down with wink! does not de dear ting look in de sky like a purse, from which gold coin, silver, and copper, drop down? It say in your tongue, Give to de poor, and to de miserable black negroman, who needs it, who has noting, but his face black as de night. As the stars clear up the dark face of night, so beautiful gold dollars clear me up, doubloons, ducats—so give some small coin to my black, dark, poor, hungry face!"

"How all," said one of the crowd, "apply to the star the meaning they like best! Come, old miser, take this." He gave him a trifle, and some of the citizens followed the example.

"The fellow," said a second, "has a particular art for begging; besides he has a good skin, and lame though he be, he is one of the best of dancers."

The marquis had stept in from curiosity; and as this appeared to him to be the same negro with whom he had lately spoken, and who had angered him by his importunity, he now beckoned to the slave to follow him to a quiet place near the river. Antonio, who immediately recognised the old noble, followed him, tremblingly and in fear; but when he saw that the marquis was not accompanied by his servants, he became more assured. When they had left the crowd, the marquis stood still, looked at the negro attentively, and then said, "Are you not the man I lately beat with my stick?"

Antonio threw himself upon the ground, and raised his hands imploringly. "Excellency," said he, piteously, "I wished too much, was bad, I confess; do so no more; forgive me; begging is a bad trade; men greedy, tink two more dan one, tree more dan two, and was not content when I should have been grateful."

"Stand up," said the marquis; "I am not angry, you have nothing to fear from me; I was wrong to be in a passion, and because I did wrong take this as a compensation, and be comfortable, you and all belonging to you, for some days."

The negro again threw himself down in ecstasy before the marquis; for he had now counted over six large gold pieces, and was so beside himself with joy that he could not find words for some time. "Ah! comet, comet," said he at last, "I say right! your fiery face, looking out from the curtain in the cloud, tell me of good year, vintage already come, bunch of grape in the wine-press. Ah, Excellency! how great rich men can make low beasts, and poor negro, as happy as Heaven; oh! could I become only Count or Excellency!—How, noble man, can I thank you? Oh! dat I was able to do like, I would do more, I would be tortured for you!"

"Be composed," said the marquis, "and do not degrade yourself. Have you a wife and children?"

Antonio was embarrassed, and twisted his fingers in his thick curly hair; he looked down, placed one foot over the other, bit his nails; and upon the marquis encouraging him to proceed, after a pause, said, "Most excellent sir, I tink if I may lie and say Yes, I might like other poor people have seven, eight children; but it is not true, and I cannot be shameful to my benefactor—no, have no one wife and no one child."

"Well," said the marquis, "perhaps you have no master, and think it right to lay up something for your old age, as you may never have learned or practised a trade. Is your master dead, or has he parted with you, and left you at liberty, without caring further about you? If you will serve me faithfully and honestly, I will take you among my household."

"Thanks," exclaimed the negro confusedly and sorrowfully; "too great favour—deserve not such great compassion—can no receive such great good—too bad to step in such a palace—must always be beggar, and eat beggar bread."

The marquis became more curious, and urged the embarrassed negro further, saying, "If you are indeed without a master, and have been forsaken by him, you ought not to re-

fuse my offer; for I am quite in earnest. I believe you are neither thief nor murderer; and although you have been so much accustomed to go about idle, yet you could make a trial for a time in my house. Give me an answer."

The negro trembled violently, looked at one moment upon the ground, at another up to the starry sky, and at length said, stammeringly, "Ah! men happy who can deceive, have calm mind and joy—can look bold and straight in de face; poor Antonio, poor Iago, dumb, unhappy, always poor, but remain honest beast. Ah! Excellence, I no lie, and not know what to say; I was tortured before when I said what I wish."

"But," said the amazed marquis, "I desire nothing wrong from you; give me only a reason why you will not enter my service."

Antonio wept bitterly, and then said sobbing, "Because I have master, best, kindest in de world—never, never will leave him; love him more than myself; is the greatest man the sun ever shine on."

The marquis stepped back in astonishment, and said in a tone of reproach, "Man, are you not ashamed, when you serve a kind and noble master, to pursue such a trade as beggary, and through greed to associate with the lowest of the low? To expose yourself not only to blows and bad treatment, but likewise to insult your master? If he were once to find you in this crowd, going about among such people as a mendicant, or if he should be told by some acquaintance of your avarice, what could you say for yourself? Would you not expect the most severe punishment, and be sensible that you deserved it?"

The negro looked fixedly upon the ground, dried up his tears, and nodded his head, as if unconsciously, at each word of the marquis, who continued, in a still more earnest tone, "Give up this disgraceful practice, this mode of life, and take care that I do not again see you thus scandalising both your master and yourself."

"Beg no more? Get no more? Be punished if I ask?" cried the negro, almost frantic, "Oh, gold, gold! your beauty

make me confess every thing ; ah, gold ! you too strong for my heart.—No, noble, great, high lord, be kind ; do not be angry ; I give all to most loved, most beautiful master ; he love me, I worship him ; he poorer dan I, he have only me on all dis earth, no more friend, no other ting, no more fortune dan me here, poor worthless black man and beggar ; give him with joy of heart all me have.”

The marquis became pale with horror : “ What, you beg and collect for your master, you the slave ! and you call him kind, friendly, and noble ; for Heaven’s sake, tell me his name ? Can any noble in Christendom, in our country, in this our princely city, be sunk in such fearful misery ? Here, take more gold, but tell me his name ; bring him to me, I will help him ; I will raise him again from poverty, and reward you for your truth and fidelity.”

The negro, in the greatest agony, once more threw himself upon the ground, and kissing the feet of the marquis, said, “ No, no ! most noble sir, must not tell name, too strict forbidden ; happiness enough that have got so much, but dare no betray him ; wrong to say so much, never, never say so much before ; no, great sir, do not make me betray him, will not be Judas Iscariot, do not lead me to dat, or I must hang in despair.”

Antonio rolled himself in perplexity upon the ground, the marquis raised him up.

“ Calm yourself, I will not make you unhappy ; but follow me to my house, I will order my servants to give you something weekly, or as often as you come to ask it.”

Antonio tremblingly followed his benefactor to his palace ; the porter and steward were commanded to let the negro in, and to give him a considerable gift whenever he came to demand it. Antonio then went joyfully away, though grieved at the same time that he had been led to say so much about his master, whose morbid sensibility he dreaded.

The Marquis de Castro was much affected ; “ Is it possible ?” said he to himself, as he walked up and down his apartment. “ Can things have gone so far ? Must a faithful slave, by beggary, maintain a free noble, one who may be of

good family and have served his country? Yes, this chaos is formed by riches, persecution, plunder, pride, and selfishness! Who can the unhappy man be? of what family? What can thus have induced him to forsake men?" He silently resolved to make his people, if possible, find out the abode of the slave's master; and though he went late to his sleeping-apartment, he could not rest; for the appalling image of such fearful poverty, of a man reduced to a state so low, continued to float before his eyes.

Count Ferdinand had likewise left the house, for the purpose of observing the appearance of the comet and the uproar of the people; he found himself in another large square in an opposite part of the city, where some quiet citizens had collected, and where there was little noise or tumult. All, or nearly all, were certain that the appearance in the sky augured misfortune, indeed utter ruin to the king and the army in Africa. These men, though betraying a melancholy mood of mind, still appeared calm. Ferdinand entered into conversation with them; and as they did not know him, they requested his opinion, and that he would tell them what he thought of the circumstances of the kingdom, and of the phenomenon which was spreading such universal terror.

"I hope," said the young count to a respectable citizen, "that Heaven will not forsake us, or our good cause. Why should a courageous host, both better equipped and larger than any which has yet been shipped to Africa, not be fortunate enough to achieve the same great actions that have been accomplished by smaller armies, and which brought glory upon the Portuguese name in other days?"

"We must hold firmly by such a hope," said a man of superior appearance, who had just then stepped in among them. "Our king will find powerful allies there, and the prospect ought to rejoice us, that if Christianity and our countrymen obtain a triumph, by degrees there will be a Christian kingdom restored and refounded upon these shores. That coast was once a mighty Christian state, and it may now be reserved for our heroic Sebastian once more to establish there

a powerful kingdom, such as we possess in the East and West Indies. This heavenly sign lights up the path of our warriors by night ; and if we are permitted to unite the wonderful and mysterious appearances of nature, those wandering heavenly bodies, with the actions and fate of men, this mighty comet burns perhaps as a torch of victory, a fire of joy ; and flies hither to us quicker than a swallow or a dove, to tell us that in Africa events the most important and decisive have already taken place, and that the final combat has been successful."

They were all much pleased at these words of comfort ; and Ferdinand, who was even more delighted by the manner in which they had been uttered than by the words themselves, looked after the speaker as he went away, and began to consider whether or not he should follow him and continue the conversation, for the appearance of this stranger had attracted him exceedingly. He recognised Enriquez the wood-carver among the crowd, to whom he now turned : " Do you know that man," he asked, " who has just been speaking ?"

" Yes, very well, count," answered the artisan ; " this is the man of whom I lately spoke to you, but of whom none of us know any thing intimately, and whom we call Don Luis ?"

Ferdinand followed the figure in the dim twilight till they had both reached a lonely walk, where the orange-trees scattered a grateful fragrance through the evening air.

" Pardon me," began the count, " I have followed you because your conversation pleased me so much, you uttered my own opinions ; and were they even not your real convictions, it was wise of you to soothe the people with such words."

" These respectable citizens," answered the unknown, " are perfectly quiet ; among them there is no such tumult as among the mob. It may be that some great people deem it judicious, however, to stir up this industrious, sober class for political purposes ; but what I said was indeed my conviction and firm belief. A new and dazzling planet has arisen upon our country in our heroic Sebastian ; the lands over which he now waves his glittering sword must become ours ; the seas

which surround them must also obey our laws, and their owners be made to bow before the cross of Christ. A new morning dawns in the south, and there, where the holy Augustine was born, and where he reigned as a prince of the Church; there, where our prince Fernando languished a hostage, and perished a martyr, where Alphonso and Duarte victoriously fought,—from the Christian blood so shed, a heroic kingdom shall arise, to entwine fresh laurels in our wreath of triumph."

"Your hopes are bright," said the young count, while he looked with surprise at the speaker. "You do not belong to those citizens, among whom I met you, and who have already spoken highly of you to me. May I ask your name and rank?" for it would delight me to make your acquaintance."

Luis stepped back some paces, and, not without an expression of pride, looked at the person who, as it appeared, wished to intrude himself upon him.

"I have not yet," replied he, drily, "asked your name and rank; you are a stranger to me, as I am to you; we walk here in the night. What interest can you have to know more of me?"

"The interest," replied Ferdinand, "which every noble mind inspires, whose cultivation and refinement speak out in every word. Why will you turn away with so much reserve when I feel thus attracted towards you? I am still young, and need the friendship of a wiser and better man than myself, one who has had more experience and knows life better."

He then told the stranger his name and where he lived; at the same time, with the kindest politeness, requesting him to pay him a visit next day.

"Pardon me," answered Luis, "if I appear cold, distrustful, or doubting; I have felt much unhappiness, I have long since closed my reckoning with hope and life; I have long shunned men and their society, especially (forgive this confession, and do not misunderstand it) the great and the distinguished. It is something new to me again to make acquaintances, and particularly with a youth of a noble house; for a circle of harmless, good-hearted citizens satisfy me,

whose kindness pleases me, with whom I read, speak, and associate without restraint, listening to them and their opinions. I feel similarly disposed towards you. After many years I again undertake to enter the labyrinth, to find a real manly heart. But promise me not to inquire further into my affairs; and if I come to your house, do not lead me into the company of men of rank like yourself. If you will bear with this my dislike of society, I will be at your house on the day and at the hour appointed."

"Be it so," answered Ferdinand, smiling; "let our strange compact be concluded; you shall eat with me quite alone and undisturbed, in the presence of a wounded Florentine officer only, who will be no restraint upon you."

Thus they parted; and Ferdinand hastened home in a peculiarly happy disposition, for the adventure and mystery of this newly formed friendship pleased his youthful mind."

Luis left the city for his distant nightly shelter; in a lonely spot, between high garden-walls, he met his negro: they went silently along together, and after a while Luis said, "What is the matter with you, Antonio? You are unusually quiet, and I think you are trembling; are you afraid of this comet, like so many other people in the city?"

"No," answered Antonio; "comet is a good friend to me, have prophesy good, fruitful season, make purses empty and heart warm, and yet—Ah! most dear master, my stupid tongue not know how to tell all which lies upon my heart."

"Speak, good friend," said his master, encouragingly; "I know, at least, that you can have done nothing wrong."

"But, but," said Antonio, very anxiously, "it all come from dis, dat great lord beat me after his pleasure."

"How?" said Luis—"you poor creature! Yes, these great ones, it is so difficult for them to be men."

"No, no!" exclaimed the negro, "excellent man, quite right to beat my back and my face; he give me silver money, but I want more, was greedy to get large piece, like one he give to de musicanten; one word come after other, and out of my last word come blows; den I was wrong, and go way

'shamed ; for I was rude and bad to old excellency. Now, he see me to-day, as comet play his trick above us, there in de large square near de water, where master like often to walk. I feared I would get de rest of what was kept back, and dat blows would be heard again under the comet-light, as de light of day was away ; I go slow, slow ; he follow me close—ask me if I be the one who was beat ? ' Yes.' And now, ah me, his old excellency make apology, as if I were a man like him, and, to make up for blow, give me six great gold pieces. And more yet ; and made great promise, and take me to his palace, tell him servants to let me in whenever I come, to be good friend to me, to treat me quite reasonable, and two times in de week to give me large piece of gold. So kind was de old white-haired excellency, make honourable apology to me, and say he never more would beat me."

The slave now tremblingly handed to his master the large sum, looked silently at him, and again spoke.

" But dis not all, now come de bad : as me speak so, de excellent old man near weep ; for he first had a little insulted me, so I say to him in kindness, I wish could lie, as I have many time wished to do. But den I think again, and de old excellency think so too, dat lying was bad, and no man can easy lie, whose heart beat and knock in his breast, and hot tears burn in de eye, and great spirit rise and rule, so lying die and become noting in de presence of God. And so it come out of my stupid mouth, dat I have no children, but master, to whom I give all, all dat good excellency give me."

Luis was shocked. " And you also told him where I live, and what I am called ?" asked he hastily.

" No, no," answered Antonio, " nothing but dat ; but pray, pray forgive me, stupid man, do not deserve to be in such society and company. But may be you too, dear, great master, would tell every thing, if your heart so much affected."

" And what is the name of this old man ?" asked Luis.

" He is call Marquis de Castro," replied the slave.

" Ha ! De Castro !" exclaimed Luis ; " De Castro ! Look,

Antonio, brother, I forgive you all. I believe that this large unexpected present, the generosity of the great man, had so overcome you that you lost your presence of mind. But I desire that you never go near the palace of this man, and that you avoid him should you see him.—No ! to this family who were formerly leagued with my worst enemies, with those who persecuted me, I will be indebted for nothing ; me they shall never feed. This one also,” said he to himself, “were they not all combined to destroy me ? Was their thirst for revenge not insatiable ? he, her uncle, must have certainly been in unison with the worthless others, with those who continued to pursue me with calumny when their chains and daggers could no longer reach me. Now he sends unconsciously this sum, to me a treasure ; and I must keep it to save myself and my black brother here from perishing !”

With such reflections as these the sufferer went towards his melancholy dwelling.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THE Marquis de Castro thought proper to acquaint his nephew Count Ferdinand with the most important parts of Catharina's history ; she, after some reluctance, having permitted him to do so. He therefore now related to the young man the circumstances which had so deeply interested himself ; and his nephew received this communication just as his uncle had anticipated. The life of his aunt, her grief and misery, her whole existence, now appeared to him illuminated by a high and poetical splendour : her melancholy trials grieved him ; but he felt, through her union with the much-loved poet, as if he himself were now more nearly related to her. The prospect which his uncle opened up to him, of becoming the husband of the amiable Maria in a few years, greatly delighted him ; for through this contract he thought he should become as if a son of that Camoens who had long charmed his soul, and whom his spirit had ever called father.

Both these men regarded the singular child with elevated parental affection; they imagined now that they perceived in every expression, and every transient humour, the poetical feeling, which perhaps shewed itself even more vividly in the grandchild than it had done in the daughter. The marquis made all the necessary preparations for Maria being legally acknowledged as his child; to which the regent had already given his consent, to be afterwards confirmed by the Cardinal Henry.

The people had again become calm, and a confirmation of the victory in Africa was daily expected; as this event would necessarily lead to greater and more important battles, the party of the nobles, as well as the patriots, and likewise those who turned their eyes to Spain, were all in the highest expectation. Each observed the other; and each took precautions in his own favour against whatever might happen. Since the news of triumph had arrived, the friends of Spain had become more cautious and quiet; for they feared that the people would stir up the patriots afresh, whose hate would then be turned against them.

No one during these times of anxiety suffered more than the high-minded Catharina. It was all to no purpose that the marquis endeavoured to dissipate her grief, or that the faithful old Christofero spoke to her of India, of the singular manners and customs of that distant land; they could not prevent her thoughts from reverting to Africa; and she continued to listen only to her inward presentiments, which predicted to her alternately the success and defeat of the battle-field.

The health of Christofero visibly amended; and as he began to get rid of his disorder, he felt so much stronger that, with the help of servants, he went into the garden, where he reposed under the leafy shade, or walked slowly beneath the orange and pomegranate trees. Catharina sat sometimes beside him, while the lively Maria skipped and played about.

On the day that Count Ferdinand expected his unknown guest, the latter appeared in his apartment, respectably drest. The count was surprised at the striking and noble appearance

of his new acquaintance : now, when he could better observe him in the bright daylight, instead of approaching him with condescension, he felt embarrassed in the presence of this man : the stranger went politely up to him, and Ferdinand gave him his hand with much cordiality, so as to endeavour to lead to a more intimate connexion.

"You see," said he, gaily, "we shall eat here like two hermits, in the company of my Florentine friend alone, who would now have been fighting with our king in Africa, had not an accidental wound been the means of bringing him hither, and laying him aside. Good often springs forth from seeming evil : this officer has become my friend ; and perhaps the same may happen with you."

The guest answered in polite and elegant language, like one who was no stranger to the society of the well-educated. When the Italian came in, they sat down to table, conversing with much freedom and cheerfulness.

The Florentine, then looking earnestly at the stranger, said, "It appears to me, sir, as if I must have seen you already somewhere ; were you ever in Italy ?"

"Never," answered Luis : "my fate has led me to very distant regions of the world ; but I never stepped on the shores of that beautiful land. We met, however, lately here in Lisbon."

"The resemblance observed in the countenances of men," said the count, "is so far wonderful, that every eye sees it differently ; one man finds a likeness not perceived by his neighbour ; and thus every intelligent face is like a magic mirror, which, turn it as you will, represents the most different images. But there is often, moreover, in certain persons a decided expression of nobleness, kindness, intelligence, or acuteness, which surprises us at the first glance, as a something we had known long ago, and which now awakens our confidence. It is thus with the Senor Luis, who appears to me like an old acquaintance. We may call it a happiness, a gift from heaven, to be thus created ; and truly those men are to be pitied in whose presence our heart retreats within itself, and before whom no word of confidence escapes our

lips. Yet these men are often not the worst ones ; and their repulsive and suspicious expression, their forbidding countenance, is not always the index of wickedness, or even of vulgarity of mind."

"There is an ugliness," said Luis, "which does not exclude nobility of expression; even the sick, the deformed, and the lame may appear amiable: we are taught by nature to follow our instinct; for it is a gift to guide and warn us. No one will, if he has the choice, ever eat that which causes aversion in him; when our genius distinctly bids us beware of a physiognomy, we ought to follow the feeling, which is a rational one, and avoid the possessor, although we may till then know nothing bad of him. We ought at least to understand (and this feeling is our assurance of it), that certain persons are not fitted for our society. We, however, too often neglect such a warning, and thereby prepare for ourselves both suffering and disappointment. We seldom err in this respect: we may afterwards come to like such persons, and be happy in their society; but the countenance and its expression must have changed. The earlier look may have arisen from some mental disease, from which the persons who now appear to us different, and whose presence gives us pleasure, may have been relieved. But it seems to me blamable when we, from a false view of virtue, too often withstand the instinct which thus seeks to warn us; for that love of humanity commanded us by Christ and by morality need not, through this, be either excluded or diminished."

"Certainly," said the Florentine, "for a disharmony of mind, a species of delusion or error, may disgust and annoy us, with much reason, as well as deceit, hypocrisy, and wickedness; all of which we believe we see expressed in the human countenance.—As I was saying to you lately, count, of that true poet Torquato Tasso, with whom I became acquainted in Florence, and saw lately in Ferrara, the appearance of that man is now so restless and wandering, his eye is so suspicious and uncertain, his look changes so rapidly and fearfully from serenity to the most sombre gloom, that, though I value him

highly, he can awaken no confidence in me. There seems to be some latent disease forming and preparing itself within him, from which perhaps he must first recover, and then he may have quite a different appearance. When such a good disposition as his is irritated through disgust or jealousy, a shy timidity, a lurking suspicion, become at length visible in the eye, such as we often observe in wild animals. Those persons who are persecuted, and who, from the hardness of their fate, become confused or wandering in their thoughts, have in general such a look."

"In the eyes," said Luis, "to him who can read them aright, lies the peculiarity of the whole man; their expression seems to be so visible and intelligent, that we ought certainly never to err when we can examine this mirror of the soul. Therefore the blind are unfortunate, for in them this light is extinguished; and he is much to be pitied whose eyes have been injured, or who may have lost any portion of his sight."

The listeners were silent and embarrassed, for the darkened eye of the speaker, beside the other beautiful one beaming with light, made a melancholy impression upon them. The captain, in order to break the silence, asked, "By what mischance, noble sir, did such an accident befall you?"

The count looked distressed, because the Florentine had broken the compact; but Luis remained calm, and said coldly, "Pardon me if I do not answer you; a vow has compelled me for many years past never to speak of what has happened to me; but you may believe that I lost this eye in no inglorious manner."

"Let us resume our former conversation," began the count, after the last remark. "It cannot seem unnatural or blamable if strange races or men of other regions, who are foreign to our country, should inspire distrust, and excite unpleasant feelings in us. Such feelings, increased and regarded as virtue, form that national hate, whose fearful operations we often unwillingly perceive in history; and yet it is this feeling, especially in times of trouble, which, adhered to with determination, fills our minds with the most perfect hatred

against the stranger, who would subjugate us and make us miserable."

"We cannot, it appears to me," said Luis, "observe this feeling and prejudice so closely, or define it so surely, as to be able to say in what degree, or under what circumstances, it may become positive vice or virtue. Jews, Turks, Mussulmen, Chinese, and Indians always create in us a feeling as if we found in their presence something not akin to ourselves, a certain sense of pain; so that it appears difficult to associate with these men, or to form friendships with them."

"How completely is this feeling of alienism shewn," said the Italian, "when we look upon that black negro race, regarded as the refuse of mankind, born as if for servitude, incapable of freedom, or the noble aspirations which characterise cultivated nations! Their bodily form so different from that of other races; their horrible colour, which under no climate becomes fairer, and never can be so, unless by an intermixture with other blood; that giant strength; those singular skulls, the features having scarcely any thing in common with the other races of men;—here this feeling of which I speak appears very distinctly; and even the most indifferent can scarce control himself so far, as to treat such beings as he would other men."

"Therefore it is almost comprehensible," said the young count, "why many philosophers and observers of nature have come to the conclusion that these dark people must have sprung from another parent stock than the rest of mankind; why others, supposing them to be the posterity of Cain, who had escaped the deluge, consider it not unlikely that they in America and other countries might have been made use of as body-slaves in consequence of the curse which God laid upon Cain, or which Noah uttered upon the wicked Ham, of which this degradation is the fulfilment. But should these be no more than dreams, still each of us feels that they stand far below the rest of mankind; and this feeling cannot be annihilated. But—What is the matter with you, Senhor Luis? forgive me, but you appear agitated and affected; are you not well? Speak, I beg, and free me from this anxiety."

Luis had changed colour ; he appeared to be struggling with some great emotion which he endeavoured to conceal ; but at length gained composure, and said, after a pause : “ It grieves me, my honoured friends, that I have again been led (which has already often happened to me in life) to maintain opinions which can only take root with weak fibres in our nature. For the last description to which our conversation led us has awakened me from the slumber into which words so often lull us. Your observations about these unhappy negroes have deeply moved me ; for by them I was reminded that I had likewise formerly erred about their race, and might have erred still more. Permit me to relate to you what I myself have experienced, and of which I was a witness ; and this is the least I can do in defence of these poor black creatures.”

Both entreated him to relate what had happened to him so worthy of observation ; and Luis, after looking upon the ground for a while in silence, thus began : “ A friend of mine, who had lived long in the East Indies, and who served there in the army, told me the following story, which occurred to himself :— Amidst the combats with these wild hordes over whom we Portuguese sometimes triumphed, even when they fought like brave soldiers, though more frequently they fell upon us like robbers,—during a sharp conflict in one of these never-ending engagements, my friend was severely wounded ; his negro bore him quickly away to a cave in a rock, and in haste bound up his wounds in the best way he could. The fight in the mean time continued, and was going against the Portuguese ; my friend from his place of refuge perceived the danger, and, exhausted though he was, determined to rejoin that troop which was giving way. The retreat soon became a flight ; and while the enemy pursued the greater number of the soldiers, he remained behind with a few others in the desert. ‘ We were,’ said he, ‘ cut off from our head-quarters by the victorious foe ; moreover, the country was quite unknown to us ; no place could be more desolate than that where we then were, there being neither tree, bush, water, nor fruit to be seen, which

could have afforded even a temporary refreshment. All of us were wandering about in great dejection, afraid that the enemy would come upon us and destroy us.' The following day the misery increased so much, that many, instead of fearing this, wished it to happen, that they might thereby be freed from their misery at once; for they were tormented by the most dreadful thirst, exhausted and dying from hunger; the burning sun shot down his hot rays almost unendurably upon them; while the night, on the contrary, was piercingly cold. My friend, who had lost every hope of life, lay with his head under a projecting stone, which in some degree protected him from the scorching rays of the sun; he could go no farther; and the loss of blood had so weakened him that he was no longer conscious of the wretchedness and despair of his companions in misery, who wandered up and down, some of them lamenting, others cursing their fate.

"A few of the strongest among them wished to penetrate farther inwards, to attempt to discover some place which might afford an alleviation to their sufferings. According to their ideas, the wilderness extended no farther than the eye could reach; but confused as they all were, they could not remember in what direction the town lay which they had so lately left to undertake this thoughtless enterprise. Now was the foolhardiness of a youthful leader revenged upon himself; for as he had met with no opposition at first, he had ventured too much, the troops had been divided into small bodies, and, sure of an easy and speedy victory, he had penetrated into the wilderness. The enemy, who had in the mean time concealed themselves, fell upon the scattered troops, surrounded them, and then drove them before them into the wilderness, so as to make retreat impossible. All which was at first intolerable to my friend had now become indifferent to him; in his languid state, which he sometimes felt as painful in the extreme, sometimes forgot in unconscious stupor, the idea alone tormented him that his faithful negro, who had already saved his life, had become treacherous or was killed. 'The third day approached; and when I became conscious (so said my

friend) I listened to my companions, and found out, from the few syllables of one of them, that the others had already met their death, and that those around us were dying. The wish to follow them alone remained with me, as the only and last trace of life.

“How long I had lain in this state of unconsciousness I cannot say, when (I speak in the name of my friend who related the occurrence to me) suddenly I felt a cool soft breath of wind, and immediately became aware of the sound as of a melancholy lamentation near me. I could not open my eyes, neither could I distinguish what the sound exactly was; but as the sick or dying are awakened to the feeling of consciousness, so were my parched lips refreshed, by being moistened with a sweet and cooling juice. Involuntarily I endeavoured to swallow this dew, which quickly softened my lips; when I had succeeded in doing so, I was once more able to open my eyes, from which a weight seemed just to have been removed. A dark face with burning eyes appeared before me—it was that of my faithful negro, who was pressing the juice of berries into my mouth, and who gave me some to eat as soon as I was able to take them. He bound my wounds anew as well as he could; and when I became more collected, and he thought that food would not injure me, he gave me some more, which he had wrapped up in a clean cloth. Awakened to new existence, I could at first feel only how weak I was, as if all power of motion had left me. I requested my faithful slave to give some of the refreshing fruit to my companions; but he told me that all of them he had yet seen were dead; which discovery had just caused him much agony, fearing my fate to have been the same as theirs; and now his joy was infinite at perceiving in me still a spark of life. Despairing about his master, he had gone farther into the wilderness; he, a native of the country, had been able minutely to observe the traces which had brought him to the means of life; thus, after wandering for many miles, he came to where, amidst stones and gravel, a fruit grew on low stalks called the blae-berry, resembling the thorn. He gathered it wearily, and

was then obliged to retrace his steps over the wide plain; and with this small assistance he reanimated and refreshed his master.

“‘But (continued my friend) I had still been lost, had I been obliged to remain longer in this fearful place, where death seemed to enthrone himself upon nature in all her torpidity. To walk was impossible; my faithful servant raised me upon his shoulders, and carried me by the greatest exertions from this place of despair. He was often forced to set me down in order to rest for a few moments, as he was himself sick and languid; in these intervals he refreshed me with the berries, which, in my state of weakness, were to me the most precious of restoratives. But no entreaty, no command, could induce the negro himself to eat the fruit; he would not touch even a single berry, for he maintained that the remainder would be barely sufficient to help me on to the place he intended to reach. And so it proved; for two days and two nights elapsed before we arrived at it, because he could not carry me during the latter, for each hour his strength diminished so much that it would not permit him to do so. At length we arrived at the spot which his zeal had striven so earnestly to reach; I utterly exhausted, and he apparently dying. He, however, immediately prepared a place for me in a cave, which he had before observed, covered me with his clothes from the cold of the night, went, like a careful nurse, again to seek blaeberries, so as to refresh me before I slept; and now, when by superhuman exertion he had done all which men might have called impossible, he seated himself at my feet in blessed satisfaction, and for the first time, after a fast of four or five days, ate sparingly of the wearily-gathered fruit, while he thought only of me and of my welfare.

“‘On the following day, when I found myself much better, having enjoyed a night of calm repose, I endeavoured to express my thanks to him in words, at which he was as much surprised as sorrowful; for he supposed he had done nothing but his duty, as the help which I had formerly given him, and my kindness otherwise, seemed to him more than

he could ever repay. A white man had accompanied him, the servant likewise of an officer, who had saved himself, and who had followed unobserved the steps of my negro, in the hope of finding a way out of the wilderness. This man said to me, when my negro had again gone to gather fruit, 'O sir, what a slave you have! The like of this, had I not seen it with my eyes, I never could have believed from report. We ran here as fast as we could; and the black man, when after two days' search we found this place, shouted and leapt with joy; hungry though he was and thirsty, he fell like a tiger upon the fruit, which he gathered and put in a cloth; he would let me eat none, and threatened me with death if I dared to pluck that which I had discovered. When I reproached him with his inhuman greed and scolded him, he said to me that he gathered it all for his sick master, and he advised me to do the same, without disturbing him. I could not understand him; then he blamed me when I ate what I found with so much trouble—for I was nearly fainting, as you may suppose; but he who had fasted just as long as I had done, would not put a single berry into his parched mouth, because he said he must take them all to his dear master. Had our distress not been so fearful, I might have laughed. 'Will you still find him alive?' said I; 'it is very unlikely; he must have died long since, like my master. If you go back again, you will die there likewise, or perhaps upon the road; for it is a chance whether you ever find out the wretched place.' Then he said he wished to live no longer, if his dear master was dead; and so, without tasting a single berry, without resting a single moment, he ran back like a madman; and he, the weary and famished man, has brought you here at last upon his shoulders."

"When my friend, many years after these events occurred, related them to me, he could not do so without the greatest emotion. He remarked, that as agitation of mind makes the healthy ill, or sometimes even kills them; on the contrary, the emotion which he then felt, caused by these circumstances, so great as almost to break his heart, aided in a manner his recovery; for it is certain that such fearful

agitation of soul may either annihilate or recruit the weakened and broken-down body. He continued : ' I could walk a little, though he almost carried me, and we thus proceeded onwards towards a small reservoir of water which he had discovered. How much is a draught of water to the miserable wretch who has for many days wanted the refreshing beverage ! He alone who has thus wanted and again found, can fully understand the delight prepared by the Creator in a rocky crevice for him who thus faints, whose heart then receives and enjoys with grateful tears the goodness of God, that goodness of which our poorest beggars in their greatest need can scarcely have an idea.' In short, the negro so helped his friend and master with such care and such love, with such unweariedness and attention, comforting him, guiding him, nourishing him, doing more even than a mother for her child, making a continual sacrifice of himself, that after ten weeks of the most incredible exertion and weary wandering, they reached a little place where some country people dwelt. The European servant had left them early, and my friend never saw him again ; it is likely that he as well as his master perished in the burning desert.

"In this wonderful manner, then, was my friend saved, and he was the only one of the regiment sent out on that expedition who ever reached the city again ; all the others perished ; and without his slave he too must have been lost in the wilderness."

An attendant now announced that Don Alonso was waiting in the apartment above, importunately demanding an audience.

"Did you not tell him we were at table?" said the count.

"Yes," replied the servant ; "but he wishes to see you only for a few minutes."

"Let him amuse himself there a while," said Ferdinand ; "I will make him wait for me a little. The most tiresome of men," continued he, when they were again alone, "who is never weary of importunity and solicitation. If a bond is payable to-morrow, then he comes about it to-day ; if there is a negotiation or question to be decided by law, he harasses

and torments the participator in the process, brings forward so many discussions and possibilities, that if he is patiently heard, the clearest matter becomes the most confused, and there is no end to his harangues; he may therefore wait a little; for I am not in the humour to have my serenity disturbed."

"What you have related to us, senhor," said the captain, "is highly interesting; the faithfulness of this slave may be termed unexampled, and certainly we must with shame recall our former opinions. I suppose he who was thus saved, if he had the means, must have rewarded the fidelity of his slave in an unusual manner."

Luis reddened. "Certainly," said he, "unusual enough. It happened that after many years, during which my friend had tasted of all the bitterness of adversity, and after having thought that he had emptied the cup to its lees, he at length returned to a large city in his native land. His wishes were moderate; he was no longer young: for all his exertion and suffering he found no requital; and obliged to abandon every hope, he was, in the midst of his countrymen, the rich, the noble, as well as merchants and traders, upon the point of perishing, as before in the wilderness; but again did this faithful slave nourish, clothe, and uphold him, begging for his master, keeping not the smallest coin to himself, just as he before refused to eat a single berry for his own preservation. And now, to gain reward or honour at least for such virtue, I ought to name this noble slave, had I not promised to my poor friend never to make him or his servant known. — But forgive me, kind friends, for having troubled you with so sad a story; one which is not much suited for a cheerful repast. I am, indeed, ashamed of the bitterness which, after a silence of many years, has to-day escaped me, and which, least of all, should have appeared in your excellent company."

They were embarrassed how to answer, as their guest had uttered these words with visible emotion. Singular thoughts arose in the mind of the young count, but to which at present he did not give heed, as they could lead to no certainty; for it would have been unseemly, after this conversation, to have

pressed for any further elucidation. The captain, however, could not prevent himself from saying, "It appears, then, that ingratitude towards men of merit exists no less in Portugal than in other countries, and is the subject of daily complaint."

"It cannot well be otherwise," said Luis, in a calmer tone of voice; "if we would only be reasonable and weigh circumstances impartially. The state, artificially put together as it is, requires many powers of different kinds; and were every endeavour to be rewarded and repaid, then would the expenditure upon what is useful exceed the revenue derived from it. Let us also never forget, that if great and rich families, giving themselves up to the state, are first thought of, they bring to it likewise their influence, name, and riches. Should single individuals be disinterested, the smaller streams fall of themselves into the greater tide, increasing its riches, and therefore, though invisibly, the people in many ways derive benefit. Our state, small though it be, has become a world-state by means of its policy and heroism, which unknown races in distant regions revere and obey; it can keep or exercise its immense power only when nothing is lopped off its income. A vast field is opened up in both Indies for adventurous soldiers, and other enterprising spirits seeking fortune; he who possesses courage united with knowledge, who understands men and the world, there the goddess will appear to him in a thousand varied forms; and has she not already crowned and elevated thousands such, since we reigned in these far zones? Many miss the chance, through some fault of their own, or through their want of skill; yet the individuals who thus perish in the vast game are of no consequence to our state, and it loses nothing in losing them. With such sentiments were the powerful and the noble sent off like other adventurers to the struggle: Vasco, Pachecho, Albuquerque, were valued lightly by our kings; yet it was through these men we subdued the immense empire of India, and shall still further subdue it, if the short-sighted economy of government does not prevent our so doing."

"Sir," answered the count, "you speak, without meaning it, the language of tyranny."

Luis smiled, and looked searchingly at the young man. "It is singular," said he, "that there never was any great government which has not been blamed by its contemporaries as tyrannical, which has not been reproached with cruelty, avarice, and faithlessness, as well as ingratitude towards its friends and servants. It is unreasonable, I again repeat, that the immeasurable love and self-sacrifice for country and rulers, which has made us abandon ourselves, should expect in return an immeasurable reward. Times of the greatest misery, as well as the destruction of states, are sometimes occasioned by apparent kindness; luxury and what is useless being in such cases permitted to take root and spread, weeds spring up unrestrained and unplucked. From such noxious weeds arise destructive and poisonous plants, suffocating the trees, the grain, and the vines. This folly appears under many different forms; at first with a gentle aspect, indeed oftenest under the mask of virtue. In ancient times the nobles ventured their lives for their ruling king, were justly rewarded with an assured independence, means, and influence; and it was only right that the common people, who had no property to take care of, and who could not elevate themselves to great thoughts, should unconditionally belong to these nobles. But as it afterwards happened in the course of time, that the nobility, gradually becoming more powerful, thought only of defending their own inherited and inalienable rights; then, as they fought against the crown and sought to humble it, it became necessary for the prince to seek protection and help from his people against his nobles. If we look around us, we shall find that this is the history of almost every new kingdom. In France, the strife between the nobles and the throne, between the throne and the people, and the people against the nobles, is not yet terminated. How much afraid was Henry VII. of England, after his experience of these same nobles, through whom Edward III. became so powerful: he was right in keeping back rewards, money, and property, and permitting himself rather to be called avaricious, than that he, through need of the people or the nobles, should make himself dependent upon either, like the unhappy Henry VI.

A ruler whom all the world calls generous is looked upon with contempt by the wise; when he keeps his hands close, his gifts have the greater value. This was the case with Ferdinand of Castile; his parsimony was blamed, and the wisdom with which he limited the free-will of the common people and corporations was reviled as tyranny. The world at times needs severe and stern characters; even the people themselves, both citizens and peasants, rejoice when a strong mind subdues the insolence of the nobles, and curbs even with cruelty the haughty domineering spirit of the knight, baron, or duke, who so often undervalues and treats the man of the people more shamefully than he would the beast of burden. But does such tyranny spring from princes and nobles alone? When the gentle rule of the Medici in Florence was destroyed, with what despotism did the people and the enthusiastic Savonarola speak for a time, even while they called themselves saviours of liberty, and annihilators of tyrants!"

"You are also acquainted with the history of my country," said the Florentine; "but I must observe, that in defence of princes you say too much, as indeed it often happens that a man refuting a hateful accusation, carries the apology for it too far; the wisdom of the ancient Greeks was ever to keep all within due bounds."

A letter from the marquis was now handed to the young count; it contained an old writing relative to the process in which Alonso had entangled him. The count threw the illegible paper with anger from him, while he exclaimed, "It is a perfect torment to be obliged to meddle with such horrid writing; which my uncle tells me his advocate has not been able to decipher!"

Luis asked permission to look at the paper, and read it aloud, to the astonishment of the count, almost without stopping. As the latter expressed his surprise, Luis explained to him that from his youth he had always taken great delight in deciphering bad handwriting, and that he had also for a time been in a situation the duties of which demanded that he should be able to make out every kind

of manuscript, the most rudely executed, the most childish or indistinct.

"Dearest sir," exclaimed the count, "might I ask you some day to dedicate to me a few hours of your leisure time? Some truly wonderful papers have by inheritance fallen into my possession, which I value very highly; I have understood many of the pages, but others still remain a riddle to me. If you would be so kind as to dictate to me from these writings, I might copy them afresh, as I am sure you could read the abbreviations, and restore the whole to its proper arrangement."

Luis assented; and it was fixed that three weeks afterwards he was to visit the count again, and pass an entire day beside him. But no sooner had the stranger complied than he seemed to repent of it; though, as the count, with youthful vehemence, urged the request, he at length renewed the promise.

They had risen from table, and the Florentine was turning over the leaves of a richly bound book, in which he seemed to be looking for some passage: "I believe," said he, "after much study, that I at length perfectly comprehend this work; and am quite ashamed that I cannot at once find, when I look for it, one of my most loved stanzas. You are of course acquainted with the divine poem of Camoens?"

"No," said the stranger, changing colour, and with embarrassment. The Italian retreated a step, and with his dark eyes looked at the guest in astonishment.

"What!" said he, after a long pause; "you, an intelligent educated man, who can speak as you do so well, and who know so much? You a Portuguese, and yet not know this work of Camoens by heart? Why has the sun ever risen and set upon you, that you have neglected a matter so important? Now, my friend, let it be your first and most earnest occupation, whenever you go home, to sit down and read this poem from beginning to end with the deepest attention; you will then thank the stranger who has imposed this as a duty upon you. But forgive my impetuosity," he said, when he saw the embarrassment of Don Luis; "I am ashamed of having

spoken in this manner.—Do you know,” said he, turning to Count Ferdinand, “what comparison arose in my mind, when last night the beautiful moonlight would not allow me to sleep? After I had left my native province, I visited Ferrara, and was likewise in Modena and Parma. Rome and Florence speak for ever of their Raphael and Buonarrotti; the Venetians about Titian almost alone. But there in Modena and in the church of Parma I found some really poetical paintings of one Antonio Allegri, in the Italian fashion, simply named Correggio after the place of his birth. In these works I thought I perceived the highest perfection which art in this style could produce; and while I was thinking last night of the poem of Camoens, these glorious paintings came again before my eyes. For in the same way does Camoens deify pleasure and joy; and represents light to us as virtue or divinity, in opposition to the shades of night, or vice. These shadows are vanquished or illuminated by their opposite, the divine power of light. The inspiration of painters, as far as I understand it, has ever been associated with profound thought; exactly as in your serene poet, whose pleasure and joy is so unbounded, because it is one and the same thing with seriousness and sorrow. When I looked at the upper part of the great dome in Parma, at the St. John and his Night, as well as the St. George and the St. Sebastian, which I saw in Modena; when I recalled these visions, the great Camoens appeared to me deeply united with the divine genius of painting, indeed as a twin-brother. It seems, moreover, that they resembled each other in this, that the painter, as well as the poet, did not enjoy the glory they deserved.”

While they walked up and down the apartment, the Italian opening the book again and pointing to some verses in it, said: “I had long thought that Ariosto had obtained the prize in the art of versification; but here I find in the poem of your Camoens, when he speaks of the feeling as well as of the splendour and softness of love, both language and rhyme much more beautiful and rare; although our Ludovico for humour and wit bears away the palm from all others.”

"The art of versifying," said Luis, "may well be difficult and mysterious; for seldom are its judges, as I have experienced, of one opinion. Italians themselves have often contended what measure of verse best suited a poetical narrative."

"The epic verse of the Greeks and Romans," said the other, "does not suit us; the wonderful unfathomable Dante preferred the tiercet, which since then has been more used by us in light writing. However, Dante's great work is no epic, at least what we commonly call an epic, neither is it a satire, nor a description; nor can we absolutely say that it is merely a religious or represented mystery: but it is unique in this, that it comprehends all these, and speaks in a language which is as wonderful as it is inimitable. Sometimes it is bitter in anger, sometimes it speaks in thunder; scorns not to use the most common expressions—like the vulgar, calls every thing by its ordinary name—then it prophetically ascends, and sounds like an inspired hymn; now it abandons itself to the gentle and the lovely, discoursing of nature, of air, and of water, so simply and graphically that we see and feel every thing; then it becomes scholastic and argumentative, and when it has exhausted all the horrors of the infernal regions, speaks in mysterious words of the blessedness of heaven. Just as irregular and dissimilar is it in its measure; sometimes sublime, sometimes common, and again sounding in majesty. Homer's quaint plain style Virgil had already discarded as unfit for use: in Homer's songs we always forget the composer; they seem as if wafted to us from times as ancient as nature herself. If we call Virgil a poet, then we are almost tempted to take away this name from the old Homer, though the greater and richer of the two. But in Latin his simplicity would have seemed weakness; before the throne of Augustus it would have been uncouth; and so the Roman struck his lyre in fuller chords; adorned eloquence, brilliant imagery, choice expression, nobleness and dignity, were forced to mingle in harmony, and many a Homeric verse literally translated in such rhymes would excite laughter. Lucan was an orator, but precise in his choice of

words. Statius was cramped and confined. No one has resumed the style of Dante, because all were afraid of the exorcism with which the old magician sealed his work. Boccaccio made choice of the octave rhyme for narrative; but his style, as well as that of the Pulci, even that of Bojardo, have been found too insipid and prosaic by the admirers of poetry: we seek ornament and elevation, fluency and well-chosen flowery language. The singular, sleepy, thoroughly prosaic style of Trissino could excite no admiration, because he threw rhyme completely away, and dryly related in ineloquent hendecasyllables, some real and some imaginary events of olden times, often in so poor and meagre a manner that a lively shepherd or peasant could have bestowed more art and imagination upon them: in him is most distinctly shewn whither a misapprehension of the ancient simplicity has led. But the inspired Camoens, in my opinion, has found in the depths of his soul the most beautiful and sublime style; one quite different from that which was tried some years since by the noble Ercilla, the Spaniard, who has produced some poems on the Araucanian war, although there may be still much even in them to be praised."

A servant again came in, who said that the old man up stairs would remain no longer; for his business was very important, and he must despatch it within a quarter of an hour.

The count returned an answer that he would now receive him; and Luis took leave of his new friend.

He hastened to the open fields, and, much annoyed, resolved to give up such acquaintances, and to remain true to his solitude and to the little circle of citizens. "Why," said he to himself, "should I return to these men, as if emerged from the depths of the sea, to form new society, and to incur fresh mortification? How nearly had I met with my old enemy there; how likely it was that I should have forgot myself; how possible that in the midst of the heartless, I should have made the declaration that the long-supposed dead was alive! Even to-day, in the confusion of conversation and inspirited by wine, I could scarcely keep my long-

guarded secret. I must return to my beloved night, and to her veiling shadows."

To the astonishment of Ferdinand, and still more to that of the Florentine, the German captain now entered the room along with the old Alonso. He had come in from the street, and pressed forwards, without troubling himself about the servants or their questions, just as Alonso slowly descended the staircase, and thus both appeared at the same moment before the two friends. Meanwhile the German laid his finger significantly on his lips, and winked with his eye, as a sign to them to be silent and to restrain their astonishment in the presence of a third person. Although both friends were burning to know what cause had thus unexpectedly brought back the soldier from Africa, they refrained from speaking; and Ferdinand, turning to Alonso, politely apologised for his delay.

Alonso appeared angry and offended, because he had been kept waiting so long, and at first either could not, or would not, reply to the count's politeness. He held a quantity of papers in his trembling hands, and said, "I am in haste; for much depends upon this game. The regent, who is behind-hand with all his engagements, has given me a bill upon the marquis, your uncle, who has acknowledged and countersigned it, and sent me to you, who are to pay it to me directly; and I must really be urgent, for I myself have immediate payments to make."

Ferdinand examined the papers, while he replied, "The sum which you demand shall be paid; only I am much surprised that my uncle, under existing circumstances, makes himself paymaster for the regent, and advances so large a sum for an indefinite period."

"You know very well," exclaimed Alonso, "that I have still large sums to demand from your uncle, if that wretched process were only ended, which, through so many artful distortions of the law, keeps me from my own."

"My uncle," said Ferdinand, somewhat irritated, "will keep nothing back from you which is your own; and I am surprised that a man can speak of the mal-interpretations

of the law, when so many of his own assertions have already been proved both untrue and unfounded."

"Let us not quarrel," replied Alonso; "only give me what is undoubtedly mine."

"Where is your servant," said the count, "to carry this sum of gold?"

"I will take it myself, here, under this large cloak," said the exasperated man, "which I put on for that purpose. I can trust no stranger with a sum so large, neither must any one know that so much gold is in my house; therefore I will rather carry it myself, though with much trouble."

Ferdinand now opened a large strong box, took some sealed bags from it, and while he placed them upon the table, Alonso sat down to write out the receipt. He then stood up and sighed, counted over the bags and rolls of gold, re-reckoned them hastily, and opened his cloak, in order to place them about his person; and while putting some of it in his pockets, and two of the bags under his arm, he observed the open book, and said with a bitter laugh, "What, do you occupy yourselves here with the bad verses of that beggar and vagabond?"

"Of whom do you speak?" asked the count vehemently, throwing the last gold piece, which was wanting to make up the sum, upon the table.

"I speak of the insipid Camoens," replied Alonso, in a croaking voice; "of that fellow who in India began a contest with me and all his superiors, whose wicked heart calumniated the noblest, whose insolence made him strive for the greatest dignities, and who, in his presumption, believed that he might despise every one. But I think we gave it to him well; the poor wretch was at length obliged to thank God and all of us that he did not die a disgraceful death."

Ferdinand stopped counting the money, and struck the table so forcibly with his hand, that the gold rang upon it. "Who are you," cried he loudly, "who dare to speak in this manner? Camoens is dead; but know that in daring to defame him, you are doing it to one whom I esteem as a brother."

"As a poet," said the Florentine, "every intelligent man must admire him."

The German, who saw that his comrade lent his word likewise, now exclaimed in bad Portuguese, "Yes, every body knows that that renowned fellow is now the greatest and most edifying poet in the whole world, with the exception of the author of my catechism, and a certain shoemaker in my native town. Have you, stupid man, never heard any thing about these Camoensæ, which occur even in grammar and syntax? Even when a child at school, the wonders of these Camoensæ were knocked into me; and we had better repeat this instruction and exercise to-day, for hardened heads only beat their own brains about, unless they are helped from something without."

Alonso looked up from his gold with a side-long glance, saying with a grim smile, "I did not think great heroes were so learned; we must become very old before we experience the wonderful."

The sum was now complete; his bony fingers seized the last gold piece, which he placed in a silken purse, and then he went away panting beneath the burden. He politely saluted the count, at the same time throwing his red cloth cloak loosely around his body, so that none might perceive how heavily he was laden.

When this repulsive man had left, the Florentine, who had restrained himself with the greatest effort, attacked the German with vehemence. "In the name of Heaven, from whence are you come? What does your presence signify, or why do I see you now in Lisbon?"

The count looked at him too with much anxiety: "My spirits tell me," said he, "that some great misfortune has happened. Speak!"

The German looked carefully around, to see that no one else was within hearing: "I believe it; yet I can tell nothing with certainty. I have come back in a strange manner: how it may turn out yonder I know not; but certainly things do not look well, for every symptom is to the contrary."

"Has a battle been fought?" asked the count.

"Collect yourself, friend," said the Florentine, "that you may at least be able to relate to us what you have yourself seen and experienced."

"Twice," began the German, "did our cavalry triumph over the far more numerous horsemen of the enemy, and this was done with small loss. This increased the courage of our army, and we looked upon the enemy as miserable cowards, who would fly as soon as they saw us in order of battle. This took place soon after we had resolved to land. Why we then advanced, without having secured a single place upon the shore, whereby to hold communication with the fleet, none of us comprehended, and several found fault because so many troops had been left behind in the vessels. We thus went on, and spread our camp in a wide plain, where, as far as the eye could reach, neither tree nor bush was to be seen. It was not long till we beheld the army of our enemy, which drew up directly opposite us. It appeared much larger than we had supposed; but nevertheless our courage remained undaunted, and our young king rode through our lines like a young hero, in his splendid dress, with a gold helmet, and his Arabian horse decked out in green-and-gold housings. A comet appeared, and then a multitude of prophecies were spread abroad in the camp. On Sunday the first of August, it seemed as if we must come to battle, all our leaders thought so; and the king, in splendour and beauty, filled every one around him with the most courageous boldness. We were forced to fight and triumph, or else be compelled to fall into the greatest misery; for a rumour arose that our provisions were exhausted, and if no help could be had, we should, in consequence of this, be in the deepest distress. But however, on this Sunday, we still did not come to battle. In the night, when it became dark, we saw the comet in the wide sky, stretching itself out over the vast plain, in all its strange horror. I then observed that the boldest became pale, though we loudly exclaimed that it denoted the destruction of our enemies. That night Stukely assembled us in his tent. The conversation was general. An Italian, who wished to appear very courageous, said that the stars were glittering in

the sky like well-filled wine-cups, from which spirits and angels were drinking our health and prosperity; that the comet was an overturned glass, which some awkward, unskilful spirit had upset. But Stukely, though naturally frank and open, felt jesting to be out of place on this important and eventful night.

"Stukely led our troop, which was placed in the right wing of the army, under the command of Prince Antonio, prior of Crato. He had been told for a certainty, that the greatest dissatisfaction prevailed in the army of the enemy, and that, when we should come to blows, thousands of them would come over to us. He also considered that if we delayed, we must perish, as we had designedly left the coast far behind, and were now as if cut off from the fleet.

"On the following day, Monday, every one saw that there must be a battle, and a most determined one. The king again appeared, still more magnificently arrayed than on the previous day; the jewels on his helmet and on the trappings of his horse glittered in the sunshine; while the mettled steed bounded beneath him as if the victory had been already won. The day was excessively hot, and the battle began about noon. At the commencement it appeared to go well with us, at least with our wing, for we advanced far, and the enemy gave way before us; but in about an hour afterwards we seemed to be surrounded, and it became a fearful, murderous combat. Prince Antonio, who was born for a soldier and a hero, now sprang towards us in the thickest of the fight; he gave orders, Stukely commanded and shouted; but the power of the enemy was too great, and I saw that we were forced to retreat from the advantage we had so triumphantly gained, with much loss. The prince sent me to another column to bring it to him; and in the midst of fighting, firing, shouting, and confusion, we came out of this fearful crowd. But I then saw Stukely fall at a distance; his ranks were thinned, and thousands lay dead or wounded upon the battle-field. When we had hewn our way through, I lost sight of the prince; and sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, I was attacked by single horsemen, whom I was obliged to cut down, before

I could reach the troop to which the Prince Antonio had sent me. Here, also, every thing was in the greatest confusion. The general had already fallen. I communicated the order; but it was no longer possible to bring the regiment to where it was wanted, for we were now completely surrounded on every side.

“The rest of the army went off to help the king, who was in the utmost embarrassment. I found him, and gave the young hero as much information as I could; he sent me back with a message to the Bishop of Coimbra. When I entered his tent, I found him in earnest prayer. He gave me a written note to carry to the coast, and there to seek out the captain of a frigate. Some men were given to me, in case it should be necessary to fight with the enemy, of whom we met many in the strange, wild country. Several of my comrades had fallen from their horses. I thought, however, I should be able to find out that part of the coast which I wished to reach; but no sign, no indication of it, could I discover. The noise of the battle became more and more faint as we left it behind us. It was now dark, and we could have seen nothing had the comet not again risen, and given us its fearful light. There was something awful, in wandering thus during this gloomy, eventful night, separated from our army, my brave commander slain, the king in danger, and we solitary, as we were, upon the wide dark plain, a prey to every chance, worn out with fatigue, without food; our horses wearied; no house, no refuge, nothing but the fierce glare of the comet above us. When morning dawned, we observed that we must be in the vicinity of the sea; and we saw a man following us, severely wounded, who deliriously cried out, that at sunset the king, and all along with him, had been slain or taken prisoners: but he spake frantically, then fell down and died, together with his horse.

“It had now become difficult to keep the animals at a trotting pace; we fortunately met some travellers, who gave us food, and in the evening we reached the sea-shore. We overtook a party who were conveying large chests upon horses; and on asking who they were, they told us that they were

people belonging to the Bishop of Coimbra, who, two days before, had given up the most valuable of his property to their care, that they might take it to the captain of the ship, for whom I had also a letter. With these servants and soldiers, who knew nothing of the battle, we rode on in company, and thus reached the frigate. The captain received us in amazement; he said he was not under the command of the fleet, and had only to obey the orders of the bishop. As my comrades now began to talk of many things, he made all of us swear, and give our words of honour, that we would permit nothing to escape our lips while on board the vessel. As I had accomplished my errand, I now wished to return to the army; for, let things be as they might, this was my duty as a soldier. The captain paid no attention to my words; and a short time afterwards, when I went again upon deck, I saw that we were already out at sea, for he had raised the anchor and made sail. In reply to my questions, he answered that he was obliged to obey the commands of the bishop, who had given these orders in the letter, and it was his duty to convey the effects of his spiritual master to a place of safety. As we approached the land, he again took an oath from each of us to say nothing in the city of what had been reported; for, if true, it would but too quickly find its way over. I landed in a boat; for we were lying far from Lisbon, as it would have excited suspicion had his frigate been seen to approach the city. So here I have come to you, as if by a miracle, and trust you only with my news. The greatest misfortune is yet uncertain; it is no more than apparent. Make use of my communication in the way you think best, so as to arrange measures or take precautions with the old cardinal, the future king—in short, act according to your own judgment; and allow me, kind sir, to remain here for a few days beside my friend."

Count Ferdinand was deeply agitated by this intelligence. The first thing to be done was to confide all he had heard to his uncle the marquis: he then gave the German officer an apartment next to that of his friend, and made both solemnly promise that they would say nothing of this news, or of

their own suppositions ; to which both soldiers readily consented.

It may be imagined with what grief the old marquis learned this unhappy intelligence. "The worst," said he, "has now happened, and just what I feared would be the case; and yet I have always wished to deny to myself the possibility of such a blow, ever cherishing an uncertain hope for the best. What a melancholy future, my nephew, must ours now be to all patriots, and to every true Portuguese. Some prosperity might still be looked for, if that old man, the Cardinal Henry, were not our king—he has never been any thing but a priest. Woe to us, even should his reign be short; but still greater must be our misery should it be long; for he will weaken and waste all strength, he will repel every party through a cold suspicion, which he considers wisdom, and thus cripple or annihilate the means that might still save us. Were he not there, then a war would immediately break out with Spain. We should, to be sure, be much weakened thereby; but yet such a misfortune were better than the slow, consuming misery which now stands before us, wasting all our energies."

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

IN the city all ranks were in the utmost excitement and anxiety, for it was a long time since any news had been received from Africa. Though the captain of the ship had acted with the greatest circumspection, he was not able to prevent some of his crew from getting on shore. The servants of the bishop, who had brought his effects to land, had spread numerous reports of the most contradictory kind,—reports which, repeated and exaggerated, had become like fabulous tales, and this news was circulated through every quarter of the city. The marquis told the regent all he had heard; and as Cardinal Henry did not think the misfortune unlikely, he made arrangements, so that, if the defeat should be confirmed, he might ascend the vacant throne of the kingdom.

The day had been very hot, but the cool evening approached ; a soft wind came from the broad murmuring river, blowing freely over the great square of the city ; a loud noise was heard before the palace of the king, for a crowd of the lower orders had begun to collect there. Words were heard about treachery, wicked counsellors, hired slanderers, speaking for the King of Spain, in order, through false reports and lying tales, to make the country and the city perplexed. There needed only the slightest circumstance to fan this spark into a flame ; a shout of joy arose as the herculean Minotti came down a street, accompanied by a mob, bearing the consecrated banner. Minotti began : "How long, ye noble friends, ye citizens of the suburbs, how long will your tough patience hold together without cracking ? Our mortal enemies spread bad news, and foretell misfortune, in order to prevent our patriotic endeavours, or to make them impossible. Why are the vessels that were promised to us still kept back ? Are there no rascals bribed, no traitors hired, to detain us from our noble king, our great Portuguese hero ? Did things fall out as they wish, truly our army would be already destroyed in Africa, and they would make their fortunes on the ruin of our country. Shall we, then, like frightened deer, endure all this, and yet call ourselves men and Portuguese ?"

"No! no!" roared the mob. "We will have vengeance—vengeance!"

At this moment Alonso made his appearance, coming from the palace of the regent, apparently in great anger ; his eyes glared to redness, his face was pale, his gait unsteady, and his hands trembling. The regent had refused to pay his last claim, until more certain news should be received from Africa ; the advance of money which had been promised to him some time before, for the purpose of sending out weapons and provisions for the army, had just been denied ; and through his vehement, almost shameless, importunity and urgency, he had been compelled to hear both angry and bitter words. In agony about his gold, deceived in the expectation of a great profit, he now walked in a most wrathful mood into the midst of the excited crowd, many of whom recognised him, and greeted

him with laughter and glee. "There comes our real patriot," exclaimed Barnabaz the tinker; "he comes from the regent, and he will be able to tell us the truth!"

"Surely, surely," cried Minotti; "he must tell us how matters stand; we will no longer let ourselves be made fools of!"

They dragged Alonso, trembling with rage and fear, into the midst of them, who said, stammeringly, "Honoured friends, most noble fellow-citizens; patriots who sacrifice themselves as I have done, are misunderstood, and made unhappy. Lies are told, the most false inventions forged, in order to throw us free men into the chains of slavery; strangers, lazy rascals, runaways, are used for this purpose, to make you miserable, noble citizens, with falsehood, and to strangle our best exertions in their birth. I see, indeed, that I shall be sacrificed, for the cards have been so played; and that you, full of ardent, warlike courage, will be prevented from going to the aid of our victorious but embarrassed king."

"We will, we shall go!" cried the whole mob; and the large square became more and more filled with people, brought thither from the adjoining streets by curiosity. As the tumult increased, Ferdinand passed by, returning from a walk, accompanied by his friend the Florentine, and the German captain; he was proceeding to the house of the marquis, and was obliged, before he could reach it, to press through the swelling multitude. They had now come to the spot where the standard was raised, and were close to the huge, shouting Minotti, when the enraged Alonso exclaimed; "Here is the traitor, this uncivilised German, who has spread the lie about the destruction of our king!"

"Murderer! rascal!" cried some of the mob; "At him!" exclaimed others; "Cut him down, the scoundrel!" roared the rest; and instantly swords were drawn, pikes and sticks swung about, all pressing closely upon Ferdinand and his companions. The count spoke and tried to soothe the excited multitude; some yielded and gave way; many who knew him personally and honoured him, ranged themselves upon his side, requesting their acquaintances to be pacified. But

Alonso, excited by the shouts of the crowd, and relying upon their weapons, cried "Down with them!" and drew his sword likewise. "Right," answered the people; "hew them all down! these strangers and these infamous nobles!" Ferdinand, thus threatened, unwillingly unsheathed his sword; the German too placed himself in front, while he said, "Against such canaille there is indeed no honour to be gained; but necessity has no law, and fighting is in any case something pleasant." The Italian now bared his weapon; but Ferdinand, who remained collected in the midst of all the uproar, cried, with a loud voice, "Don Alonso, what possesses you? what evil spirit has led you into this tumult? Calm yourself, old man." Alonso drew back, and appeared to be preparing to sheathe his sword, when the huge Minotti seized him by the arm and shouted, "What! Don Alonso a renegade? the friend of the people a coward? You must not disgrace us so!" Alonso again drew his sword and attacked the German; strokes and thrusts were given, and Alonso aimed at the breast of the other, who skilfully warded off the blow, and thrust his sword up to the hilt in the heart of the shrieking Alonso. The old man fell back, and a copious stream of blood issued from the wound; the spectators gave way; and Ferdinand, by the help of the Florentine, now cleared a space around. Alonso was dead; this accident struck those who were standing near with a sudden panic, which gave the count and his companions time to recover, and enabled them to reach the palace of his uncle.

The servants of the marquis, who had been attracted thither by the noise of the uproar, surrounded the count, the Florentine, and the German; and while exhorting the domestics to be quiet, they arrived at length unhurt at the palace. The marquis went to meet his nephew; and his words, combined with his venerable appearance, caused the people to make way for him on every side; they listened to his exhortations, and by degrees dispersed.

The servants of Alonso carried his corpse home. "Thus has the miser met his fate!" said the marquis as he entered the apartment. "How much misery has that man caused

during his life to those who were either dependent upon him or beneath him !”

“It was in self-defence,” said the German ; “but it did not take much to slay the tottering old man ; a child might have done it ; he ought not to have joined the strife when he had so little steel or iron in him.”

“I hope,” said the marquis, “in these unquiet times, that as his death happened in the midst of a tumult, few questions will be asked about it ; meanwhile, however, it will be necessary to take some measures for your safety, or perhaps you would prefer sailing to Italy in the vessel which is now bound thither.”

“Certainly,” answered the German, highly pleased ; “if I may hope that the government there will help me, since I have lost every thing here. I should like to see my old country again very well, and my dear Nürenberg once more ; perhaps my relations are still alive, or it may be, some inheritance has fallen to me ; or, it is possible that I might obtain a post in the army of my German emperor ; for bold soldiers are needed always and every where.”

“No, my brave friend,” said the marquis in a kind tone ; “you shall at least return in safety and comfort to your country ; we owe that to the man who has so faithfully served our unfortunate king, who has lost his leader, the valiant Stukely, and who has trusted himself to our generosity.”

The marquis then conversed with his nephew upon the subject ; and afterwards they fitted out the captain so handsomely that he, never daring to hope for such a stroke of good fortune, was deeply affected by their generous conduct. The Italian remained in the house of the Count Ferdinand, at the earnest request of the latter ; for the young man had become so accustomed to the society of the Florentine, and felt so much friendship for him, that it seemed impossible, at least so suddenly, to part with him.

When the German had left, the marquis observed to his nephew that he was convinced, through the death of Alonso, the wearisome and disgusting process would now speedily be ended ; for his distant relatives and heirs would assuredly be

ready to come to a reasonable arrangement, and give up all claim upon the sums which Alonso had so illegally demanded.

But such considerations of profit and loss completely vanished from the minds of these friends of their country, when the belief of the irreparable misfortune, which till now had only been feared or thought possible, was changed into certainty and conviction.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE ships which had been lying at anchor off the coast of Africa now returned, bringing some soldiers with them, who had succeeded in liberating themselves from imprisonment, as well as others who had escaped from their guards. Prince Antonio, the prior of Crato, had, as if by miracle, found the means to ransom himself from his chains for a small sum; he had been able to make his guards believe that he was of humble condition and possessed of no effects, and fortunately none of the Portuguese had betrayed his secret. Now that details were given of the whole of the circumstances, it proved to be but too true that the plain of Alcagar had indeed become a vast bed of death, on which the nobles of Portugal, its youth, strength, and hopes, lay slaughtered; and happy might those be called who had so fallen. Many thousands more were languishing in dark dungeons as slaves and prisoners, or perishing in inaccessible deserts, undergoing hard labour and ill-treatment of every kind. Never since Portugal knew its own history, had such an awful calamity overwhelmed the weeping, orphan country; no class, no family therein but lamented the loss of some one dear to them; many of the houses of the nobles had become utterly extinct, while others were reduced to poverty by the enormous ransoms demanded by the Africans for their prisoners: yet those were happy who were enabled, even through the loss of their all, to buy back a father, a brother, or a son.

The battle had lasted only a few hours when the fearful

struggle came to an end; all order was soon over, every plan for escape impossible, contradiction and misunderstanding destroying each arrangement. The combat became one for life alone; the Portuguese and their allies sought only to avenge their dead, and sell their blood dearly to the infidels; no one thought longer of preserving his life. A part of the army had been cut off, followed by the triumphant enemy in overwhelming numbers; the Christians fled fighting, without knowing whither, and all before night were captured or slain. The battle continued longest in the presence of the heroic king, who, as a soldier, performed miracles of bravery; he stood at last almost alone on the field of the dead. When he saw the impossibility of escape, he bound a white handkerchief to the point of a lance, with the intention of surrendering; but the rude hordes, who were plundering as well as fighting around him, either did not, or would not understand this signal of peace. The richly-ornamented accoutrements of the young hero, the gold and jewels upon his dress, attracted the wild barbarians, and pressing upon him in crowds, they slew the kingly youth, whose brave arm in the despair of death killed numbers around him. They then stripped the body; and a few hours afterwards it was difficult for his friends to recognise in the naked form covered with wounds, in the cleft and disfigured head, the once handsome Sebastian.

This intelligence became only the more dismally confirmed when the remains of the king were brought over in a vessel to Lisbon. Throughout the rich plains of the country, in its distant valleys, upon its high mountains, was heard one universal lament; and he who did not weep was in a state of mute despair. There was no remedy, no help, no comfort, in the midst of this profound misery; the fanciful and the miraculous took possession of many minds, alleviating grief through the agency of airy imagery. Such persons seized hold of the conviction that the irreconisable body was not that of their beloved king, who was in all probability safe, living somewhere unknown, perhaps a prisoner, but who in due time, though late, would make his appearance, and heal all the wounds which his rash love of war had inflicted upon

his country. This belief in the miraculous, this hope in a hero and a saviour who hides himself for a while, only to reappear with greater power than ever, has shewn itself in every age, when universal woe has stunned a people, or threatened their existence.

The old cardinal ascended the throne. No one opposed this, as none were able to contradict his just claim to it; but the common sorrow could not thereby be for one moment changed to joy. No intelligent patriot could deceive himself about the incapacity of the venerable priest, who in the exercise of his spiritual functions had hitherto lived within a narrow circle, and grown grey therein. Even in times of calmness and happiness he was too weak to have fulfilled so high a destiny; but in these times of trouble all parties waited for his death (an event which, in all probability, must soon happen), as they believed that through his death alone could hope once more visit their desolate country. But Henry himself, the late cardinal, supposed the art of governing to be an easy matter; and the ghostly fathers and flatterers who surrounded him strengthened him in this delusion. In this state of affairs the marriage of the old man was discussed, that heirs might be obtained in order to annihilate the claims of Spain; but the king, after some consideration, rejected this advice as inadmissible.

The people, who, some weeks before, had been going about so full of daring and heroic bravery, now stigmatised the enterprise as foolish, while they called the late king thoughtless and rash. They protested that they had foreseen from the beginning what would be the consequences; maintained that the parties of the nobles and the priests alone had set this hazardous undertaking afloat, and that too for the destruction of the people, while none of the leaders of it would ever hearken to rational advice.

It may be conceived what was suffered by such friends of their country as the marquis, his nephew, and the high-minded Catharina, in consequence of this tragic catastrophe; they understood each other without words, for to noble minds it seems a profanation of grief, when much is uttered which can

lead to no result. The count, who was still in the spring-time of life, endeavoured to cheer up and dissipate the sad thoughts of his relations, by means of narratives, poetry, and friendly conversation. The aged Christofero, who had now become nearly well, spoke to them of India, and the wonders of nature there. Sometimes they were visited by the Prince Antonio, as he wished to attach all parties to his cause, who were likely in future to assist him against Spain ; but the friends of the Prior of Crato were not a little surprised when he declared to them, that in a short time he meant to leave them and Lisbon for an indefinite period. Upon all of them expressing their astonishment at such a determination, which they could by no means comprehend, the prince said, with a bitter laugh :

“ Yes, my friends, I voluntarily banish myself, so that I may not wait till compelled, or requested at least, to leave the city. Is it not strange that the old king is jealous of me ? He fears and hates Philip of Spain ; the thought horrifies him that our country may lose its independence ; and yet he watches all my movements, and is afraid of my connexion with the patriots. The idea grieves him, that there are even now a number of well-wishers united with me, whose hopes are bound up with my claim ; and yet he knows that it is I alone who, in the name of Portugal, can oppose Spain in future. He wishes it to be so, only at present I must not interfere with his authority, or be at all in his way. Thus, though near his end and his grave, he is intoxicated with the love of governing, and dreams of the might and power of majesty. But such is the vanity of the heart of man ; he rather will cripple that future which must soon be here, than for the present be deprived of consideration.”

Ferdinand was oftener than ever in the garden pavilion of Donna Catharina ; he amused himself for hours together with Maria, that extraordinary child. When he considered her peculiar circumstances, and reflected on the plan which his uncle had proposed, when he regarded her as his future bride, and dreamt of happiness along with her, the misfortunes of his country were for a time thrown into the background. Catharina, as well as the marquis, still suffered

much; for no hope cheered them; though they were so far resigned, that a silent expression of sorrow alone indicated the profoundness of their grief.

Ferdinand was surprised one day by Luis again entering his residence. In these times of agitation he had forgotten his former arrangement and promise; but he was only perhaps the more rejoiced to see the singular man, who had pleased him so much, thus unexpectedly make his appearance. He met him with the greatest friendship, gave him his hand, and said:

"Welcome, my dear friend, to a melancholy house and a mourning family. I confess I had quite forgot our agreement, and therefore pardon me, if I beg of you to accompany me to spend our evening at a country house. I must not break my word to a dear relation who is expecting me there."

"Certainly, count," replied Luis. "I had nearly resolved never again to enter your house, or see you, whom I value; for I repented that I had again encountered man, though ever so estimable; but our common and great misfortune extinguishes all lesser considerations, which now seem to me utterly indifferent, though only a few weeks since they appeared of great importance."

"You are right," answered the count; "all good and noble men ought to be more firmly united than ever; they should abandon their humours, prejudices, and passions. We have experienced the terrible, and I fear much that gloomy times await us. I can easily understand that when our hearts are heavily oppressed, lighter grievances appear absurd; and so you seem to me, my excellent friend, more tranquil than when I had the gratification of seeing you before,—your eye is brighter, your complexion healthier, and the expression of your countenance altogether more cheerful."

"Yes," replied Luis, while a slight colour passed over his pale countenance, and his lips trembled with a sorrowful smile. "My guardian angel has lately embraced me," he continued in a low voice, "and since then I have awakened from the dream of life."

"What do you mean?" asked Ferdinand.

"Do you not see," answered Luis, "that it is death which lights up my eye, that it is the conviction of this release which smiles upon my lips. My existence has flowed out from the death-wound of our king; the burning desert has drank up my blood; but my trembling frame, the frail covering of the life-weary spirit, will, for a few more hours, bear me on, honoured sir, whither you please."

"With these feelings," said Ferdinand, "I can scarcely repeat my request, that you would assist me in deciphering some illegible manuscripts."

"Why," answered Luis, "should I not perform this trifling service for you? Command me."

Ferdinand took his cloak and sword, and called to the Italian, who was likewise to accompany him to the house of Catharina, where he had been already presented and met with a kind reception.

They went in silence through the city, and on reaching the open country, they saw a negro to whom Luis made a sign. The slave followed at some distance unobserved by the others.

Luis appeared agitated as they turned into a lonely road which led onwards, between gardens and walls, to the residence of Catharina. The palace and the beautiful garden now became visible, and Luis said in a trembling voice:

"Where are you leading me, my friend? here, to these shades—to this fountain? here, where an angel has already spoken to me? O Heavens! is it not as if all the dreams of my youth were about to be realised?"

Ferdinand stood still. "Are you, then," said he, as he looked earnestly at his companion, "the stranger who has so often walked before this garden, and of whom my little friend here has told me so many interesting stories, the one to whom our little Maria has prattled so much?"

"I am," said Luis, in a suppressed and scarcely audible voice.

"Then that negro also belongs to you," continued the count, "who has followed us for some time?"

"Yes," replied the other.

The gate was now opened, and the Florentine officer ascended the staircase, in order to pay his respects to Donna Catharina, the marquis, and Maria. In the mean time the count invited his guest to enter into the cool pavilion below, where he offered him a seat, and placed a small but elegant table before him.

"Have the kindness, then," said Ferdinand, "to look over these precious leaves; which afterwards, with your assistance, I will endeavour to copy, that they may be preserved as such precious relics ought to be. I will now leave you for a short time, that I may announce your visit to my honoured aunt."

He ascended the stairs, after placing in the hands of Luis a carefully folded and well-sealed packet. The stranger, who found himself so unexpectedly in this garden, opened the packet which had been entrusted to him with trembling hands; when he had loosened the seals, his eyes fell upon the old leaves which contained the "*Thoughts for future Poems*;" he arose from his seat with an exclamation, and then sunk down motionless and lifeless; a deep swoon had deprived him of all sensation.

In the apartment above every one was endeavouring to cheer up Catharina by their conversation; Ferdinand, who had just entered, after greeting her and his uncle, said:

"Now, my dear, singular, wilful Maria, you will be at peace with me; for I have at last brought the stranger you love so much into the garden-house; and I hope he, as well as our Italian guest, will for the future belong to the circle of our most intimate friends. He has now laid aside his reserve, he is more friendly than he was, and speaks more, and you will be able to banish his dislike of society altogether."

"Did I not always say," exclaimed Maria, joyfully, "that the kind good man really belonged to us? Oh! bring him up stairs, count, that my grandmother may again feel something new!"

"Of which I think," said Catharina, sighing, "we have of late had only too much. Where is my cousin, Don Christoforo?"

"He is walking in the garden," answered the marquis;

"the old man is now both gay and well; and for this he has to thank you, dear niece."

"No," replied she. "In my latter years, fate has permitted me to do that which I wished for a relation and a noble man, one to whom my heart is attached as to a brother; and while I soothe his old age, I confer the greatest benefit on myself."

With a loud exclamation, the old servant Domingo at this moment rushed into the room; all rose up. "In the garden pavilion," said he, "there lies a corpse!"

Ferdinand ran quickly down; almost as quickly followed Maria; the captain hastened after them, while the marquis led the horrified Catharina thither likewise. Every aid was given to the fainting man, who at length revived from his stupor, looked around, and seemed surprised to see so many persons near him, sympathising with him and concerned about him. He tried to collect his thoughts, and his look fell upon Maria, who, weeping loudly, had seized his cold hands; he smiled sorrowfully, looked towards the garden, and then turned to the table. "That was the cause!" exclaimed he, in such a sad and piercing tone that all present became pale; "after what these pages make me remember, it is time to die!"

He threw his arms upon the table and wept bitterly. He could not speak, his tears continued to flow; but at length sighs and sobs were so intermingled with expressions of the deepest sorrow, that every one present was overcome by emotion. He now seemed exhausted; but raising his tearful face again, he looked towards the count, and said, in death-like accents, "Of what use is deception now? These mute yet speaking pages are the words of my youth;—I am the poor unhappy Camoens."

A loud exclamation escaped from all, and Catharina sank, overpowered, into the arms of her uncle. At this moment Christofero stepped across the threshold; he had recognised the voice of his friend, and now rushed in trembling, weeping and kneeling before the poet. "Luis, my Luis!" exclaimed he, taking the pale countenance of his friend between his hands.

Luis looked at him, embraced the old man, and replied,

"Oh! how kind is Heaven to permit me, though in the midst of death, to see my truest friend once more!"

Catharina had recovered, and the count led Maria and the captain into the garden; Christofero also arose and followed, at a sign from Ferdinand.

"When we experience the miraculous," said the marquis, as the three were left alone, "it becomes us to receive it with reverence and faith. Luis Camoens, great though unfortunate man, behold again in this noble form your friend, your wife, Catharina de Ataida; and know that the lovely girl who has just left us is your granddaughter, the offspring of your child."

The two beings, so long separated, gazed at each other and embraced. They became deadly pale through transport, grief, and superhuman awe.

"O my Catharina!" sobbed Camoens.

"O Luis!" exclaimed she; "what have I not suffered for you!"

"And did I live," said he, "so near to such friends, and to all I loved, and yet knew it not? Did I fly from those who would have comforted me?"

"But why," said the marquis, embracing the poet with heartfelt affection, "why did you live in such solitude? Why not discover yourself to some friend? How happily, how blessedly, could we all have lived with each other!"

"That was my fate," answered Camoens. "I had experienced too much of bitterness, and my confidence in man was destroyed; I needed almost nothing, and I lived on alms. In the hospital of St. Lazarus I found a shelter during the night, given to me by some kind priests; and my negro Antonio provided me with food and raiment. He wanders outside: oh! let him be called, that I may once more see the dark eyes of my most faithful friend."

The old marquis wept, while Catharina and Camoens entwined themselves in each other's arms.

"I see," said the marquis, "that this is my negro, whom I now recognise. No words can express the sadness, wonder, awe, and holy sorrow, which at this moment alternately dis-

solves and pierces my heart! Oh, Luis! brother! noble man! what can we poor ones do for you?"

"I die in the presence of my friends, of my beloved," said the poet; "that is a greater happiness than I ever hoped to experience."

The absent were summoned back, and at a glance from the poet, Maria threw herself into the arms of the delighted man. Antonio also came in, as well as Domingo, the old confidant. All was alternate joy and dream, sorrow and rapture; every one looked at the restored poet as upon a superhuman being, and every one wished to prove his love and his reverence. Camoens, sometimes turning his eyes in ecstasy upon Catharina, sometimes looking delightedly at Maria, then gently pressing the hand of the good Christofero, and again affectionately embracing his kind Antonio, while his eye ever wandered to Catharina, was giddy with his sense of joy; he felt that the strength of man was indeed inadequate to bear such a weight of bliss.

"Not in vain have I lived," said he at last. "My love of my country is known, and it will be felt after my death."

"Yes," answered the marquis, "as long as the Portuguese deserve to bear their name! Our king is lost, our freedom is departing; but when the proud Spaniard shall seek to subdue our land, then will the voice of liberty and patriotism be heard from your poem, awakening and creating our energies anew. This book, this poem, may soon perhaps be all that shall remain to Portugal; but in it lives courage and country, love and power; and as from the youth of spring, so shall both fruit and beauty arise from these verses. Luis, you can never die; for each succeeding generation must learn from you all that is most noble and true."

"May you be a prophet!" said Camoens. "But for me, my course is ended; the treasures of my existence, friendship and love, I have again beheld—I am esteemed; and now the love of my Saviour calls me."

None of those present could conceal from themselves that the poet was dying; but the feelings of all were so elevated, that they could not be said to lament his departure. Their

only anxiety was, lest the pious Christian should expire without the last rites of the Church being administered to him, as, at this distance from the city, they were embarrassed where to find a priest. But just at this moment the sound of trumpets was heard, and the loud anthems of priests and people: it was an immense procession, on its way to a cloister where there was a miraculous shrine of the blessed Virgin; a mournful array proceeding to reconcile the suffering country and the lost king to God. The marquis went out to greet the train; and immediately afterwards the Prince Antonio, prior of Crato, and a bishop who entered along with his highness, appeared before the dying man.

"The great Camoens lives, only to die amongst us!" said the prince. "To honour such a Portuguese, the king himself should be here."

Camoens was left alone with the bishop, who, from respect to his penitent, would allow no other priest to be present at the holy ceremony. Thus was he honoured in death, whom in life all had forgotten and neglected!

After the dying man had received the sacrament, his friends came again around him, and he took farewell of them with a heavenly expression of countenance. The noble Catharina shewed a wonderful composure; her happiness and unhappiness were too great to be exhibited in words or in outward grief. The youthful Maria was nearly distracted, although she was not made aware how nearly she was related to the sufferer. The marquis and the count testified the deepest friendship; and the Italian officer, both by words and actions, expressed a homage almost amounting to adoration, shewing how much he regretted that he had before misunderstood the great man. Christofero said, "Have I seen you again, most noble and faithful of men? Though it is but a single look, I am grateful to God for it."

But the most affecting of all was the farewell of the good negro and his master. Camoens blessed him, and said, "Heaven will not suffer your unparalleled love and fidelity to go unrewarded."

"Have I not been enough rewarded," replied Antonio,

“ when I belonged to you, and was your friend ?” The old Domingo also kissed the hand of Camoens.

All were silent; and, in the presence of those he loved most, the poet sunk calmly and blissfully to rest.

Catharina soon followed him. The faithful black slave was taken into the house of the marquis. He was not treated there as a servant, but regarded as one who deserved every confidence; and his new master acted towards him in every way as to a friend. After the death of the old king Henry, Alba took possession of the kingdom for his master, Philip of Spain; Prince Antonio had withstood him long, but was at length compelled to yield to superior force. Ferdinand was united to Maria. The family had joined the Prince Antonio and aided him; but Philip forgave them from motives of prudence, since it was dangerous to punish every patriot. And thus this distinguished family lived as happily as it was possible for those to do, who, in retirement from the world, deeply lamented the downfall of their country.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

Books for Gifts, Prizes, Lending Libraries, &c.

Popular Illustrated Books,
PUBLISHED BY JAMES BURNS,
17, PORTMAN STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Burns' Select Library,

A NEW SERIES OF CHEAP AND POPULAR WORKS, COMBINING ENTERTAINMENT WITH INSTRUCTION.

Done up in elegant cloth, or chastely half-bound morocco, at 1s. 6d. a vol. extra.

Vol. I.—TALES OF FEMALE HEROISM. Illustrated by Warren. Cloth, 3s., half morocco, 4s. 6d. This volume contains Nineteen Tales, of which the following are the subjects:—

Mrs. Jane Lane.
Lady Fanshawe.
Lady Banks.
Lady Morton.
The Heart of Montrose.
Lady Grisell Baillie.

Countess of Nithsdale.
Flora McDonald.
Miss McKay.
Lady Acland.
Helen Walker.
Mad. La Rochejaqueлин.
Elizabeth Cazotte.

Mad. De Sombreuil.
Gertrude Von der Wart.
The Miller's Maid.
A Rustic Heroine.
Mrs. Spencer Smith.
Mad. Ambos.

"The elements of the romantic and wonderful abound in these various biographies; and they are narrated in a simple, unostentatious, but very effective and interesting manner. . . . The prefatory remarks are excellent, and we recommend them, as well as the entire volume, to the careful perusal of all who can appreciate deeply interesting biographies, full of romantic incident, and narrated in an able and impressive style."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"We are here presented with nineteen authentic narrations of female courage and devotedness, embodying facts of the most surprising interest, related with admirable force and

feeling. We have seldom met with a book containing so much deeply interesting reading in so small a compass."—*Bath Chronicle*.

"A sort of female Plutarch. This elegant volume contains nineteen biographical sketches of women who have distinguished themselves by acts of heroism. The tales are beautifully written, abounding in wholesome sentiment, and the moral is pointed with good judgment, being implied rather than obtruded. The memoir of Lady Fanshawe is especially interesting; and all have, for the youthful reader, more than the attractions of romance. It is, indeed, the romance of reality."—*Critic*.

Vol. II.—STORIES OF THE CRUSADES. 1. De Hellingley. 2. The Crusade of St. Louis; comprising a Historical View of the Period. With Frontispiece by Selous, and Two Plans. Cloth, 3s. 6d., half morocco, 5s.

"History taught under the guise of fiction—perhaps the most effective method of imparting its spirit and impressing its lessons upon the mind of the student. A good historical tale revives the past, and summons before the mind's eye the people as they lived, and moved, and talked, and the places as they were, and thus converts a memory into a fact, and a dream into a reality. It is only required that the writer of historical fiction should himself be imbued with the spirit of the time he portrays, and be intimately conversant with its manners

and modes. He must be well-read, reflective, and imaginative; and these qualities must be so nicely balanced, that one must not be prominent above the rest. The rareness of good historical fiction results from the necessity for this combination of qualifications.

The author of the tales before us possesses them in a greater degree than any writer whom we have read of late. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Crusades; he is versed in the history of the times, he has intimately acquainted himself with localities, costumes,

manners, and, as it were, the *properties* of the drama. He has framed two deeply interesting plots, and his characters are brought out upon the canvas distinctly, and with that perfect individuality which always is found in nature, but rarely in novels. The picture of the times is as bright and clear as if the scenes were actually before the eye; and the reader rises from the perusal with the consciousness of a few hours spent, not merely pleasantly but profitably, with his knowledge of the times of the Crusades considerably enlarged, and its de-

tails more accurately and distinctly outlined in his thoughts."—*Critic*.

"Full of historic details and descriptions of the habits of a distant age, besides having all the stimulus of romantic adventure, appropriate woodcuts, pretty binding, and good style throughout."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The interest rarely flags, and the powers of description possessed by the author are very great; he is at home alike in the Norman castles of England and on the plains of Palestine." *Jerrold's Newspaper*.

Vol. III.—DON QUIXOTE. A New Edition, divested of prolix matter, and revised for general reading. Cloth, 6s. half morocco, 7s. 6d.

"The Editor trusts that he has placed in the hands of the mass of our reading population, and especially the youth of England, an edition of Cervantes' immortal work in a convenient, but not too condensed form—retaining all the point, humour, and pathos of the original, without any of the prolixity, or the improprieties of expression which have heretofore disfigured it. The judgment passed upon one of the books in our hero's library may well be applied to his own work: 'Had there been less of it, it would have been more esteemed; 'tis fit the book should be pruned and cleared of some inferior things that encumber and deform it,' &c. This pruning effected, we need not hesitate to apply to it the judgment of the curate in another case. 'Of all the works of the kind

commend me to this, for 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was published; and he that never read it, may safely think that he never in his life read anything that was pleasant.'"—*Preface*.

"An edition of the most humorous book in the world, divested of its offences against delicacy, and the tediousness of some of its descriptions and dissertations curtailed, cannot fail to be welcomed to the family library. Mr. Burns has brought out such an one, in a garb entirely worthy of the greatness of the work. A Sketch of the Life and Writings of Cervantes introduces the history of the renowned knight. The typography is beautiful, and its cheapness is no less remarkable."—*Critic*.

Vol. IV.—THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL, M.A., Enfield. Cloth, 5s., half morocco, 6s. 6d.

Vol. V.—A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Containing a complete account of that eventful period, from the first rise of the revolutionary movement down to the battle of Waterloo, comprising the whole career of Napoleon Buonaparte. Cloth, 5s. half morocco, 6s. 6d.

The following will immediately appear :

TALES OF ADVENTURE BY SEA AND LAND.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES, condensed. 2 vols. with numerous illustrations.

SELECT PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, with Notes, Introductions, &c. &c. Edited by the Rev. A. J. Howell.

STORIES FROM HERODOTUS. A MANUAL OF ARCHITECTURE. By Edward Freeman, Esq of Trinity College, Oxford.

POPULAR "ARABIAN NIGHTS." A revised selection of the best specimens of Eastern Romance, 2 vols.

THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS—*Speculator, Rambler, Tatler, &c.*, a Selection of the best Papers, with Notes, Lives of the Authors, &c. &c. 2 vols. Edited by Charles W. Wood, Esq.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, a new edition, with Introduction, Illustrations, &c. Edited by the Rev. J. F. Russell.

&c. &c.

"The object and scheme of the Select Library are praiseworthy and excellent; and we are glad to observe that the contemplated series has commenced in a satisfactory and appropriate manner, by the publication of a volume containing 'Tales of Female Heroism,' and another, 'Stories of the Crusades,' supplying, in a pleasing and popular form, a historical view of the period."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"A new series, which, as far as we can judge from the promise before us, will be superior to any of its predecessors. It is 'designed chiefly for the youth of both sexes,' and is to consist of the standard literature of the country, freed from all that is objectionable; abridgments of

valuable works, which from their length and price are generally inaccessible, with whatever explanatory notes and introductory chapters may be required to make them understood; and original works on popular and useful subjects. A high estimate will be formed of the talent which the publisher has secured for these objects from the Preface to 'Tales of Female Heroism,' which is so just, and so happily expressed, that we must extract it entire."—*Cornwall Gazette*.

"Every parent and teacher in the land will thank Mr. Burns for his enterprise, and give to it a cordial support."—*Critic*.

The **BOOK OF NURSERY TALES**. A Keepsake for the Young. In small 4to, with Forty elegant Engravings, by Artists of the day, in a very elegant half-morocco volume, price 12s.

Also in Three Series, each complete and sold by itself, 6s.

The Tales may be had separately, done up in ornamental covers and gilt edges.

At 6d. each.—1. Cinderella. 2. Jack the Giant Killer. 3. Yellow Dwarf—Blanche. 4. The White Cat.

At 1s. each.—1. Sleeping Beauty—Red Cap. 2. Prince Cherie. 3. Beauty and the Beast—Blue Beard. 4. Giant with the Golden Hairs—Snowdrop. 5. Invisible Prince. 6. Golden Goose—Three Soldiers.

At 2s. each.—1. Valentine and Orson. 2. The Enchanted Hind. 3. Children in the Wood—Whittington and his Cat. 4. Goody Two Shoes.

SCENES from SINTRAM and his COMPANIONS, with Illustrative Engravings. Drawn on wood by H. C. SELOUS, and Engraved by C. GRAY. Small 4to, 6s. Adapted to bind up either with the English or German Editions.

"The illustrations by Selous, engraved by Gray, to the allegorical romance of 'Sintram and his Companions,' afford happy earnest of the admirable style in which the work is likely to be completed. There is great power evinced

in these outlines. . . The fantastical framework to the engravings forms by no means the least part of their merit. It evinces a poetical taste in strict accordance with the character of the allegory."—*Court Journal*.

SELECT TALES AND ROMANCES, from the German of **LUDWIG TIECK**; with an Introduction. This Volume contains Eleven of the finest Tales of this great Author, and Six Wood Engravings. Price 5s. cloth.

SHORT STORIES and POEMS. Illustrated with Forty Woodcuts. Square, cloth, gilt, price 3s. This will be found a most interesting reading-book or holiday-book for young Children, and one of the cheapest ever published.

TALES FOR THE YOUNG, from the German of **SCHMID**; with Illustrations, Square, 4s. 6d.

Burns' Fireside Library;

A SERIES OF CHEAP

Books for Popular Reading,

SUITED FOR THE FIRESIDE, THE LENDING LIBRARY, THE
STEAMBOAT, OR THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE,

Elegantly printed and done up,

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

*The Series is now complete, and is sold at the following prices,
when taken as a set at one time:—*

In Thirty-five Parts, Illuminated Wrappers.....	£2	2	0
In Twenty-one Volumes, elegant Gilt Cloth.....	3	3	0
Do. do. Morocco extra, Gilt Back and Sides.	4	10	0

N.B.—Mr. Burns has also made arrangements for supplying the Work in a strong half-binding, for LENDING LIBRARIES, at the reduced price of £2 16s.

The following are the subjects and prices separately. Each work is complete in itself; and new and improved editions are now ready.

1. **EVENINGS WITH THE OLD STORY TELLERS, ANCIENT MORAL TALES,** from the *Gesta Romanorum*, &c. Price 1s. 6d.

This Volume contains Thirty Tales, translated from the famed "*Gesta Romanorum*," and other kindred Sources; with connecting dialogues illustrative of the morals of the Tales, and their relation to our ancient fictions;—as well as to the tales, poems, &c., of later authors, which have been founded upon them. It will be found a most interesting series.

2. **CHOICE BALLADS and METRICAL TALES;** selected from PERCY, RITSON, EVANS, JAMIESON, SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY, &c. Price 2s.

A Selection of some of the more popular specimens of our Ballad Poetry, for the use of that large class who either do not possess, or have not leisure for the perusal of the more voluminous works from which the compilation has been made. Notes and a Glossary are added; as also Ten Wood Engravings, by Tenniel, Selous, Corbould, Franklin, Pickersgill, &c.

3. **THE HISTORY OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.** Price 6d.

A cheap Edition (with Appendix, and Six Engravings) of Chamisso's celebrated romance of "*THE SHADOWLESS MAN*," newly translated from the German.

4. **UNDINE.** From the German of FOUQUE. With Four Engravings. Price 9d.

A New Edition of this celebrated Romance, with the Author's last Preface, in which he explains the origin of his various fictions, &c. &c.

5. **LIESLI, a Swiss Tale.** Price 8d. This popular story has been translated into almost every European language.

6. NORTHERN MINSTRELSY : Select Specimens of Scottish Poetry and Song. Price 2s.

This Volume contains Eighty-nine of the best Songs by Scottish Authors, ancient and modern, including the most favourite Jacobite Songs. A copious Glossary has been prefixed, so as fully to adapt the book to English readers. It contains, likewise, Fifteen Wood Engravings, from original designs by artists of the day—Franklin, Weigall, McIan, Scott, Topham, Gilbert, Johnstone, &c.

7. LIVES OF ENGLISHMEN IN PAST DAYS. First Series. Containing HERBERT—DONNE—KEN—SANDERSON. Price 6d.

8. DITTO. Second Series. KETTLEWELL—HAMMOND—WILSON—MOMPESON—BOLD—JOLLY. Price 6d.

9. DITTO. Third Series. WALTON—WOTTON—FANSHAWE—EARL OF DERBY—COLLINGWOOD—RAFFLES—EXMOUTH. Price 10d.

10. DITTO. Fourth Series. ALFRED—MORE—EVELYN. Price 1s.

11. THE TWELVE NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Price 2s.

Twelve Tales, moral and entertaining, told in so many successive evenings, and selected from the fictions of various lands. Some of them are now translated for the first time. Six Wood Engravings are added.

12. THE WHITE LADY. From the German of C. VON WOLTMANN. With Design by Pickersgill. Price 9d.

13. MINIATURE ROMANCES. By the BARONESS FOUQUE. With Frontispiece, by Franklin. Price 1s. 3d.

14. PRASCA LOUPOULOFF (from the French), and other Tales. Price 6d.

Prasca is the authentic story on which Mad. Cottin founded her romance of Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, and will be found a most interesting and instructive tale. Six other narratives of a similar class are added, and an elegant Frontispiece by Franklin.

15. STORIES and SKETCHES, for the Amusement of Leisure Moments. With Engravings. 1s.

This volume contains Thirty-three Tales, moral and entertaining.

16. LAYS AND BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY, &c. By S. M. With Engravings by Selous and Tenniel. A new and cheaper Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

This Volume comprises two divisions. Part I. contains Twenty-two Ballads from English History, chronologically arranged : Part II. Thirteen pieces founded on the History of Scotland, and that of other countries. This volume is admirably suited for old or young.

17. QUENTIN MATSYS. From the German of CAROLINE PICHLER. Price 6d.

One of the most pleasing works of this popular Authoress. Quentin Matsys is well known as the painter of the famous picture of "The Misers."

18. THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE; or, The Signal Rocket. By C. PICHLER, Author of "Quentin Matsys," &c. Price 2s.

A graphic Tale, of which the scene is laid at Prague, at the close of the Thirty Years' War; and in which Count Martinitz, and other well-known historical characters are introduced. It is one of the most celebrated pieces of this popular Authoress.

BURNS' FIRESIDE LIBRARY.

19. FABLES AND PARABLES, from the German of LESSING and others, with a Sketch of Fabulous Literature. Price 9d. With two Engravings.

One Hundred and Twelve Fables and Parables, selected from Lessing, Herder, Gallert, Willamow, &c. &c. These will be found among the choicest specimens of the class of literature to which they belong, and many of them have never before appeared in English. They are equally suited for the perusal of old and young.

20. FABLES, from DODSLEY, CROKALL, &c., carefully selected and revised, with Frontispiece. 9d.

The above two volumes, taken together, form one of the most complete and unexceptionable collections of Fables ever published in this country.

21. HOUSEHOLD TALES AND TRADITIONS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, &c. (Twenty-one Engravings.) Price 2s.

Fifty-two of the most interesting and popular of the Legends and Traditions which have been told immemorially in the nurseries or at the firesides of the people, in our own and other countries. The different versions have been carefully collated, and the Volume is illustrated with Twenty-one Woodcuts.

22. CHURCHES: their Structure, Arrangement, and Decoration, explained. Price 1s. 6d.

A New and Enlarged, as well as Cheaper, Edition, of a popular Work, containing much information in a small compass, and well fitted as a guide for the general reader.

23. GERMAN BALLADS AND SONGS; comprising translations from Schiller, Körner, Uhland, Bürger, Goëthe, Fonqué, Chamisso, Becker, &c. &c. With Fifteen Engravings. Price 2s. 6d.

This Volume comprises, under the general title of "Ballads and Songs," 1st, A series of *translations* (most of them newly executed) from Schiller, and the other Authors enumerated. 2d, A number of *original* pieces, founded on German subjects. It contains Fifteen Engravings, by Warren, Selous, Franklin, Corbould, Pickersgill, &c.

24. SELECT POPULAR TALES FROM THE GERMAN OF MUSAEUS. (Six Cuts.) Price 1s. 9d.

A selection of the most popular and pleasing Tales from the celebrated "Volksmärchen der Deutschen" of J. A. MUSAEUS, including "Richilde," "The Nymph of the Fountain," "Roland's Squires," &c. &c., translated from the Leipsic edition of 1842, with Six Engravings from the same.

25, 26. MARCO VISCONTI; from the Italian of GROSSI.

An Italian Tale of the Fourteenth Century, hardly inferior in interest to the celebrated "BETROTHEN LOVERS" of Manzoni, to whom it is dedicated, "with the reverence of a disciple and the love of a brother," by Tomasso Grossi. Illustrated by Warren. In Two Parts. Price 2s. each.

27. POPULAR TALES.—The Caravan, &c. By WILHELM HAUFF. Price 1s. 3d.

This Volume comprises Eight of the best Tales of this popular writer, including "The Caliph," "The Cold Heart," "The False Prince," &c.

28. THE EMPEROR'S PORTRAIT, and "A TALE OF GRÜN- WIESEL." By WILHELM HAUFF. Price 1s.

The last Tale is an admirable specimen of Hauff's humorous style.

29. THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA, and other Tales. By HAUFF. Price 1s. This Part contains the celebrated Stories of "The Dwarf," "The Hirschgilden," &c. &c.

30, 31. THE MAGIC RING. A celebrated Knightly Romance. By the late BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Two Parts, at 2s. each, with design by Tenniel.

32. JOAN OF ARC. By SCHILLER. Price 1s. 6d.
A Translation of SCHILLER's celebrated piece, "The Maid of Orleans," with Frontispiece after Steinle.

33. WILLIAM TELL. By the same. With Frontispiece by Tenniel. Price 1s. 6d.

34. LIVES OF CELEBRATED GREEKS. With Frontispiece by Pickersgill. Price 1s. 9d.

35. LIVES OF CELEBRATED ROMANS. Price 1s. 9d.

The above two works, taken together, form a popular "Plutarch," in which everything objectionable has been omitted, and much useful matter added from other authorities.

Or in embossed Cloth, gilt edges, as follows :

1. *Evenings with the Old Story-Tellers.* 2s. 6d.
2. *Choice Ballads and Tales.* 3s.
3. *Shadowless Man, Undine, Liesli.* 1 vol. 3s.
4. *Northern Minstrelsy.* 3s.
5. *Lives of Englishmen, 1st Series.* 2s. 6d.
6. *Ditto* 2d Series. 2s. 6d.
7. *Twelve Nights' Entertainments.* 3s.
8. *The White Lady, and Romances by the Baroness Fouqué.* 1 vol. 3s.
9. *Prasce Loupouloff; Stories and Sketches.* In 1 vol. 2s. 6d.
10. *Lays and Ballads from English History, &c.* 3s. 6d.
11. *Quentin Matsys; Swedes in Prague.* 1 vol. 3s. 6d.
12. *Fables from Lessing, &c.; and Select Fables, from Dodsley, &c.* In 1 vol. 2s. 6d.
13. *Household Tales and Traditions.* 3s.
14. *Churches; their Structure, &c.* 2s. 6d.
15. *German Ballads and Songs.* 3s. 6d.
16. *Musæus' Popular Tales.* 2s. 6d.
17. *Marco Visconti.* By Grossi. 5s.
18. *Hauff's Popular Tales.* 4s.
19. *Fouqué's Magic Ring.* 5s.
20. *Schiller's Joan of Arc and William Tell.* 4s.
21. *Lives of Celebrated Greeks and Romans. (From Plutarch, &c.)* 4s. 6d.

Or, the Twenty-one Volumes, if taken together, for £3 3s. or half-bound, for Lending Libraries, £2 16s.

These Volumes, done up in this handsome binding, will be found well adapted for Presents, Rewards, &c.

Those who possess the works in the sewed form, may procure the embossed cases for binding, price 6d. each, by ordering them through their Booksellers, and the books can then be done up by any binder.

UNDINE.

BY DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

Beautifully printed in foolscap 8vo, with Eleven original Designs by JOHN TENNIEL, Jun. Price 5s. in elegant cloth, gilt tops.

. *This is an entirely new translation, and it is believed reflects the peculiar beauties of the original much more accurately than any previous version.*

Also,

FOUQUE'S SINTRAM.

A new and more accurate translation, uniform with the above, and containing Ten Designs by HENRY C. SELOUS. 5s.

THE

Tales and Romances

OF THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

N.B.—These inimitable fictions may now be had in New and Improved Editions, chastely bound in half-morocco, marbled edges, for little more than the price in cloth.

1. **THE FOUR SEASONS:**—Undine—Two Captains—Aslauga's Knight—Sintram; with Thirty Illustrations on Wood, in the highest style of the art. Half-morocco, 12s.

2. **ROMANTIC FICTION;** shorter Tales from Fouque: the Eagle and Llon, Prince's Sword, Rose, the Victor's Wreath, the Unknown Patient, &c. Cloth, 7s.; half-morocco, 8s.

3. **WILD LOVE, AND OTHER TALES:**—Rosaura, Wild Love, The Oak of the Idols, The Field of Terror. Cloth, 7s.; half-morocco, 8s.

4. **THIODOLF THE ICELANDER.** Cloth, 7s.; half-morocco, 8s.

. This Romance is spoken of with marked commendation by Sir Walter Scott, and while resembling one of his own Romances of the same period, is considered its superior.

5. **MINSTREL LOVE.** With Nine Original Designs by Corbould. Cloth, 7s.; half-morocco, 8s.

. This is considered one of the most beautiful works of the Author.

6. **THE MAGIC RING,** a celebrated Chivalric Romance, now first translated in a complete form, and in one vol. Illustrated by Tenniel. Cloth, 5s.; half-morocco, 6s.

The Six Volumes taken together, in half morocco, 45s.

"Fouque, like all men of original genius, has had hundreds of imitators, but not one rival."—*Court Journal*.

"The more familiar such compositions be-

come to the English reader the better; and the greater will be his contempt for the ordinary mawkish whinnings of the circulating library."—*Spectator*.

I Promessi Sposi ;
OR,
THE BETROTHED LOVERS.

A CELEBRATED ROMANCE

BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

In Two handsome Volumes, small 8vo, with Sixty Vignettes on
Wood, price—

	£ s. d.
Fancy Printed Boards, or in Embossed Cloth	10 6
Half-bound, Morocco.....	16 0
Full-bound, Morocco elegant	1 4 0

*N.B. This is the first complete translation published in England of
Manzoni's remarkable work.*

"We are delighted to meet with this masterpiece of modern fiction in a form which may render it accessible to the English reading public. The Italians consider 'The Betrothed' the first fiction of the age, holding some affinity to the school of Sir Walter Scott, but surpassing his works in power and depth,

as we confess it certainly does in moral design. 'The Betrothed' is well translated and very handsomely got up; so as to be entitled by its dress to appear in the most refined circles, and by its intrinsic qualities to charm and instruct every class of readers."—*Tail's Magazine*.

The Virgin Martyr ;

A CELEBRATED PIECE BY PHILIP MASSINGER,

A New Edition, with Six Illustrations, from Designs by F. R. Pickersgill,
Engraved by W. J. Linton.

Beautifully printed in small 4to. SECOND EDITION, IMPROVED. Sewed, 4s.
Cloth, 5s.

"A very elegant reprint—s choice edition of a drama that deserves to be better known to ordinary readers, and one which is held in fresh remembrance by the more erudite students of old English literature."—*Tail*.

Marco Visconti,

A COMPANION ROMANCE TO THE ABOVE.

BY TOMASO GROSSI.

Two Volumes in one. Fcp. 8vo. With Illustrations by Henry Warren.
Cloth, gilt. 5s.

*The only other Edition of this celebrated Romance in English was published at a
Guinea, without Illustrations.*

"'Marco Visconti' is confessedly after the school of Manzoni, whose disciple Grossi subscribes himself to be. Its style is quaint and simple, after the manner of early romances, and it abounds with pictures of the most vivid character, and snatches of pathos, which come from the depths of the heart. The date of the novel is in the early part of the sixteenth cen-

tury, so, as might be expected, it is full of the wild chivalric spirit of the turbulent Italy of that period. This is, we think, the only English translation of a novel which every one should read, and, we doubt not, it will have an extensive sale. We take one little extract from its pages, which gives a good idea of Grossi's pathetic powers."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

Five Tales of Old Time.

Small 4to, with Seven Pictures, 6s. Or separately, as follows, in cloth :

GENOVEVA. 2s. 6d.—SHEPHERD OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS. 1s.
—THE KNIGHT AND THE ENCHANTERS. 1s.—THE STREAM. 1s.
THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK. 1s.

NURSERY RHYMES. Second Edition. Illustrated by Dyce,
Cope, Horsley, &c.

In square 8vo, 7s.

(Dedicated to the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESSES.)

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles ;

A New and carefully edited Selection ;

Printed in a unique style, with numerous Vignettes, and with an ornamental Design and Border round every page of the book.

An illuminated edition of the same, price 10s. 6d. especially suited for a gift book.

A Second Edition is just published, with additional Matter and Illustrations.

"A very tasteful, German-looking book. Old Mother Hubbard, My Boy John, Goosey Gander, Jack Sprat, King Cole, Jack Horner, Jenny Wren, and Peter Piper, here keep the most gracious company. As far as our learning in the matter goes, we think the selection excellent. It is intimated in the preface that in emendation also the little book has its original claims, and we certainly never saw a similar collection so free from everything inconsistent with its proper, playful, droll, and innocent character."—*Examiner*.

"Though not an Annual, this volume is pre-eminently entitled to be ranked among the foremost and most eligible presents for young and deserving favourites. The style in which it is got up is unique ; a fine specimen of the

embellishment which has of late grown upon the antique, and with equal fancy and taste become a fashionable adjunct to our literature. But nursery rhymes and tales themselves are subjects we like to handle ; and therefore we reserve a review of this beautiful volume for another Gazette, and meanwhile most heartily recommend it."—*Literary Gazette*.

"In this rare book every page is illustrated by engravings on wood ; and the illustrations are very beautiful, in reference both to design and execution ; some of the prints, indeed, are of surpassing excellence. We regret that we cannot bestow a larger space upon a work that may justify enlarged and elaborate criticism."—*Art Union*.

Juvenile Books,

With many Engravings. Elegantly bound in Cloth, and Gilt.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 2s. 6d.

THE LITTLE COUSINS. 3s. 6d.

SPRING-TIDE. 3s.

LUCY AND ARTHUR. 3s.

HOLIDAY TALES. 2s.

POPULAR TALES & LEGENDS. 4s. 6d.

THE ELEMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE. 3s. 6d.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONAL STORIES. With Woodcuts. 4s. 6d.

THE RED AND WHITE ROSES,

and other Tales for the Young. (From the German.) 3s.

THE CASTLE OF FALKENBERG, and other Tales. (From the German.) 3s.

THE BOOK OF LEGENDS AND POPULAR TALES. Square. With many Cuts. 7s. 6d.

FABLES, STORIES, AND ALLEGORIES. A Revised Collection. 2s. 6d. cloth, with numerous Cuts.

SACRED VERSES, WITH PICTURES.

Edited by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, Author of "The Cathedral," "The Baptistry," &c.

In small 4to, in Three Packets, price 3s. each ; or complete in One Vol. handsome cloth, 12s.

This Series contains Thirty-six Prints (from Albert Durer, Overbeck, Steinle, &c.), with accompanying Verses.

MAGNIFICENT DRAWING-ROOM-TABLE OR GIFT BOOK.

Just Published, a Second and Improved Edition of

Poems and Pictures;

A Collection of BALLADS, SONGS, and other POEMS, with nearly One Hundred Engravings on Wood, by the First English Artists and Engravers.

In Gilt Cloth, 2l. 2s.; Morocco, Elegant, Two Guineas and a Half.

The unexpectedly rapid sale of the First Issue of this admired Work has encouraged the Publisher to prepare a Second Edition, with such improvements as he trusts will entitle it to a place among the finest Works of Art ever produced in this or any other country. It is admirably suited for a Gift Book.

As the impression is limited, it is suggested that those who wish to procure copies for presents or other purposes, should give their orders to their respective booksellers as early as possible.

"Gems of poetry, set and linked together with designs full of graceful and tender feeling. Every page is surrounded by a rustic framework, and the margin is enriched with an illustration of the subject, or an ornamental scroll of flowery or arabesque foliage: these scrolls are both elegant and original."—*Spectator*.

"A new candidate for artistic ornament, and for taste and invention it is among the foremost; we can only partially describe and speak of its designs in terms of very unqualified praise. But so many and eminent artists have been engaged upon it, that we cannot wonder at the feat their united talents have effected. We may add, that the force with which every cut is brought out, does infinite credit to the printing."—*Literary Gazette*.

"A most beautiful volume; and which suggests most forcibly the consideration, To whom shall I offer so charming a present? It exhibits not only the most delicate specimens imaginable of engraving on wood, but also designs which do infinite credit to the taste and skill of the artists employed."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"The present volume is a specimen of excellence in the art of wood-engraving, unequalled by any work of a similar kind. Many of the engravings are master-pieces, from their beauty and finish. It is impossible to conceive a more splendid volume, or a more fitting present, while too much praise cannot be bestowed upon its general arrangements, independent of its high artistic merits. Not only must it be an ornament to the library of the most fastidious, but, as a work of art—and our readers know we do not use the words unadvisedly—it deserves immediate and extensive popularity."—*Atlas*.

"Full of choice poetry, both of the pencil and the pen, finely printed on tinted paper, and handsomely bound—this volume is the most perfect of its kind that Mr. Burns has yet produced."—*Britannia*.

"'Poems and Pictures,' published by Mr. Burns, than which English typography has produced nothing more beautiful."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"One of the most exquisite productions of this season of gay and glittering illustration. We are thankful for the pains bestowed in keeping it quite free from all that could injure the delicacy of the youthful mind, and for the sweet store he has added to it of the romantic, the picturesque, the beautiful, and the holy."—*New Quarterly*.

"This splendid volume reflects great credit, &c. It is a work that will outlive all the Annuals; for, while it rivals them in the beauty of its illustrations, the literary portion of the page is infinitely superior to any that we have yet seen. It is the best presentation book of the season."—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*.

"Mr. Burns has done real, and we hope permanent, service to English art by this noble publication—it seems lowering to consider it merely as a gift-book. It is speaking only within compass when we say that our literature has received a considerable acquisition in this volume, which exceeds in pictorial value the illustrated editions of Moore, Lockhart, &c., just as its contents are more healthy and genial."—*Remembrancer*.

"The cuts are really executed in the most finished style, and equal, if they do not excel, the finest specimens hitherto produced. It may be conceived how rich a treat Mr. Burns has provided for his readers. The work is

Poems and Pictures—continued.

splendidly bound, is distinguished by very fine typography, and has altogether a rich and beautiful effect."—*Morning Herald*.

"The most perfect specimen of book embellishment which has ever issued from the British press. A person seeking a handsome present would not hesitate to choose this; it will be welcome everywhere and to everybody. It is not a book for one season only; but a permanent addition to the library, when it shall have played its part on the drawing-room table."—*Critic*.

"A work which does honour to the age in which we live. The poems are worthy of the pictures, and the pictures of the poems; and when we say that both are of the very highest order, we need only mention, &c. &c. We can assure those who wish to make a present, that this most beautiful work will alike do credit to their selection and their taste; please it must, for Mr. Burns has combined, as is his wont, the beautiful with the moral."—*Era*.

"One of the most beautiful volumes which it has been our fortune to see. The most refined taste has presided over the selection of poems, while the illustrations are in the very highest and best style of art. It not only reflects credit on the publisher, but affords a striking instance of the perfection to which the art of wood engraving has been carried."—*English Review*.

"Woodcuts, many of which excel anything we have seen in that branch of the art. Both the mind and the eye are equally gratified by this unique volume."—*John Bull*.

"The illustrations are of the most exquisite quality, whether the designs or the engraving be considered, and prove how eminent in talents and acquirements are now our 'English

Artists;' for native talent only has been employed on this triumphant volume."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"We have scarcely ever seen such plates in a mere book; they are depicted with a softness and delicacy which formerly could only be attained by copper or steel. The work is most elegantly got up, and forms a splendid ornament for the drawing-rooms table, and companion for all persons of taste."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"This illustration of 'Poems and Pictures' surpasses, indeed, in beauty and excellence all the competitors we have seen; it stands unrivalled as a graceful and beautiful present. Taste and judgment, sentiment and passion, fancy and feeling, imagination and intellect, have all wherewith to luxuriate upon."—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

"What have we in place [of the Annuals]? Why, the devotion of some of the highest efforts of English Art to the illustration of some of the finest compositions in our language. The superb volume before us is a noble specimen of this beneficial change. Here we have some of the most spirit-stirring ballads, songs, and poems of our land, (with a few translations,) illustrated by the first artists that our country can produce. The illustrations are, we think, taken altogether, the finest set of engravings on wood yet produced in this country. Among the artists, we find Cope, Dyce, Creswick, Horsley, Redgrave, Tenniel, &c. &c.—names familiar to the public by their exquisite contributions to our metropolitan exhibitions, and to the great Art competitions of the last few years. The volume is most tastefully bound and gilt; and is, altogether, a first-class work of art, and homage of the pencil to the soul-fraught inspirations of the pen."—*Illustrated News*.

THIS unique volume is splendidly printed in square 8vo, on toned paper prepared for the purpose. Price in cloth gilt, 2 guineas; or in morocco elegant, 2 guineas and a half. It comprises nearly ONE HUNDRED Engravings on Wood, in the highest style of the art, (besides border ornaments round each page,) designed by—

J. C. Horsley.
W. Dyce.
C. W. Cope.
R. Redgrave.
E. Duncan.

H. C. Selous.
H. J. Townsend.
J. Franklin.
T. Creswick.
C. Dodgson.

C. H. Weigall.
F. R. Pickersgill.
John Tenniel.
E. Corbould.
&c. &c. &c.

Engraved by Thompson, Linton, Dalziel, Greene, Branstion, Bastin, Gray, &c. &c.

The whole forming one of the most perfect specimens of British Art, as well as one of the cheapest works, ever produced in this country.

* * * A specimen of the letter-press and several of the engravings, with a synopsis of the contents, will be sent by post on receipt of four postage stamps, and Booksellers can be supplied with the same through their Agents.





